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ALL THE SPRING FASHIONS

Cover Design in Fabrics
by PETROV



SUE SUMMERS, captain of South Australian women's cricket team, both bats and bowls left-handed.



IT'S NATURAL for him to use his left hand. Forcing him to use his right hand might cause stammering.



THE KING is left-handed. Here he is shown holding a cup of tea while talking to the American millionaire, J. P. Morgan, during the Royal visit to New York.

WRONG hand is RIGHT for these LEFT-HANDERS

Don't scold your child for it—he's following the King

By A MEDICAL CORRESPONDENT

If your six-year-old sews left-handed, writes right-handed, beware! Don't slap or scold the child for using the "wrong hand." You may cause it to develop a speech-defect which will persist throughout adult life.

OUR present King, George VI, is left-handed; he uses his left, his "natural," hand for tennis and golf. But he uses his right hand for writing, and of course holds his knife in his right hand at dinner, as we all do.

King George developed a stammer in childhood. It persisted as a slight hesitation in his speech when he grew up, and was only got rid of by a course of voice-production given by a famous Australian speech-specialist at present in London.

The King is a notable example of the connection between left-handedness and certain speech defects.

These defects are often due to the attempts of parents, teachers (or even the child itself) to change a left-hander into a right-hander.

Most of us have the idea that

only a few children are left-handed, that they became so through using the "wrong hand," and that if checked early enough left-handedness can be cured.

The facts are: 40 per cent. of babies born are naturally left-handed; but in only 4 per cent. is the trend compulsive.

"Compulsive" means that left-handedness is so pronounced that the child naturally uses the left hand for everything, and cannot be taught right-handedness.

Such children, according to re-

cent research, are lucky to be left-handed. They defy ridicule, stick to their "best hand," and end up famous left-handed cricketers, artists, golfers, technicians or designers.

It is the slightly left-handed, like King George, who run the risk of speech-defect, especially if they are highly-strung and anxious to obey parents and teachers when ordered to "live right-handed."

This queer fact was discovered by an American physician, Dr. Samuel Orton, who devoted a lifetime to study of speech-defects and "handedness."

Recently he described 2500 cases of speech-defect in children due to attempts to force children to use their "wrong" hands.

In nearly all cases parents had striven to make their children right-handed. But in two cases fathers had tried to make their right-handed sons left-handed—so that they would become "southpaw pitchers" (left-handed throwers) at baseball!

The speech-troubles ranged from stammering to misspelling, inability to write correctly, and inability to speak though able to read or write with ease.

Dr. Orton discovered a boy with a remarkably high rating by written "intelligence tests," yet who, until his natural (left) handedness was restored, was only able to make croaking noises instead of speech.

Confused thinking

SOME of these children could speak normally, but when they came to write transposed words and put syllables back to front. One boy, describing tennis, wrote that the players sent "the ball over the bet" (ball over the net).

Scientists long ago discovered that in right-handed people the left side of the brain governs actions and speech, in the left-handed the right side of the brain.

When a left-handed child is taught to become right-handed, there is confusion in his brain. He becomes slow and hesitating—naturally, because there is a conflict, left versus right, in his mind.

Parents should be very careful about forcing right-handedness on such children, or scolding or punishing them for using the left hand.

If they do not learn easily, they are best allowed to remain left-handed. If they develop an impediment in speech, it should not be ridiculed. Usually it will pass off if left alone.



"PAVLOVA of the tennis court," Kay Stammers, is left-handed.

All stammerers are not left-handed nor all left-handers stammerers. But a recent survey in Australia revealed significant figures—percentage of left-handed in general population, 4 per cent.; percentage of left-handed among stammerers, 20 per cent.

The 4 per cent. refers to acknowledged left-handers. Many people are left-handed and do not know it, so thoroughly right-handed have they become by early training.

Here is a simple test. Hold a long wand or stick by the middle and twirl it round by moving the fingers. Try this with each hand in turn. The hand that makes the twirls best, and the greater number of successful consecutive twirls, is your dominant hand.

Recently some psychologists have pooh-poohed the idea that forced right-handedness causes speech defects. They say that speech defects in a child who is left-handed arise from an "inferiority complex," and that right and left brains have nothing to do with it.

But here is a queer sidelight: There was on the staff of a Sydney newspaper a few years ago a man who wrote with both hands.

To settle a bet he trained himself to write two different sentences to dictation at the same time, using both hands. After practising a month he successfully passed a test.

But he found his speech developed a curious twist; he asked at the ferry for a "bus ticket" (bus ticket) and spoke of a "dine fay" (fine day).

Proving that there's something in the brain-confusion theory after all, and that anyone learning tricks involving both sides of the brain upsets the speech area in this organ.

Let's Talk Of Interesting People



Press attache to Royalty
CAPT. MICHAEL ADEANE, assistant private secretary to the King, has been appointed Press attache at Buckingham Palace in place of Sir Eric Merville, who will accompany the Duke and Duchess of Kent to Australia.

While still at Eton, Captain Adeane, who is 29, was appointed page to King George V. He became equerry to the present King in 1937, and a few months later was made assistant-secretary, a position he still retains.



Head of women's corps
WITH the rank of Chief-Controller, Dame Helen Gwynne-Vaughan has been appointed director of England's Auxiliary Territorial Services, the corps of 17,000 women which in time of war will release men from certain military duties. Dame Helen was head of several women's auxiliaries in the last war.

She is a Fellow of King's College, London, and Professor of Botany at London University.



Only English cardinal
CARDINAL HINSLEY, Archbishop of Westminster, is expected to visit Australia early next year on his way to New Zealand to attend the National Eucharistic Congress there. The congress will be part of New Zealand's Centenary celebrations.

Cardinal Hinsley, who is the only English cardinal, went to Rome to attend the conclave which elected the new Pope, Pius XII.

Glamorous
of course—
she uses
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AH! The exotic! The sophisticated! The olive-skinned beauty... glamour is the key-note of her vivid personality. Erasmic her powder... because of its subtle fineness. BRUNETTE her colour because its rich, deeper toning harmonises with her skin.



Erasmic Vanishing Cream—perfect powder base, 1/- a tube. Erasmic Cold Cream—perfect cleansing cream, 1/- a tube.

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ERASMIC
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BLONDE? The dainty, fragile type... you'll find Erasmic's NATURAL the perfect shade to blend with your pearly skin.

BRUNETTE? The lighter, golden-brown type... SUNTAN is your shade... and a warm rosy, flattering shade it is too!

TITIAN-HAIRED? With that cool, transparent-looking skin, you must use Erasmic's RACHEL... to provide an alluring contrast to your lovely locks.

MARINA'S flight to Paris . . . for HATS



THIS LOVELY MODEL and the hat pictured below are two of the collection Suzy showed to the Duchess of Kent in Paris. This is in pastel pink straw with trimming of wings and large marguerites to tone.

Duke and Duchess enjoyed plane trip; charmed steward

Cabled from Paris by MARY ST. CLAIRE

After her spectacular shopping dash in London, where she amazed shopkeepers with a £5000 order for house linen for her Canberra home, the Duchess of Kent flew to Paris with the Duke to buy herself some hats at the autumn shows.

I travelled in the same plane as the Duchess on her Paris trip, on the morning that newspapers had featured Marina's buying expeditions and given her the new title of dashing shopper in two countries.

I WAS bound for Paris and the autumn dress shows and found a battery of cameramen at the airport. Just ahead of me I saw the Duke and Duchess and Royal Detective Evans boarding the giant Ensign, piloted by picturesquely-bearded O. P. Jones.

The Duchess was wearing a three-quarter length travelling coat of deep yellow lightweight wool, falling loosely from her shoulders, with a deep upturned pleat at the back.

With her yellow coarse-net turban, black gloves and shoes she made a colorful figure, seeming to brighten the dull, cloudy day.

The Duke and Duchess took the first forward seats on either side of the central aisle.

As the plane zoomed up from the ground, the Duke leant across the aisle to point out landmarks to the Duchess.

Three thousand feet up the plane



WHITE BENGAL STRAW makes this Suzy model. It is trimmed with a wreath of cherries and finished with a white fine-mesh veil.

flattened out between the clouds, giving an excellent view of the landscape which the Duke, in his grey flannel suit, watched intently.

The Duchess, however, soon became immersed in a book by a French author, only looking up from it when the Duke drew her attention to some point of interest on the ground.

After crossing the Channel, the Duchess fell asleep, only waking when Le Bourget was within sight. She then unwound her turban from her head, and put it with her black gloves into the pocket of her coat, took out a pair of yellow gloves and yellow lightweight felt hat from her hat-box and put them on and took off her coat.

When the plane alighted she stepped out, carrying her coat on her arm.

Elegant figure

IN the brilliant sunshine she was an elegant figure in a grey heavy silk coat over a pleated skirt and yellow blouse, completely garbed for the cocktail party the Royal couple were to attend immediately after their arrival.

One of the happiest people in the plane was the Imperial Airways steward, who said to me: "The Duchess is charming. I only hope if she is flying part of the way to Australia I shall be a member of the crew."

En route most of the passengers sipped cocktails or tea, but the Duke and Duchess declined any refreshment.

Later I was in Madame Suzy's hat salon when, alone and quite unexpected, the Duchess came in, wearing a favorite brown-and-blue silk ensemble with blue chiffon hat and scarf, and sat down in the ordinary showroom.



A VIRGIL impression of the Duke and Duchess of Kent on their flight to Paris for Marina's hats. On their trip to Australia they'll fly part of the way also.

With gestures of her expressive hands she showed Mme. Suzy the style of hats she wanted.

Well forward—right-hand sweep across her brow; sitting squarely on the head—both her hands gracefully gestured; trimmed well down towards the nape of the neck—her left hand swept across the back of her head and down her neck.

The Duchess chose a pillbox hat reminiscent of the one she wore when she first came to England to become the Duke's bride, except that it is tilted well forward, but at the same time sitting snugly on the top of her head.

Another model is a black lightweight felt tip-tilted pillbox with satin ribbons at the back. Another larger model she chose is similar to Robin Hood style with its wide, up-sweeping brim at the left side and narrow brim at the right side.

Halfway through choosing her hats the Duchess asked for a telephone and called up her friend, Madame Ralli, where the Duke was apparently taking morning tea. She asked them to call for her. Shortly before she had completed her purchases the Duke and Madame Ralli came in and helped in her final selection before all three left for lunch.

Our new sales record

500,000

THE Australian Women's Weekly soared to its most spectacular success last week.

Over half-a-million copies were sold!

Amazing figures these, making an all-time record for any newspaper in Australia.

On a population basis of 7,000,000 such a performance is a world's record as well.

The Australian Women's Weekly from its first issue has made records only to smash them with new ones. When it sold 200,000 copies that was a record for a woman's paper in Australia.

Since then record after record has topped until to-day we proudly announce sales of half a million.

This week, we present a special fashion issue. We are confident you will acclaim it as one of our brightest and best.

We thank you for your generous support. You have helped us to achieve this record. We have more pleasant surprises in store for you.

"WEANING?
That'll be
all right
you'll find"

says

Mrs. MOTHERWELL



"You must expect baby to object to a change of diet—and he's only one way of expressing himself—but he has to get used to a mixed diet. I've always found Robinson's 'Patent' Groats the greatest help at this stage—it really does enable baby to keep his temper! It's a finely ground cereal food easily prepared—the directions are on the tin. And it contains all those good things which help baby to develop sound and healthy bone and muscle."

G4-128



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GENEROUS FREE SAMPLE of Robinson's "Patent" Groats will be sent to you if you write to Colman-Keen (A/asia.) Ltd., G.P.O. Box 2503MH, Sydney, N.S.W. Please enclose 3d. stamp for return postage.



NOSTALGIC GOWN. Typical of the romantic swing-back to grandma's day is this lovely semi-crinoline debutante frock created by Spectator Sports and aptly named "Remember Me." Threads of gold and pink run through the lace, and matching pink velvet bows trim the sleeves of the little basque bolero.

Last-Minute FASHIONS ... from PARIS

Bustles, trains, pinched waists,
pleats, peplums

By Beam Wireless from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative at the Paris Dress Shows

Paris has put on her bustle.

This fetching fashion of the 'eighties has been revived by all the French couturiers at the dress shows.

The keynote of the collections is back interest.

Swathing drapery, floating panels, and sectional fullness, giving a figure-revealing line, panniers over the hips and stiffened hemlines are vying with the bustle for premier place.

The elegance of Regency Buck influence is expressed in velvet jackets with lace jabots and cuffs, and in cloth jackets with velvet collars made with broad, squared lapels, fullness over the bust and snug waists.

TRIMMINGS of chenille anti-macassar lace and military braid emphasise the Regency inspiration.

In afternoon and evening frocks the richness of material lends itself admirably to swathing, pleating, and fullness, while elegance of line and lavishness of coloring make accessories almost unnecessary, the only

appropriate adornment being real jewels.

A feature of the new tailleurs is that the edges are bound with braid or satin.

Jackets for afternoon wear are six inches longer to suit the low hipline, and the skirts worn with them show all-round fullness.

Jackets are one of the most important items in the collections, chief interest being concentrated below the waistline. Daytime jackets are reminiscent of hunting coats, mostly almost finger-tip length. Some are cut away in front, and show fullness, or a suggestion of a bustle at the back.

The return of dinner frocks is another feature of the collections in both dinner and afternoon frocks. The same line is followed in a more dramatic form.

All houses show black and bright-colored jerseys in frocks with high necks and plain inset sleeves.

Chanel gauges black silk from a deep round yoke to the hips, concentrating fullness at the front.

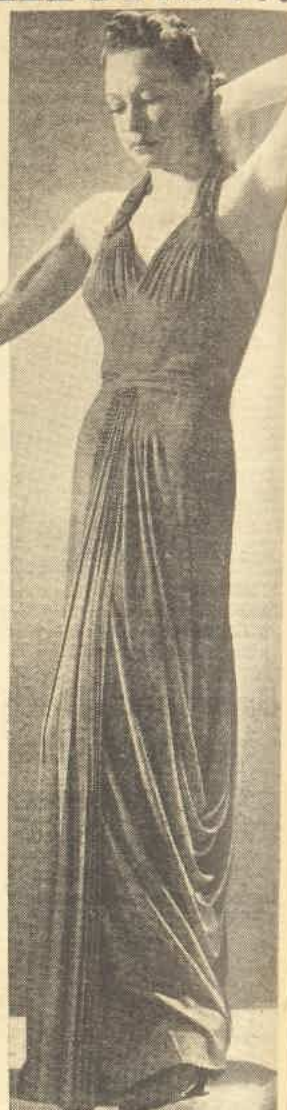
Maggie Rouff moulds the figure, draping the material sideways to finish in a godet from the hip.

Marcel Rochas shows evening frocks on mid-Victorian lines in velvet, with a tight bodice, panniered hips, and stiffened hemline edge with loops and kitting.

Maggie Rouff swathes the corsege and drapes satin sideways or backwards, finishing in floating panels.

Chanel does a Spanish dress moulded to the figure, with tiers of frills sweeping backward.

Maggie Rouff and Marcel Rochas both show dinner frocks—Rochas' in



NEW FIGURE-MOULDING line achieved with clever draping is exemplified in this Germaine Lecomte model.



DINNER DRESS, showing a modified Regency influence in a short jacket and use of lace collar and cuffs—Patou model.

Sonny's Cold is gone today!



His misery rubbed away last night with this safe, pleasant ointment

nose, throat, and chest—right to the spot where the cold is. Its soothing, medicated vapours are inhaled with every breath, 18 times a minute. At the same time, it works direct through the skin like a poultice.

Works for Hours

VapoRub's unique double action quickly soothes irritation, loosens phlegm, relieves coughing, breaks up congestion. Breathing easily, the little patient sleeps in comfort while VapoRub goes on working hour after hour. By morning, almost always, the worst of the cold is over.

VICKS
VAPORUB

No Dangerous "Dosing"

Nothing to swallow—no harmful drugs to upset his little stomach and thus lower your child's resistance just when it's needed most to fight the cold. Vicks VapoRub is simply rubbed on throat, chest, and back at bedtime.

No Delay—Acts Instantly

Unlike internal medicine, VapoRub begins at once to bring relief direct to the air-passages of

More than 26 Million Jars Used Yearly in 71 Different Countries

Duchess chooses clothes for voyage

AT the dress show the Duchess of Kent chose several suits which she will wear in England in September, as well as on the voyage to Australia.

She chose spring outfits of light woollen dresses and long coats to match half a dozen evening frocks.

These include two of grey chiffon and one of light summery tulle.

velvet skirts with jackets of vivid colored stripes, buttoned tightly down the front to mould the figure, large bustles at the back and long tight sleeves, Maggie Rouff's in light wool with three-quarter length hunting-coat. She is also responsible for a simplified evening frock of black silk, slim-fitting, with a vivid sash tied at the back in a wide bustle bow.

Creed shows black tailleurs with braid edging for afternoons; other suits with Regency jackets, and dinner-frock jackets of tartan with pleated panels at the back, high neck and Eton collar.

For his first Paris showing Hartnell ignored the bustle, exhibiting a slim line of swathed hips, the swathing finishing at one side.

He showed also the panniered dress of the Mollere period—turquoise and pink striped satin looped up in front over wide panniered hips, and an off-the-shoulder neckline.

Continued on Page 41

DREAMS Come TRUE

The story of a girl thrust against her will into the whirl of social life...

GAIL walked slowly down towards the stream, between the two thick spreading lavender-hedges. The grass brushed her shoes and the thick leather was already soaked with dew. It was very early—barely light, with the sky paling over the bare tree-tops to a clear translucent green.

It was only at such moments as these, stolen from the bustling emptiness of the day, that Gail could be herself, a slim, simple, lonely girl in shabby, comfortable clothes, her cloudy yellow hair, the same color as the pale primroses, wild and curly, her wide brown eyes dreamy as she walked by herself through the dew.

Later, she would have to become that other self again, the personality that she so much hated. The only child of Sir Richard and Lady Belenden, who had wealth and beauty and position and who should have been so full of poise and self-assurance. Only, somehow, she had never been able to achieve all that. She had always been shy, reserved, frightened, different.

Sometimes she found herself wishing disloyally that her father had never made that enormous fortune in shimmering preparations, but had remained a good-hearted, simple provincial grocer with a taste for scientific experiments. As it was, she had always, as a child, had better clothes than other children, and more expensive toys, and had been more carefully looked after than they, as though she had been particularly precious and breakable. It had all seemed to cut her off from them.

Now that she was grown up it was just the same. She still felt cut off. She wasn't any good with people or at parties. If only her mother hadn't been so patently, so passionately anxious to get her married to someone important! It made it all so much worse, somehow. She filled the house with young men, to whom Gail spoke diffidently, as if through a sort of screen, wondering what lay behind their polite, uninterested faces. She did not know. She would never know. The young men always escaped as soon as they could, and went off thankfully with brilliant, dark, vital people like Marcia Baring, who had neither money nor position but who seemed to know instinctively how to talk to people.

Gail paused, and pulled off a sprig of lavender, twirling it between her slim, capable fingers. With a mixture of excitement and apprehension which was as intense as a physical pain she remembered that the Randall boys were coming back. For one short year the three Randall boys had stayed with their grandfather in the house whose garden sloped down to meet the Belenden's, and was divided from it by a clear brown stream. During that year Gail had been "inside" the Randalls had made her one of them because they, too, had been different from the other children. Their parents were dead, and they had travelled round from one set of relatives to another. Old Professor Randall had lived dutifully in his library and hardly ever went out or saw anybody, so that he had become almost a legend in the village; the boys had been in the entire charge of a starchy, capable, unlovable Nanny, and had been as delighted with Gail as she had been with them.

Although that was eight years ago, when Gail had been a skinny twelve-year-old, she remembered every single thing about them. It had been her secret joy and solace, when things had gone almost too badly to

be borne, to live over again in day-dreams the only time there had been real color and happiness and gaiety in her life. Imagination had always failed at the thought of any of them grown up. They were still, to her, the children she had known.

There was Michael, the most ordinary of the three, a square-built, unruffled little boy whose pockets had always been full of toffee and marbles and string, tenacious and good-natured, with nothing remarkable about him except his eyes. They were dark blue, almost violet, very large and wide and fringed with long curving lashes.

Then came Robin, who, with his silver-fair hair, curved red mouth, and black-lashed green eyes, had been so wildly beautiful that it hurt; it might have been unbearable, only that Robin was always the one to be sick, so that you felt that his beauty was somehow a betrayal, and then you didn't even like him at all.

And Philip, Philip, slender and brown and secretive, so that he had always reminded Gail of the stream which divided their two gardens. A strange little boy, remote, scrupulously polite to other children as well as to his elders, clever and unspontaneous, never quite what you expected him to be.

They were coming back. They would not remember her. They had grown up away from her, lived different lives, made their own friends. They would not have

By PHYLLIS WAITE

thought and thought about her, as she had done about them. Gail almost resented the thought of their return, frightened that the reality of them would rob her of those precious, silly dreams.

She reached the stream, and stood looking down into it, thinking of Philip, her fair head bent, unconscious of the shaft of early sunlight which shone down on to her, illuminating her with the golden splendor of the morning. She was taken completely unawares when a man's deep voice called, uncertainly.

"Hallo—Gail?"

She looked up quickly, startled. On the other side of the stream she saw a very tall, broad-shouldered young

man smiling at her. He was in riding breeches, and looked immense and frightening. Gail felt the familiar, paralyzing terror creeping over her, until suddenly she saw his eyes, and all at once recognised him.

"Why," she cried gladly, "You must be Michael!"

He smiled more widely than ever, pleased to be remembered.

"You've grown up, but you haven't changed much, Gail. We did so hope you'd still be here. Robin's married. Did you know?"

"No," said Gail. "I didn't. I'm glad." It was true. If Robin belonged to someone else, he could not confuse you with his beauty, distract your attention, making you feel excited and uncertain.

"What about Philip?" she asked, suddenly frightened.

"Oh, Philip and I are confirmed old bachelors." He smiled at her

again. He was just the same, she thought gratefully.

"Have you had breakfast?" she asked them, remembering all at once that Michael as a little boy had always been hungry, but restrained. He had suffered in silence until someone had offered him food, which he had devoured ravenously.

"No, not yet," said Michael, with that expression of dawning interest which she knew so well, all the more poignantly amusing because it was so long since she had seen it.

"Then come back with me," she offered gaily. "Cook won't be down yet, but I'll make you some tea in the kitchen. I'm rather good at that sort of thing," she added, her serious

Gail, straining on tiptoe, saw a solid group of galloping horses... then the first two rose to the jump.

little heart-shaped face suddenly crumpling into mischievous laughter, like a very small child's. She was wondering what Cook—or, worse still, her mother—would say if she knew how often she got up like this and made her own breakfast, very happily playing about with the stove and the frying-pans, before she faced another day as the Miss Belenden.

Michael twinkled back at her, and held out a very large brown hand.

"No. You come back and make tea in our kitchen. You'll see Philip then, and Robin, and perhaps Claudia. Do come!"

Steadying herself on Michael's hand, Gail jumped across the stream, remarking as she did so:

"Of course, Robin would marry a girl called Claudia! I suppose she's terribly beautiful?"

"Terribly," agreed Michael, gravely and shyly. "But not as beautiful as you are, Gail."

Gail blushed, and was suddenly tongue-tied. She remembered again, painfully, that Michael was no longer a stolid little boy, but a large young man, and she was not accustomed to hearing young men telling her that she was beautiful.

But her shyness vanished as quickly as it had come when Michael caught her hand and said in a laughing stage-whisper:

"Ssh! Round the back way, and don't let's wake the grown-ups!"

Like the two children they had once been, they crept into the big, low-ceilinged, tiled kitchen, very clean and old-fashioned, with a scrubbed table and hams hanging from the rafters. Michael found an immense apron and enveloped her in it, chuckling.

"There! You look beautifully professional now. Do you think we could achieve some toast as well?"

They clattered about, noisy and happy, until all at once the door opened and Philip came in.

Philip, very tall and slight, as slender as a willow-wand beside Michael's immensity, so that Michael's largeness seemed all at once rather too assertive. He was exciting. Gail's pulses had begun to race, and she was glad that she had been bending over the stove so that her heightened color seemed quite natural.

"Gail," said Philip, in his clear, precise voice, "I hardly expected to see you quite so early. Bill as kind-hearted as ever. I perceive. Feeding the brute already!"

Gail put her somewhat warm hand into his slim, cool one.

"I'm so very glad you've all come back at last. Philip! It's funny, but you don't seem to have changed a bit!"

PHILIP looked amused, but before he could reply there was a clatter of footsteps, the door was flung open, and Robin stood before them in a patterned dressing-gown, his fair hair ruffled, and his eyes brilliant, just as wild and beautiful as ever.

"Gail. Gail. I heard you come in. I've been wanting to see you. Gail. I'm married. It's lovely. Her name's Claudia. I adore her. You'll adore her, too. Gail. How sweet you look, just like you were as a little girl, only nicer, like a spring flower! Darling Gail, may I have some of what you're making?"

Radiant with happiness, Gail administered to them skillfully as they sat round the kitchen table. It was too wonderful to be true. Once more she "belonged."

Loved them—all? Ah, no. She was dreadfully fond of them, but she loved only one of them. She had always loved him, at first as a child, and then, all these years, in her dreams. Philip, slim and dark, with his grey-green eyes and secret smile. Philip, whose cool mocking eyes seemed to hold for her the answer to all the secrets of the world.

"This," said Michael, crunching toast, "is my idea of Heaven." He was smiling, but his blue eyes were fixed upon her, sombre and faithful. "Gail, why didn't we come back to you years and years ago?"

Please turn to Page 50



ON the WAY to the PARTY

Like the hand
of fate, the river
relentlessly swayed
their destinies . . .

THE red roadster, shining with wet, mounted the rise and swept on through the rain. Its wheels made a steady, singing hiss on the road. A valley sliding by was overrun with shallow water that covered all but the tops of dark, muddy hummocks. It shone mottled black and silver in the dull light. The sky, the land, the snow were helpless in the even, rhythmic, relentless fall of rain. Only the man-made ribbon of road, where the rain beat futilely and burst into white mist, seemed incapable of liquefying, of flowing mud-dily out from underfoot.

John McGaffery looked out through the windshield wipers that beat steadily, fatefully, like twin metronomes. There was a grim, set look on his face. It was a freckled, moderately young face so pleasing that the grim tension of his jaws was strange to see. He reached forward and switched on the headlights. In the glow that sprang from the instrument panel and filled the car with sudden cosiness his wife, the girl curled up dozing beside him, stirred. She moved with an easily pliant tremor, drawing her tawny fur close about her neck.

This would have been, McGaffery realised, an auspicious time to tell her now with the sudden hushed need for speech. But as he thought of it his mind's gears began their confused, mad meshing as they had yesterday, last week, a score of times in the past month whenever he faced the issue. But he was going to wait as he had planned until they had crossed the river—just over the river, the symbolism of crossing, the passing of a barrier.

He needed a little dramatics to support him. Besides, he argued with himself, it was mathematically the aptest. This was too soon. The river would be just close enough to that shrill house party ahead in Rochester. The hundred miles that intervened was a fair sporting distance. He could bear whatever she threw at him; tears, moans, white crushed silence, hysteria, for a hundred miles. Then that squealing house party would absorb them, whirl them into its vortex where no one could talk quietly or think, and the worst would be over. Evelyn would know—hundreds of sentences they would have to talk but only one fact—that he was through, done, finished with their empty life, their six-million-dollar-studded void of a life, through with "love," through with each other.

He held his breath, mixed up, bewildered, frightened, and stared on silently into the rain, his hands white knuckled gripping the wheel, holding the roadster steady as it sped.

The words he finally said aloud, quite calmly, were:

"Is this chap swinging a light for us, I wonder?"

The roadster settled as he put on the brakes. The man with the swinging light came up.

"Just go easy," he said. "It's shallow, but go slow."

McGaffery opened the door and straight lines of rain showed in the lantern light against the man's rubber coat.

"I didn't mean to stop you," the man said. "Just slow down. These hills are spouting a little. There'll be men to give you warning up

Illustrated by
WYNNE W. DAVIES

ahead. We're patrolling this road for a while."

The roadster slowly cut through the fifty-foot puddle, making churning ruts of foam, and mounted out on the road again.

"Slow from here on, I suppose," McGaffery said. "This country is really getting wet."

"It's only two hundred miles from Scranton to Rochester," she said. "Pete will have a big fire and some brandy."

"Yes," he said. "Pete will have some brandy. That's what Pete always has. We'll be there by midnight."

"Love me, Johnny?" she asked, curling herself again in the corner. His throat tightened. He almost forgot and said, "Perhaps; that's the worst of it," but instead he surveyed her gravely, silently.

"That's nice," she said and closed her eyes.

HE concentrated on his driving coldly. The men swinging lanterns to warn of long puddles or fallen rock alimed with yellow mud had been left behind in the hills. He drove with fixed, grim stare, the steady hiss of the wheels a monotone of sound in his dark mind. The rain slowly lifted its curtain and a vapor, dank and cold, rose from the earth, wreathing and eddying in the headlight beams. A sign moved into the beams, "Incorporated Village of Barport. Slow down to Twenty Miles." The concrete changed to rain-washed brick.

Ahead the way narrowed into a red gulch whose walls were the barn red, slab sides of motor trucks and trailers standing solidly bow to stern, and ominously still.

"Something's happened," McGaffery said so sharply that the girl started and stared out, her head close beside him.

At the far end the abutments of a bridge were marked in black and white stripes. A small truck moved out on to the bridge and disappeared into the darkness. A man in boots opened the roadster's door. "I'm afraid you're stopped, Mis-

The roadster settled as McGaffery put on the brakes. "Just go easy," said the man with the swinging light.

ter," he said. "There's six feet of water over the road on the other side."

"That little truck went on," Mrs. McGaffery said.

"Yes, ma'am. That's the highway department. He'll come back. There's no getting through."

"It's the river?" McGaffery asked. "Yes, sir! The Susquehanna. She's way out of her banks. Rising an inch an hour. There's real trouble down stream."

"Flood!" McGaffery sent the word softly out into the blackness ahead. He turned to his wife then swiftly back. "What's to do?"

"Well—I-I," the tall man scratched his head behind his ear. "If I were you I'd get to the hotel while there's time and sign up a bed. All this traffic to the southward will be plin' in here. They've decided to let everything north of Allentown come on."

"How long—? If the weather breaks? The rain's stopped now."

"Hard to say, Mister. When she goes down she goes down fast. I'd guess three days, if the rain stays stopped—if the road ain't washed out."

"Three days!" McGaffery whistled. "Why that's utterly ridiculous." Mrs. McGaffery said. She said it as if to accuse the tall man of being utterly ridiculous.

"Yes, ma'am," he said patiently. "That river's a good extra mile wide, ma'am. Everybody's got to wait."

A complete short story

By
**CHARLES
RAWLINGS**

He looked across the street at the low, red roadster.
"I've got my wife with me," McGaffery said.

"I'd sit right here. That's what all the regulars are doin'. Some of the coal jockeys heard of a way goin' down the river this side and crossing into Binghamton. It's my guess they'll be back here. You go roarin' around and get stuck in the mud a hundred miles away, and wish you were here. That's what I think."

"I thought so," McGaffery said. "I had an idea you'd know, you fellows on the big ships. My name's McGaffery"; he put out his hand. "Maybe we'll wait together in Barport for a while."

He walked back to the red tip of the girl's cigarette behind the roadster's window.

"Look at it and weep," he said, sliding into the seat. "We're marooned like poor Ben Gunn."

"Marooned!" She pushed her face close.

"That's what they say. The Delaware's flooding to the eastward. The creeks to the south are like a network. They're all flooding. It has rushed in around us like a trap. We might as well be on an island."

"You mean to tell me, John McGaffery, that we've got to sit here? Here?"

"That's what it looks like. Look it over! Barport, charming spa of the Pennsylvania Riviera. Well, there was a hopeless, ironic tone in his voice. "I'm sorry, Jack," he opened the door and stuck out his head, "where's the telegraph office?"

"It's that porch down there with the light. Miss Mary Youngblood's place."

"We'll wire Pete and his house party," he said. "Your mother, too. What shall we say? 'Stopped by flood. Waiting for the river. Have a drink.' No, not 'have a drink' to your mother. 'Safe and dry,' is her."

Her face was suddenly illumined as she lit a cigarette. It was petulant, pouting. Her movement in the darkness that followed the lighter's click was petulant.

"I'll see that you're as comfortable as can be," he said. "We'll just stormhome. We couldn't help it. We've got to make the most of it."

A bell tinkled as he opened the door under the light. There was a dark bare hall, and opening to the right was a room that had been the old house's parlor. The opening had once been hung with portiere. In the middle of the room, on a tall stool before the telephone switchboard, was a thin-necked girl with a mass of red-brown hair cut by the band of the head receiving phone.

The room itself still wore its parlor wallpaper of brown roses. On a red plush sofa were five truck-drivers, elbows on knees, staring at the floor. One of them was slowly twirling his cap. They were all dejectedly waiting. The girl looked up at McGaffery, a long pale face, with a faraway gaze, as the speaker talked to her.

"All right, operator," she said, and pulled the jack. "There's a two-hour delay officially on all long-distance calls," she told the row of drivers. "I'm sorry. You've been waiting so long."

The men stirred.

"We'll wait if you will," one of them said. He was squat and swarthy with a punch-flattened nose and a big, hard mouth. "I got to tell somebody about them clams."

"Aw, them clams, Goldstein! All them clams needs is exercise. How'd you like celery and it goin' into a heat?"

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A Complete
Short Story

COUNTRY DOCTOR

Illustrated
by
FISCHER



Jean asked softly, "Could you come up here to-morrow?" . . . and the old doctor smiled.

Father and daughter held very different views on what is worth while . . . but one day brought about a great change.

THE doctor came out of the shabby house on the hill and stood for a moment squinting up at the ordered serenity of the fading stars, glanced to the east where the rim of a distant mountaintop was sharpened by the first glimmer of the returning sun. He tossed his bag into the back of his car and took out his watch, gave its stem an absent-minded turn or two before putting it back. Later than he had thought—or earlier—and it could not have been nine o'clock when that broken Polish voice had come over the telephone last night, "I think she die if you not come."

Well, time has a way of taking care of itself when you're going through a fight like that one; wouldn't have turned out a victory, either, if the district nurse had not got there. But she had. Good girl, Ellen Blake, too bad she had to wait until Koleski got back from his hunt for a woman to look after his wife and the twins. The doctor yawned as he started his car. Lord, but he wanted some coffee! He had had a day of it, all in all.

A day of it, and it had begun so comfortably, too, with the arrival of the Kennedy baby. Good normal case, nine pounds, the mother in fine shape.

He had had only a couple of hours' sleep, then was awakened by Hester's thumping around downstairs. The telephone had rung twice while he was dressing, again as he entered the dining-room. Miss Mary Waite had had a stroke.

"But you needn't think you're going out of this house without your breakfast," Hester had proclaimed, bringing in his bacon and eggs. "And you drink that cocoa. It's got good cream in it. You'd starve yourself if it wasn't for me."

"I will not drink that cocoa," he had said as usual. "I want coffee, and I'm going to have coffee. Is this my house or isn't it? Coffee, woman!"

Hester set her hands on her hips as always. "Maybe you think I don't know you poured out the cocoa I left for you last night and made yourself coffee, but I do. And maybe you think I don't know you buy them quilts from Mis' Sampson—payin' her, letting her think she's earnin' money from somebody else to pay your bill!"

Oh, well, that was Hester. He drank the cocoa.

Old man Sturgess had died during the morning, Bobby Collins had broken a collarbone, three more children had come down with measles—he wished you could ward off measles the way you could diphtheria! One child was developing a pretty bad

a baby case at the last minute like that. What doctor had they been having? What, none? Well, then, bring her in to the hospital. No, he couldn't. And that broken, alien voice. "I think she die if you not come."

He had banged the receiver onto its hook. Wasn't going. No man would. And forty minutes later he was looking down at the expectant mother, rushing Koleski off to telephone for Ellen Blake.

"Well, that was over . . . Mustn't go to sleep at the wheel . . ."

In his own house at last, the usual sandwiches were on the kitchen table, the usual cocoa on the back of the stove. He poured it down the sink, made his coffee—and left the coffee-pot. Let Hester find it—who cared! He stumbled up the stairs, gave his watch a wind or two before laying it on the bedside table.

In his tub he began to sing loudly; if Hester thought he didn't hear that telephone, maybe she'd answer it. The water felt good. But he might have known. The telephone stopped ringing, and in a moment Hester's voice called through the door:

"It's a telegram. You got to take it."

"You take it for me, Hester. Be a good girl!"

"That I will not," Hester declared. "Bad news travels fast

what's brought you home in the middle of the week?"

"It's not the middle of the week! It's Friday! Have you ever known the day or the time, Doctor MacGregor?" she laughed.

"Why, sure I have!" He had taken her bag, was steering her toward the car, but suddenly stopped and gave her a sheepish look. "But say, after that train ride you'll want some coffee, won't you?"

Her laughter rang out. "I'd love some coffee, darling! How have you ever stood Hester and her cocoa all these years!"

They moved toward the lunch counter.

Said he: "Aw, Hester's all right. Suppose I need bossing. Bossing's sort o' like spinach. Trouble, too. Nobody likes 'em much, but they're good for you."

"What! Trouble good for you?"

"Yes, of course. You'd never grow up without it. And what's yours?"

She looked at him over her coffee cup . . .

In the car he asked again: "What's on your mind? Out with it, Jeanie!"

"It's not trouble, darling! There's a wedding in the air. How'll you like giving the bride away?"

"Ah-ha! So Tom's accepted the call to the Mayo Clinic, and you're going with him! Well, I'm glad.

"No! Not necessarily, Dad, no! Burton Reynolds—there's a lot of money in the family; his father was an ambassador. But I don't care about that; you know I don't! Burton hasn't been happy—his first marriage smashed up—and he's poised and—gay and—and—a whole man, because he knows what he is and what he stands for! Isn't that something?"

He spoke slowly, after a pause: "Why, yes. Yes, that's something. Anything anybody really knows—knows—is something."

He heard her quick indrawn breath.

"And isn't it something worth while to stand at the top?"

He nodded, slightly frowning.

"Is it less worth while because your—your people placed you there, or circumstances, or money?"

HE was silent, passed another car, seemed still to be listening to what she had said.

She shook his arm a little. "Why don't you say something?"

He turned to look at her, his lips smiling, seriousness in his eyes. "I'm wondering. Methinks the lady doth protest too much! Trying to make up your mind? That it?"

"Trying to make you understand, because I knew I was going to hurt you."

"What d'you mean, hurt me? You couldn't hurt me—not me! All I want is you to be happy. If you've made up your mind, if you love the man—"

"I have made up my mind!"

"Well, that's one thing out of the way, then. Sometimes it's quite a bother, making up your mind. Sometimes life makes it up for you. Funny."

She pressed her cheek to his coat sleeve for an instant. "Which way was it with you, Dad?"

"Me? I dunno. Never thought about it."

He knew that she stiffened. "You drifted—just drifted!"

"Oh, now, look here! I wouldn't say that," he protested.

"Why not? Honestly, when you started out in this little country practice, did you think you'd stay in it all your life, never get any farther?"

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By EDITH BARNARD DELANO

ear; another was trying to have pneumonia.

After those visits he had gone home to change his clothes before looking in on his baby cases; then he had made his other visits, and by supertime things were pretty well cleared off. But as he entered the house there came a hurry call; he had to rush an appendix case twelve miles to the hospital and operate . . . and had scarcely got out of his coat when that Polish voice had pleaded, "I think she die if you not come." Name he had never heard before. People who'd lately bought the old Bascom place up in the hills.

Frowning with fatigue and the need of sleep, he had expostulated, tried to explain that he couldn't take

enough without me helpin' it on. Get out o' that tub—nobody's goin' to look at you!"

She clumped down the stairs. Leaving wet footprints behind him, he crossed his bedroom floor. A moment later he whooped.

"Hey, Hester! Jean's coming! Night train gets in at 8.10. Golly, I've got to hustle!"

Hester was talking volubly as he rushed through the kitchen, but that did not matter. He and the train reached the station together, and a moment later his girl was in his arms.

"Dad, you lamb! Are you glad to see me?"

He held her off, grinned. "So glad I'm fair dodderin'," said he. "But

Tom'll go far—all the farther for having you with him, Jeanie."

Her hand touched his knee. "It isn't Tom, Dad."

He passed a truck, another car or two, before he said: "I see. That chap on Long Island—what's his name—Reynolds?"

"Don't say it like that! You don't even know him!"

"Time enough for that. Tell me more about him. What does he do?"

"Ah, there you go! Putting me over a hurdle!"

"Why, Jeanie!"

"Oh, I know, I know. You think it's what a man does that counts, not what he stands for, what he represents!"

"Same thing, isn't it?"

The MAN in MY LIFE

By

OSCAR
SCHISGALL

Commencing an
absorbing new
serial story of
romance and
strange mystery

IN the cab that sped her downtown Leslie smoked a cigarette and did some serious thinking about the immediate future. She knew, of course, that Harley Pitt wanted to marry her. In his patient way he was ready at any time to offer the relief and the sanctuary of his quietly correct life. And she couldn't help speculating on that life. There would be the book-lined Murray Hill apartment in winter. There would be summers at Lenox, at the home of his parents—pleasant summers of pottering about in flower gardens, of riding thoroughbreds through woods, of driving into Stockbridge for the music festivals. A well-regulated existence, secure and dignified, carefully guarded from every possibility of scandal.

Leslie Cameron frowned. She knew she couldn't accept the peace Harley Pitt offered. She couldn't accept peace of any kind—until she was certain of what had become of Bert. Though Bert was gone, she was still his wife.

She tried to shake off the sombre mood when she entered Harley Pitt's law office; but it lingered uncomfortably, like a sense of foreboding.

"Leslie!" He welcomed her warmly, both hands outstretched, his lean dark face, with its neatly-trimmed moustache, smiling a tribute of admiration. "You look," he declared, "like a page out of 'Vogue'!" He watched while she drew off the grey suede gloves with precise little tugs; watched her tuck a curl of burnished hair under a brimless fur hat; and heartily added, "You're lovelier every time I look at you."

"Which," she replied, managing a laugh, "is something worth hearing from a man you see twice a week."

His smile broadened as he settled easily on the edge of the desk. "You know, I've often wondered. Why on earth should I see you twice a week when seven times would be so much nicer? I hear marriage, as an institution, is still recognised to be a highly agreeable—"

"Tell me," she interrupted with mock meekness, "do you always propose to clients the moment they enter?"

Harley grinned, slid off the desk, and went around to his chair. "If we keep this up," he said, "I'll forget you're here on business. We can carry on over lunch. Or did I omit asking you to lunch?"

"You did. Noticeably. So in a spirit of pure revenge I arranged to meet Grace Lockridge." She nodded to the papers on the desk. "What do I have to do? Sign more proxies?"

"No-o." Harley Pitt hesitated, then eyed her doubtfully. "No proxies. It's about—Bert." He paused again, as if it were a difficult thing to broach. He said slowly, "I'm afraid this may be a bit painful, Les. But we may as well get it over. You can't spend the rest of your life tied to a non-existent husband. You're too young, too vital, too important. It's more than seven years since Bert disappeared. It's high time to have him declared legally dead."

Leslie Cameron stiffened and paled slightly. Yet she wasn't really surprised. Others, too, including Grace Lockridge, had been urging her to go to court.

She shook her head. "I'm sorry, Harley. I'm not ready to have Bert declared legally dead."

"But, my dear—" Harley seemed disconcerted. "After seven years you're entitled to petition—"

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Illustrated
by
WEP

"I don't think you'll get anywhere with a search for Bert," Grace said. "I'm not so sure..." somewhere deep within herself, Leslie laughed bitterly.

A Complete Short Story

By...

DOROTHY
L. SAYERS

Illustrated
by
FISCHER

The Haunted Policeman

*Peter Wimsey entertains a constable
in the small hours of the morning
... and is amply rewarded*

GOOD gracious!" said his Lordship. "Is that ours?"

"All the evidence points that way," replied his wife.

"Then I can only say that I never knew so convincing a body of evidence produce such an inadequate result."

The nurse appeared to take this reflection personally. She said in a tone of rebuke:

"He's a beautiful boy."

"Hm," said Peter. He adjusted his eyeglasses more carefully. "Well, you're the expert witness. Hand him over."

The nurse did so, with a dubious air. She was relieved to see that this disconcerting parent handled the child competently; as, in a man who was an experienced uncle, was after all, so very surprising. Lord Peter sat down eagerly on the edge of the bed.

"Do you feel it's up to standard?" he inquired with some anxiety.

"I think it'll do," said Harriet, drowsily.

"Good." He turned abruptly to the nurse. "All right; we'll keep it. Take it and put it away, and tell 'em to invoice it to me. It's a very interesting addition to you, Harriet; but it would have been a rotten substitute." His voice wavered a little, for the last twenty-four hours had been very trying ones, and he had had the fright of his life.

The doctor, who had been doing something in the other room, entered in time to catch the last words.

"There was never any likelihood of that, you goop," he said, cheerfully. "Now, you've seen all there is to be seen, and you'd better run away and play." He led his charge firmly to the door. "Go to bed," he advised him in kindly accents; "you look all in."

"I'm all right," said Peter. "I haven't been doing anything. And look here —" He stabbed a beligerent finger in the direction of the adjoining room. "Tell those nurses of yours, if I want to pick my son up, I'll pick him up. If his mother wants to kiss him, she can kiss him. I'll have none of your infernal hygiene in my house."

"Very well," said the doctor, "just as you like. Anything for a quiet life. I rather believe in a few healthy germs myself. Builds up resistance. No thanks, I won't have a drink. I've got to go to another one, and an alcoholic breath impairs confidence."

"Another one?" said Peter, aghast.

"One of my hospital mothers. You're not the only fish in the sea by a long chalk. One born every minute."

WHAT a world. They passed down the great curved stair. In the hall a sleepy footman clung, yawning, to his post of duty.

"All right, William," said Peter. "Buzz off now; I'll lock up." He let the doctor out. "Good night — and thanks very much, old man. I'm sorry I swore at you."

"They mostly do," replied the

and shot out a little train of sparks as it struck the pavement. "I've got a son."

"Oh, ah!" said the policeman, relieved by this innocent confidence. "Your first, eh?"

"And last, if I know anything about it."

"That's what my brother says, every time," said the policeman. "Never no more," he says. He's got eleven. Well, sir, good luck to it. I see how you're situated, and thank you kindly, but after what the sergeant said I dunno as I better. Though if I was to die this moment, not a drop 'as passed me lips since me supper beer."

Peter put his head on one side and considered this.

"The sergeant said you were drunk?"

"He did, sir."

"And you were not?"

"No, sir. I saw everything just the same as I told him, though what's become of it now is more than I can say. But drunk I was not, sir, no more than you are yourself."

"Then," said Peter, "as Mr. Joseph Surface remarked to Lady Teazle, what is troubling you is the consciousness of your own innocence. He insinuated that you had looked on the wine when it was red—you'd better come in and make it so. You'll feel better."

The policeman hesitated.

"Well, sir, I dunno. Fact is, I've had a bit of a shock."

"So've I," said Peter. "Come in and keep me company."

"Well, sir—" said the policeman again. He mounted the steps slowly.

THE logs in the hall chimney were glowing a deep red through their ashes. Peter raked them apart, so that the young flame shot up between them. "Sit down," he said. "I'll be back in a moment."

The policeman sat down, removed his helmet, and stared about him, trying to remember who occupied the big house at the corner of the square. The engraved coat-of-arms upon the great silver bowl on the chimney-piece told him nothing, even though it was repeated in color upon the backs of two tapestried chairs—three white mice skipping upon a black ground. Peter, returning quietly from the shadows beneath the stair, caught him, as he traced the outlines with a thick finger.

"A student of heraldry?" he said. "Seventeenth-century work and not very graceful. You're new to this beat, aren't you? My name's Wimsey."

He put down a tray on the table. "If you'd rather have beer or whisky, say so. These bottles are only a concession to my mood."

The policeman eyed the long necks and bulging silver-wrapped corks with curiosity. "Champagne?" he said. "Never tasted it, sir. But I'd like to try the stuff."

"You'll find it thin," said Peter, "but if you drink enough of it, you'll tell me the story of your life." The cork popped, and the wine frothed out into the wide glasses.

"Well!" said the policeman. "Here's to your good lady, sir, and the new young gentleman. Long life and all the best. A bit in the nature of cider, ain't it, sir?"

"Just a trifle. Give me your opinion after the third glass, if you can put up with it so long. And thanks for your good wishes. You a married man?"

"Not yet, sir. Hoping to be when I get promotion. If only the sergeant—but that's neither here nor there. You been married long, sir, if I may ask?"

"Just over a year."

"Ah! and do you find it comfortable, sir?"

Peter laughed. "I've spent the past twenty-four hours wondering why, when I'd had the blazing luck to get on to a perfectly good thing, I should be fool enough to risk the whole show on a silly experiment."

The policeman nodded sympathetically.

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The Haunted Policeman

Continued from Page 9

"I SEE what you mean, sir. Seems to me life's like that. If you don't take risks you get nowhere. If you do they may go wrong, and then where are you? And 'all the time, when things happen, they happen first, before you can even think about 'em."

"Quite right," said Peter, and filled the glasses again. He found the policeman soothing.

With a mind oddly clarified by champagne and lack of sleep, he watched the constable's reaction to Poi Roger 1926. The first glass had produced a philosophy of life; the second produced a name—Alfred Burt—and further hints of some mysterious grievance against the station sergeant; the third glass, as prophesied, produced the story.

"You were right, sir," said the policeman, "when you spotted I was new to the beat. I only come on it at the beginning of the week, and that accounts for me not being acquainted with you, sir, nor with most of the residents about here. Jessop, now, he knows everybody, and so did Pinker—but he's been took off to another division. You'd remember Pinker—big chap, make two o' me, with a sandy moustache. Yes, I thought you would."

"Well, sir, as I was saying, me knowing the district in a general way, but not, so to speak, like the palm o' me 'and, might account for me making a bit of a fool of myself, but it don't account for me seeing what I did see. See it I did, and not drunk nor nothing like it."

And as for making a mistake in the number, well, that might happen to anybody. All the same, sir, 13 was the number I see, plain as the nose on your face."

"You can't put it stronger than that," said Peter, whose nose was of a kind difficult to overlook.

"You know Merriman's End, sir?" "I think I do. Isn't it a long cul-de-sac running somewhere at the back of South Audley Street, with a row of houses on one side and a high wall on the other?"

"That's right, sir. Tall, narrow houses they are, all alike, with deep porches and pillars to them."

"Yes, like an escape from the worst square in Pimlico. Horrible. Fortunately, I believe the street was never finished, or we should have had another row of monstrosities opposite. This house is pure eighteenth century. How does it strike you?"

P.C. Burt contemplated the wide hall—the Adam fireplace and panelling with their graceful shallow mouldings, the pedimented doorways, the high roundheaded window lighting hall and gallery, the noble proportions of the stair. He sought for a phrase.

"It's a gentleman's house," he pronounced at length. "Room to breathe, if you see what I mean. Seems like you couldn't act vulgar in it." He shook his head. "Mind you, I wouldn't call it cosy. It ain't the place I'd choose to sit down to a kipper in me shirtsleeves. But

it's got class. I never thought about it before, but now you mention it I see what's wrong with them other houses in Merriman's End. They're sort of squeezed-like. I been into more'n one o' them to-night, and that's what they are; they're squeezed. But I was going to tell you about that."

"JUST upon midnight it was," pursued the policeman, "when I turns into Merriman's End in the ordinary course of my duties. I'd got pretty near down towards the far end, when I see a fellow lurking about in a suspicious way under the wall. There's back gates there, you know, sir, leading into some gardens, and this chap was hanging about inside one of the gateways. A rough-looking fellow, in a baggy old coat—might 'ave been a tramp off the Embankment. I turned my light on him—that street's not very well lit, and it's a dark night—but I couldn't see much of his face, because he had on a ragged old cap and a big scarf round his neck. I thought he was up to no good, and I was just about to ask him what he was doing there, when I hear a most awful yell come out o' one o' them houses opposite. Ghastly it was, sir. 'Help! it said. 'Murder! help! fit to freeze your marrow."

"Man's voice or woman's?"

"Man's, sir, I think. More of a roaring kind of yell, if you take my meaning. I says, 'Hullo! What's up there? Which house is it?' The chap says nothing, but he points, and him and me rurs across together. Just as we gets to the house, there's a noise like as if someone was being strangled just inside, and a thump, as it might be something falling against the door."

"Good Heavens!" said Peter.

"I give a shout and rings the bell. 'Hoy!' I says. 'What's up here?' and then I knocks on the door. There's no answer, so I rings and knocks again. Then the chap who was with me, he pushes open the letter-flap and squints through it."

"Was there a light in the house?" "It was all dark, sir, except the fanlight over the door. That was lit up bright, and when I looks up I see the number of the house. No. 13, painted plain as you like on the transom. Well, this chap peers in, and all of a sudden he gives a kind of gurgle and falls back. 'Here!' I says, 'what's amiss? Let me have a look.' So I puts my eye to the flap and I looks in."

P.C. Burt paused and drew a long breath. Peter cut the wire of the second bottle.

"Now, sir," said the policeman, "believe me or believe me not, I was as sober at that moment as I am now. I can tell you everything I see in that house, same as if it was wrote up there on that wall."

"NOT as it was a great lot, because the flap wasn't all that wide, but by squinting a bit I could make shift to see right across the hall and a piece on both sides and part way up the stairs. And here's what I see, and you take notice of every word on account of what came after."

He took another gulp of the Poi Roger to loosen his tongue and continued:

"There was the floor of the hall. I could see that very plain. All black and white squares it was, like marble, and it stretched back a good long way. About half-way along, on the left, was the staircase, with a red carpet, and the statue of a white naked woman at the foot, carrying a big pot full of blue and yellow flowers. In the wall next the stairs there was an open door, and a room all lit up. I could just see the end of a table, with a lot of glass and silver on it. Between that door and the front door there was a big black cabinet, shiny with gold figures painted on it, like them things they had at the Exhibition. Right at the back of the hall there was a place like a conservatory, but I couldn't see what was in it, only it looked very gay. There was a door on the right, and that was open, too. A very pretty drawing-room, by what I could see of it, with pale blue paper and pictures on the walls. There were pictures in the hall, too, and a table on the right with a copper bowl, like as it might be for visitors' cards to be put in. Now, I see all that, sir, and I put it to you, if it hadn't a' been there, how could I describe it so plain?"

"I have known people describe what wasn't there," said Peter thoughtfully, "but it was seldom anything of that kind. Rats, cats, and snakes I have heard of, but delirious lacquered cabinets and hall-tables are new to me."

"As you say, sir," agreed the policeman, "and I see you believe me so far. But here's something else, what you mayn't find quite so easy. There was a man lying in that hall, sir, as sure as I sit here, and he was dead. He was a big man and clean-shaven, and he wore evening dress. Somebody had stuck a knife into his throat. I could see the handle of it—it looked like a carving knife, and the blood had run out, all shiny, over the marble squares."

The policeman looked at Peter, passed his handkerchief over his forehead, and finished the fourth glass of champagne.

"His head was up against the end of the hall table," he went on, "and his feet must have been up against the door, but I couldn't see anything quite close to me, because of the letter-box. You understand, sir, I was looking through the wire cage of the box, and there was something inside—letters, I suppose—that cut off my view downwards. But I see all the rest—in front and a bit of both sides; and it must have been regularly burnt in upon me brain, as they say, for I don't suppose I was looking more than a quarter of a minute or so. Then all the lights went out at once, same as if somebody had turned off the main switch. So I looks round, and I don't mind telling you I felt a bit queer. And when I looks round, lo and behold! my bloke in the muffler had hopped it."

"The devil he had," said Peter. "Hopped it," repeated the policeman, "and there I was. And just there, sir, is where I made my big mistake, for I thought he couldn't a' got far, and I started off up the street after him. But I couldn't see him, and I couldn't see nobody. All the houses was dark, and it come over me what a sight of funny things may go on and nobody take a mile o' notice. The way I'd shouted and banged on the door, you'd a' thought it'd a' brought out every soul in the street, not to mention that awful yelling. But there—you may have noticed it yourself, sir. A man may leave his ground-floor windows open, or have his chimney afire, and you may make noise enough to wake the dead, trying to draw his attention, and nobody give no heed. He's fast asleep, and the neighbors say, 'Blas! that row, but it's no business o' mine,' and stick their heads under the bedclothes."

"Yes," said Peter, "London's like that."

"That's right, sir. A village's different. You can't pick up a pin there without somebody coming up to ask where you got it from—but London keeps itself to itself."

Please turn to Page 16

Too Lovely for Words [UNTIL SHE SMILES]



Protect your smile. Let Ipana and massage help your dentist keep your gums firm and teeth sparkling!

RIGHT as a flame her beauty stands out! "Here's a girl," you say, "that the gods have blessed—a girl with the world and its men at her feet." And everything you say and feel is true—until the lady smiles. When that smile comes, revealing dull teeth and dingy gums, how swiftly and sadly you turn away from this phantom—this ghost of lost beauty.

Don't let deliberate carelessness or neglect put your smile and your charm in jeopardy. Always play safe and heed the first warning of tender, bleeding gums. This

is generally in the form of a tinge of "pink" on your toothbrush.

Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

You may not be headed for real trouble—but let your dentist make the decision. The chances are, he'll tell you that tinge of "pink" simply means lazy, underworked gums—gums denied stimulation and exercise by to-day's soft and creamy foods. Probably he'll suggest that your tender gums need more vigorous work, and very often he'll add, "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana, with massage, is a modern dentifrice especially designed to aid the

health of the gums as well as to keep teeth clean. Each time you clean your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. Circulation is aroused in the gum tissues. Gums tend to become firmer, healthier—teeth brighter and more sparkling.

Get an economical tube of Ipana Tooth Paste to-day. Start now to give your gums and teeth the famous benefits of Ipana and massage. Help your dentist keep your smile sparkling and glamorous—the winning smile it was meant to be!

Choice of a dentifrice calls for professional assistance, therefore Ipana is sold by CHEMISTS ONLY.

Regular Size 1/- ... Super Size 2/-

BRING IPANA AND MASSAGE TO THE AID OF YOUR SMILE!

"PINK" ON MY TOOTH BRUSH! SO THAT'S WHAT IS CLOUDING MY SMILE

MY DENTIST WAS RIGHT! MY SMILE IS BRIGHTER—THANKS TO IPANA AND MASSAGE

SOAK, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN HIDING THAT LOVELY SMILE? I WANT EVERY DANCE TONIGHT

Ipana
TOOTH PASTE

ETIQUETTE

DINNER PARTIES have their own SOCIAL CODE

Any hostess with a background of domestic efficiency and a knowledge of the appropriate etiquette can give a successful dinner party, says Mrs. Massey Lyon in this instalment of her authoritative book.

She tells how to entertain at dinner, whether it be in a mansion, small house or flat.

By MRS. MASSEY LYON

Published by special arrangement

AN invitation to dinner is a compliment of greater degree socially than that to any other form of party, and the etiquette of the occasion must be observed.

An intelligently-planned menu will enable the cook-hostess or the hostess with one servant to entertain her guests with smoothly running courses, the latest thing in salads, the right sauce, and remain the charming hostess whose dinners are a highlight in enjoyment.

Dinners vary in degrees of formality, but the ritual is the same.

As they become simpler and less formal, more and more details which make for stateliness and elaboration are eliminated, but the essentials remain the same.

For instance, there are the questions of precedence, the proper method of seating, of dressing, and of serving the meal.

An invitation to dinner is sent out in the name of the host as well as of the hostess.

The host is responsible for telling men guests whom they are to take to dinner, of leading the way to the dining-room with the woman guest of highest rank, of noting that all guests find their right seats. He must also maintain the conversation at his end of the table till his wife's smiling sign to his chief guest gives the signal for the ladies to leave him with his men friends.

First of all the dinner hostess must decide whom she will ask.

Most important on the list are those to whom dinner hospitality is being returned.

These may not always be the brightest of company, so the hostess is wise to add guests whose charm or conversational powers will help to make the party "go".

Nowadays the task of making up a dinner list is easier for the hostess, as it is now fashionable for young people to dine with their elders.

Young daughters in their first season are asked with their parents, and young bachelors are invited as their companions at dinner.

The host usually deals with the matter of wines, and the hostess the menu, household arrangements, and seating at the table.

The host takes in the woman of highest rank or chief importance, and the hostess goes in to dinner with the man of principal distinction. Other guests are seated according to precedence, or, if this does not apply, with regard to those who will be entertaining to each other or have interests in common.

It is not usual to seat husbands and wives next to each other.

Place-cards will simplify the seating arrangements if the dinner party is a very large one.

Guests' obligations

GUESTS, too, have certain obligations. First they must reply promptly to the invitations, having learned from the form of the invitation how elaborately they must dress, in the case of a woman guest, or whether dinner-jacket or dress clothes are to be worn in the case of a man.

A dinner engagement should never be broken unless it is absolutely unavoidable. If it must be broken, a note of explanation and regret should be sent at the earliest possible moment.

Guests should always be punctual for dinners. Dinner is never served until the last guest has arrived, so that unpunctuality may ruin what might have been a perfect meal.

On arrival, guests leave their wraps in the hall or rooms set apart

for the purpose, a husband waiting in the hall for his wife. They proceed together to the drawing-room where, in formal entertaining, their names will be announced.

A woman enters the room first, followed by her husband or male escort. They do not go in arm in arm.

Meanwhile host and hostess should be in the drawing-room ready to receive their guests even should some be rather early.

The hostess advances slightly to greet the newcomers, who shake hands first with her, then with their host.

They shake hands with other guests whom they may know if they are near at hand, but do not go all round the room shaking hands with everyone they know.

A smiling bow is sufficient for friends at the other side of the room.

A woman bows to any man acquaintance, and he—unless talking to another woman, when he bows also—should come across to her and enter into conversation. Women sit down unless the room is very crowded.

The hostess introduces the most important people who remain near her, and the host introduces men to the women they are to take in to



THE HOST sees that the principal woman guest is seated at his right, and remains standing until the rest of the guests are seated.

dinner. Cocktails, if any, are served at this stage.

When the last guest has arrived the butler or maid announces that dinner is served.

In the case of a small dinner in a house where no servants are employed, the hostess excuses herself to make sure all is in readiness, and returns with a remark to her husband such as "Dinner is ready, John; will you show everyone where they are to sit?"

The host leads the way with the woman of highest rank (but without offering his arm) and the others follow more or less in pairs, the hostess coming last with the man of highest rank.

At a very formal dinner the host and all male guests give their right arm to their woman companions. At less formal functions the women may all go first, followed by the men.

At very large and important dinners, nowadays, separate round tables sometimes take the place of the orthodox big one.

This is usually the case when there are one or two guests of outstanding distinction, such as members of the Royal house, or foreign Royalty, Ambassadors, or statesmen of importance.

One table is larger than the others, and at this are placed the host and hostess with their important guests

and the few chosen to meet them in this intimate fashion, the others finding their seats at smaller tables placed round the room.

Very often, too, fashion favors the round table in preference to the more usual oblong shape, as it has the advantage of bringing the host and hostess more among their guests, as it were.

For the same reason the host and hostess are sometimes seated in the middle of each side of a long or oval table.

In the dining-room the host sees that his woman companion is seated at his right and remains standing while the other guests take their places.

Directly they are seated the guests take the table napkins which are lying by their places and place them on their knees, and women remove their long gloves.

Conversation at first should be between the two who have gone in to dinner together.

It is bad form for either immediately to talk to anyone else across the table or seated nearby.

On the other hand, this conversation between the two seated together must last only a little while. The hostess gives the cue for more general conversation, turning to speak to the guest on her left.

Smoking at table

IT is not usual to smoke during a dinner party, but on some occasions the hostess will tell her guests they may smoke.

It is very bad manners to do so without permission. The presence or absence of ashtrays and matches on the dinner table is a clue for the guest.

At the conclusion of the meal the hostess "catches the eye" of the principal woman guest, and she rises, the hostess rising also, giving the signal for the return to the drawing-room.

This is the moment when, if Royal guests are present, women have to make their curties, either before they leave their places or, turning, at the door of the room. The host opens the door and the women leave the room in order of precedence.

Coffee with liqueurs and cigarettes are brought in and passed round in the drawing-room, and at the same time to the men in the dining-room.

At an informal dinner, however, coffee and liqueurs are served in the dining-room without this adjournment to the drawing-room.

When the women guests have left the host asks his men guests to reseat themselves, cigars may succeed cigarettes, and the wine is passed around.

This masculine session is not so prolonged as it was formerly. Often bridge or dancing follows a dinner which makes an early return to the drawing-room necessary.

In the drawing-room the hostess makes further introductions rather informally, and when conversation has become general the hostess devotes herself to those women who have been separated from her by the length of the table during dinner.

Sometimes dinner is followed by bridge, dancing or music. On other occasions, if the dinner has been a late one, guests may have to leave fairly soon for evening engagements. The principal guest should make



ABOVE: Table napkins, plainly folded, mark each place. Decorations should not crowd the table.



RIGHT: These guests are hurrying to keep a dinner engagement. Guests should be punctual, as dinner is never served until the last guest has arrived.

the first move, others following soon after. It is only gracious when saying good night to murmur a few words of appreciation, not necessarily the stilted, "Thank you for a pleasant

evening," but perhaps, "It has been a delightful party," or something of the sort.

Next week: Dances in private homes, hired ballrooms, and restaurants.

DON'T LOSE THE MAN YOU WANT MOST TO KEEP



No smart woman risks offending—make sure of your charm with MUM

HIS FIRST "I LOVE YOU"—the thrilling proposal, then the honeymoon—these are memories every woman hopes will never die. But it's so easy for a wife to think that time will strengthen love—to feel that, because her husband loved her once, he'll love her always!

Don't make that fatal mistake! Don't risk losing out in love because you're careless about underarm odour. Before you've won him—and after, too—avoid the dangers of offending. Prevent underarm odour with MUM!

Remember, no bath is enough to prevent odour. A bath only takes care of past perspiration. Mum prevents odour to come! Hours after your bath has faded Mum keeps you fresh! Wise girls use Mum!

SAVE TIME! Pat Mum under each arm until it disappears. Takes only half a minute to use!

SAVE WORRY! Mum is harmless to fabrics. Even after underarm shaving Mum is actually soothing to your skin... never irritates, never chafes.

SAVE ROMANCE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops all underarm odour. Get a jar of Mum to-day—use it daily and be sure of charm!

Obtainable everywhere, purse size 3d., regular size 1/6, double size 2/6.

WHY NURSES PREFER MUM'S QUICK, SURE CARE!



Another use for MUM Use Mum for Sanitary Napkins, as thousands of women do. Then you're always safe, free from worry.



TO HERSELF: THANK HEAVENS FOR MUM. I WANT TO BE SURE I'M SWEET WHEN I'M WITH BILL.



MUM

TAKES THE ODOUR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Even fashion has its DICTATORS

Author's inside story of the
mode in the making

Did you know that a famous woman dress designer went to Russia with diplomatic privileges and was asked by Russia's dictator, Stalin, to teach the new woman of Russia how to dress?

This is one of many stories of the fashion world from the inside, told by Moma Clarke, English woman writer, who went to Paris for a fortnight and stayed for forty years, in her book, "Light and Shade in France."

AS a fashion writer she knew all the great dictators of the mode, the glamorous mannequins, hard-working vendeuses and gifted craftsmen who inhabit the perfumed salons and noisy workrooms of the Rue de la Paix and the Place Vendôme.

"No dictator is more of a despot than is the dress designer, man or woman," she says.

"From the man who works the lift, to the most successful of the saleswomen, the mood of the dictator sets the barometer at tempest or fine weather."

"Even the mannequins, from their stronghold of slender hiplines, wait before the wrath of the master mind and stand till they drop to be draped

and pinned when a new collection of dresses is being prepared.

"The men administrators in this world of women have no easy time. In the guise of a petitioner they are dealing with a national industry which has its links all over the country and beyond.

"They are hampered by laws which are changed with every new Prime Minister. They have to protect their industry from wolves who come in sheep's clothing to steal the creations which cost so much, which are their patents.

"They have to flatter and cajole where they would often like to hit out from the shoulder, and as controllers of capital they have to pinch and save where they would like, as human beings, to be generous.

"After the war a new school of dressmakers arose to meet the spirit



WINDOWS of the famous Parisian dress salons look out on the Place Vendôme, heart of the Rue de la Paix.

of the age. Paris was full of Americans and English spending recklessly. Dukes and duchesses joined the staffs of the couturiers. The new school provided different clothes to express the new freedom.

"Gabrielle Chanel sprang into fame. Now a dictator, she has climbed from the foot to the top of the ladder and has her seat in cosmopolitan society where she is known as 'Coco.' One of the many stories about her says that she refused the hand of a duke, declaring that there were many duchesses but only one 'Coco.'

"Jeanne Lanvin, now the doyen of the dressmakers, was the first, and I believe the last, of the dressmakers to employ a child mannequin to show children's dresses.

"Lanvin was also a revolutionary. She would have women wear clothes which make them look younger than they are.

Benevolent godmother

"SHE dresses Yvonne Printemps, the famous French actress, who sits beside her on a first night of a new collection of frocks, like a good little girl beside a benevolent godmother.

"There is something of the fairy godmother about Mme. Lanvin on those evenings when she marshals her mannequins to show her 'creations,' and you would not be in the least surprised if she suddenly produced a pumpkin coach drawn by horses with long white tails.

"Schiaparelli is certainly the finest show-woman in the Rue de la Paix. Slim, with a bright dark glance, she is a true dictator with a restless, ambitious spirit.

"Not very long ago she went to Russia with diplomatic privileges and, if what I was told is true, she was asked by Stalin, as from one dictator to another, to teach the new woman of Russia how to dress.

"A first day of a new collection of her designs turns the beautiful old house into as crowded a place as a railway station at holiday time. It is packed with men and women who have come from all over the world to see what she has produced. In journalistic jargon, Schiaparelli is 'news.'

Slim hiplines

"MOLYNEUX is one who 'keeps himself to himself,' though now and then we hear that he refuses to dress any woman whose hips measure more than those of a half-starved girl of twelve, and that once at a luncheon party he menaced a woman with the threat of never making another dress for her if she served herself to a succulent dish for which her soul longed.

"The mannequins were once to Paris what film stars are to the world to-day.

"I can remember when Hebe and Sumarin drew to a Molyneux dress show ambassadors and a bevy of attaches, but now that slim hiplines are so important, being tall and most divinely fair is no open sesame to fame.

"The magic key to-day is bones. Indeed, the life of a mannequin is Spartan.

"I doubt if the better pay they are now given is compensation enough for the life they have to lead. They are told that fine features make fine birds and that they may



easily hope, in their borrowed plumes, for a good marriage.

"They, in their turn, can make things difficult for the dressmaker. They can sulk at critical moments, and have even gone on strike, but since most of them have to earn their living they patiently do their job, changing from dress to dress, walking and standing for hours in rooms full of men and women who are there to buy their clothes as

in old days slave-owners bought bodies.

"Some get intoxicated by the perfumed, overheated luxury in which they spend their working days, but the greater number are solid little French bourgeois who ask for nothing better than a hard-working husband, a baby or two, and a safe home for their old age."

"Light and Shade in France," by Moma Clarke (John Murray). Our copy from Dymock's.



MME. SCHIAPARELLI, "the finest show-woman in the Rue de la Paix," and her daughter Gogo at a fashionable French resort.

Riding is my
Number One Pastime, and
No. 1 BLOCK is my Number
One Chocolate.



No. 1 BLOCK "OLD GOLD"—one of the four excitingly new No. 1 BLOCK varieties—is a rich, dark chocolate, particularly satisfying and sustaining. Voted to-day's No. 1 outdoor chocolate. The other No. 1 BLOCK varieties are "Extra Cream," "Fruit and Nut" and "Nut Milk"—all in the smart new packs.

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CHOCOLATE

THE S-M-O-O-T-H-E-S-T

EVER MADE

BHOC

STOP FUSSING AND EAT YOUR BREAKFAST!



Betty wouldn't eat breakfast. Mummy was worried and Daddy was cross.



"Don't you know about Kellogg's Rice Bubbles?" exclaimed Auntie Jo. "They go Snap! Crackle! and Pop! when you pour milk on. Kiddies love them."



No fuss and bother at breakfast now. Betty has a big bowl of Snap! Crackle! and Pop! Rice Bubbles every morning. Mummy is glad because they're such a nourishing digestible breakfast. Just what every growing child should have!



DON'T NEED COOKING! Kellogg's feathery crunchy Rice Bubbles are all ready to serve—pour them straight from packet to plate. Sold at your grocer's—open fresh in Kellogg's exclusive waxtite innerseal packet.

R.11

"WHAT d'you mean, farther? And why's it little? Plenty of sick people around here. Wish there weren't."

"But there always will be, so you let yourself get caught. I'm not going to marry a man who's letting himself get caught!"

"Caught—hmm. Not quite the word, is it? When things get in your way, you don't alidstep 'em, do you? Don't even have to make up your mind about 'em when they're right there. You tackle 'em. Got to. Isn't anything else you can do, whether you'd want to or not. I wouldn't call that getting caught."

"It's the same thing, and the same thing as drifting. You—way, you should have been a great specialist, Dad!"

"Who—me? Me a specialist?"

"A specialist, at the very top! Heavens, the doctors with big names that I see around that hospital compared with you! I'm not thinking about the money, but prestige, leisure."

He grinned around at her. "Wouldn't know what to do with it!"

Her chin went up. "All right, but there are plenty who do know what to do with it! It means gracious living, and Burton Reynolds has it, and I'm going to have it, too! I—oh, I'm going to hurt you—I can't marry a doctor, Dad, I can't. Ever since I left college I've been in that hospital, and I've seen Tom, all the doctors, never a minute to call their own, no time for real things—"

"Time's your own if you're doing what you want to do in it," he said, but she was not listening.

"Sick people—getting better, getting well, but more sick people, and more and more—slaves to them! Not for me! I came home to tell you that, darling, because I knew I was going to hurt you. I wouldn't answer Burton Reynolds until I'd told you and broken off with Tom. Oh, it'll hurt him, too."

But they were home. The car stopped.

A moment later he was calling out joyously: "Hey, Hester! Here's your bad news!"

AND still later, pushing his chair back from the breakfast table and starting his pipe, "I'm going to take it easy to-day," the doctor said. "Take a day off and play with you. How about it?"

Hester, clearing the table, sniffed. His daughter exclaimed, "You mean stay home?"

"Well, of course I've got just a few calls to make. Good day to be out in the air. Want to come with me?"

The girl's look was soft upon him. "You couldn't shake me off," said she. "It's been years since I've made your rounds with you. Oh, I remember when I was a little girl—"

"Don't get sentimental," he grunted. Then he looked at his watch, wound it a little, seemed faintly surprised that it would wind so more, and held it to his ear.

When they were out under the sky in the fragrant spring, "Got to look in on some babies first," said he, "before I see a few measles cases. Sort o' scattered. You mind?"

He stopped at the Kennedys', climbed to the old Bascom place; and his daughter laughed a little.

"You would! Always take your poorest patients first, don't you?"

"Aren't any poorest patients," said he. "Got some twins in here. Want to see 'em?"

She made it clear that she did not. He said: "I won't be here more than half a minute. Don't mind waiting! There's Ellen Blake's car coming up the hill. Remember Ellen?"

She remembered Ellen. When the car stopped, she got out and went forward in greeting.

"Jeanie MacGregor!" the other cried. "I didn't know you were home! This'll do your father worlds of good! You're taking nursing, aren't you?"

Jean shook her head. "Not me. I'm laboratory."

"You'd have to be doing something of the sort, with a dad like yours! Did he tell you what he did in that house last night—this morning, rather? My dear, a Caesarean—Polish people, not a thing ready, woman he never had seen before—in a place like that! He's a great man, that father of yours. They don't come any greater!"

Country Doctor

Continued from Page 7

She hurried into the curtainless shabby house, and the great man's daughter took her place in the car again. Cloud shadows were drifting across the slope; robins were trotting over the dooryard. The liting song of a sparrow called to its love. A bluebird flashed past with a straw in its beak. An old fruit tree was dropping its petals under the warmth of the sun, and bees flew past with their gift of pollen. A world busy with its perennial rebirth. And in that bare house—"Got some twins in here"—"When things get in your way, you tackle 'em . . ."

When the doctor returned to the car, he was laughing. "Man in there's tickled because he's got a double order of boys," he told her as the car started. "Says: 'Pretty soon now I grow onion—two boys to pull-a the weed! I give you onion all-a time—make-a you present, Doctor!'"

She laughed with him, but asked, "That your pay, darling?"

He cocked his head at her. "Why not? I like onions—like 'em first rate."

"Onions, for an operation like that, performed single-handed and in a miserable little hut!"

"Shucks, that wasn't much."

He stopped at a pond to show her the biggest bullfrog of his acquaintance, went into a gracious farmhouse to see the child with the bad ear, into a smaller one to give pneumonia serum. At a farther cottage beside the road a child's face was pressed against a windowpane, and the child jumped up and down and waved as the doctor alighted. "Not much measles left here," he laughed.

At another place, dim and small and old, where a man in a wheel chair was on a sunny corner of the porch, a woman with white hair drawn into a tight little knot brought out a plate with two doughnuts on it, and her wrinkled face smiled while the doctor sat on the porch railing and ate them.

When he stopped the car again he sat back against the seat and sighed. Someone in an upper room was coughing.

"Tired?" the girl asked.

He shook his head. "Just sort o' wish I didn't have to go in."

When he came out again a woman came, too; her face was quivering. "Oh, Doctor, did you notice the change? Doctor—"

He laid a hand on her shoulder. "Now, now," he said, "I know, Mrs. Simpson. But you've got to keep up your courage. She notices, you know."

"All the others went the same way. I don't see why this couldn't have been me."

"His hand came away; he frowned. "Now look here, that's none of your business, is it?"

"I won't have a soul left," she wept.

He spoke gruffly. "So you'd rather have her left—to be the lonely one, would you?"

"Doctor!"

"You make me ashamed of you," he said, and thumped down the steps. But at their foot he stopped and looked up at her. "Sometimes, Mrs. Simpson, I remember a line in an old hymn, 'Great thy strength if great thy need.' Ever hear it?"

Her eyes were on him intently. "Yes, Doctor."

"And someone said, 'I can of mine ownself do nothing.' Not a bad thing to remember, too—where to find our refuge and our fortress. Huh?"

SHE looked as shepherds must once have looked when they beheld a star. "Yes, Doctor, I'll remember."

Again he was turning away and again paused. "Oh, by the way, you might get busy on that other quilt—the blue-and-white one. Think you could hurry it along?"

And now she was smiling. "Oh, yes, I can. You really think she'll buy it, Doctor? That'll make five!"

He grinned, wagged his head as though it were all beyond him. "You know what these collectors are."

When they were on their way, his daughter's face pressed against his sleeve again for a moment, "Darling, darling, I couldn't help hearing!"

He grunted, sent the car forward with a jerk. "Cut it," he said gruffly. "What're you getting sentimental about?"

He stopped at a crossroads store, came out with a pocket bulging. "Want a peppermint?" he asked, offering a paper bag. "Hey, don't take 'em all! Somehow I always find peppermints sort o' useful."

Companionably they crunched peppermints; but when he had made another call and they were on their

way again she burst out rebelliously: "Just the same, I can't see it! This everlasting daily grind of yours, of any doctor's. Tom will be just the same! Getting one person well while another gets sick! Bringing babies into the world and easing people out of it! Where does it get you? The world would go on just the same! I say it would be a better world if each person lived for himself. That's not selfishness, either! It isn't! How else can you grow, develop, get somewhere? Isn't it just your own self—the self of your own self—that's put into your charge to do things with, to be responsible for?"

"Shouldn't wonder," he said blandly; then added with a grin at her: "Sort of het up, aren't you? What's the matter?" But a horn was tooting behind them, and with a glance at the mirror he drew to the side of the road. "Now what?"

A careening car came to a stop at their side, and the driver leaned out. "Hey, Doc! Joe Short's fell out of an apple tree, and they want you to come there quick!"

"The old fool," said the doctor. "He would. Dead?"

"We-ull, he's groaning," the other grinned, and the doctor turned his car, pressed his foot down hard.

"This your day off, did you say, darling?" his daughter laughed; but he would not reply.

She waited an hour at the place where a little group had gathered under a distant apple tree. When he came back, he was looking pleased with himself. The car under way, he said with a chuckle:

"Does me good to see a man get his come-uppance once in a while. That stingy old skinflint's been grumbling with rheumatism all winter. Too darned close-fisted to get a hired man, and now look what he's done! Broke his leg, that's what! Serves him right!"

His daughter's eyes were dancing. "You vindictive old man!" said she.

"Sure!" he agreed. "And that's



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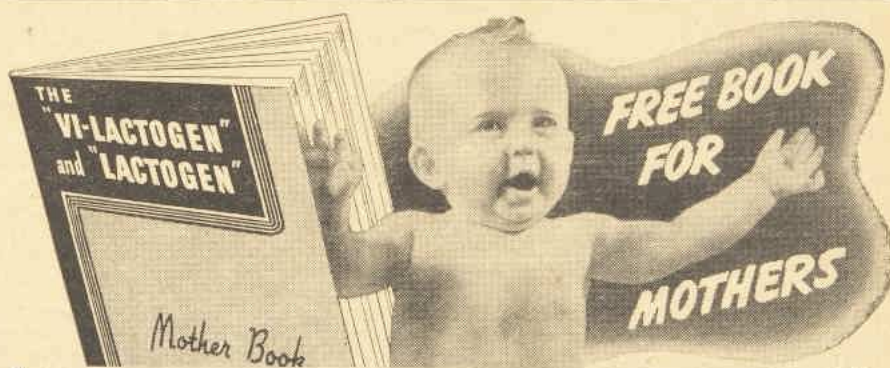
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not the half of it. "When the devil was sick—" You know the rest of it! Joe's going to have pains enough, what with all his bruises, to put the fear of God into him for once. Why, that man's got plenty—plenty! Well off as any man in town. And you know what he does? Won't let his wife keep a servant. Goes with her to buy her clothes—when she gets any. Makes her fuss with a wood stove, 'stead of getting her in an electric. When their daughter had a baby last fall, wouldn't give her the price of a railroad ticket, and she eating

her heart out to see her first grandchild.

"Well, sir, you know what I've done? Sent for a trained nurse. Told Mrs. Short I wouldn't be responsible for Joe getting well if she so much as went into his room. Telephoned for Paul Adams and his wife to come over and run the place. And to-morrow, by golly, I'm going to buy Mrs. Short that railroad ticket and ship her off to her daughter's. Don't know but I'll even send the minister to Joe—say, that's an idea!"

Please turn to Page 24



Problems of Infant feeding solved in illustrated 96-page Vi-Lactogen "Mother Book"

EVERY MOTHER of a young baby and every expectant mother should send the coupon below for a free copy of the "Mother Book." It gives full particulars of baby welfare treatment, together with feeding charts, weaning instructions and the proper care of baby under all circumstances. Send to-day for this invaluable handbook of Mothercraft. When breast milk fails or requires supplementing, a mother should turn to Vi-Lactogen as the safe alternative. Vi-Lactogen is carefully and scientifically prepared to resemble breast milk in every important particular and it is certainly easy to prepare, only the addition of hot (boiled) water being necessary.

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An Editorial

AUGUST 12, 1939.

THE WORLD'S REAL HEROINES



SPEAKING in a city court the other day a magistrate said that the working wives of Australia, the women who raised families on the basic wage or a little over, were the real V.C.'s of this world.

"I often think that mothers who slave at home, rear families, and live on small money are worthy of the Victoria Cross," he said.

A V.C. for "Mum" doesn't seem a bad idea, although she would laugh loudest of all at the suggestion.

Nevertheless there is a particular type of valor called for by the woman who was referred to by the magistrate.

She is the gallant who handles the thousand-and-one problems that beset the daily rounds.

She raises her family, educates them, and sets them on the road to careers with a minimum of fuss and a maximum of efficiency.

Uncomplaining, unknown outside the circles of their families and friends, these working wives do their task unselfishly and ungrudgingly.

They would blush for any publicity that would make heroines out of them, but they are nevertheless nation-builders in the truest sense of the word.

Good times and bad find each one at her task of bringing up a family, looking after a husband, and contriving just the same to keep young and abreast of the times. For good times she has a slogan: "We must save for a rainy day;" for bad she has a valiant philosophy, "We'll manage somehow."

From the bench a magistrate sees the seamy side of life. He meets crime and poverty, and amidst this is revealed to him also the tenacity and courage of everyday people.

When he awards civilian V.C.'s to the working wives of Australia no one would want to appeal against such a splendid verdict.

—THE EDITOR.



MADAME TABOUIIS, French political writer, gets some vital information on the telephone.



SHE EMPHASISES a point with an interviewer in her Paris flat.



"YOUR CHAMBERLAIN, he is not so bad," said Madame Tabouis.

Hitler called this woman a "know-all"

Madame Tabouis annoys dictators by forecasting their foreign policy

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, our special representative in England

RECENTLY I attended a luncheon in London to Frenchwoman Madame Tabouis, political journalist—the woman Hitler called a "Know-all."

Sixteen hundred others were there to do honor to this slim, fifty-year-old woman who dresses always in black, wears no make-up, and looks as harmless as a vicarage aunt.

But she has upset governments with her amazingly accurate forecasts.

Hitler, who seldom refers to women in his speeches, called her "the wisest woman in Europe, who said yesterday what I am going to say to-day."

There was a satire in his voice, but just the same this fragile woman with the lovely white expressive hands and the shy smile has done more than anyone else to upset the Dictators' apperception by her genius for piecing unrelated news items together and coming to light with sensational revelations.

It was she who told the world of the Hoare-Laval pact which defined the Anglo-French attitude to Abyssinia. She was the first to report that German soldiers were being sent to Spanish Morocco. Hitler was so annoyed with this revelation that he ordered the troops to return, and then flatly denied the statement.

She found out things in Spain

which were very embarrassing to Dictator Franco, and she has made Mussolini squirm on more than one occasion.

With true French wit she even baits the defenders on her home front. "Your old Chamberlain is not bad," she said. "at least not nearly so bad as Bonnet (French Foreign Minister)."

Took her dancing

"BONNET is my friend, but we love to fight. As a girl he took me to dances."

Madame's technique of news gathering is to telephone important political figures all over Europe. She has been able to use her information so cleverly that when the switchgirl says in some Foreign Office or another "Madame Tabouis calling" the gentleman she wants to talk to finds pressing engagements elsewhere.

"People don't like to talk to me any more," she says. "They realise that a simple reply to a simple question may be the key to the jigsaw puzzle of international politics I am fashioning. So I am avoided."

"Now I have my other sources," raising her hand and smiling, "but I am not going to tell you about them; I have my men everywhere... we have our secret codes."

No wonder Madame Tabouis is able to collect news not available to other journalists.

She is the niece of M. Jules Cambon, former French Ambassador, and grew up in an atmosphere of diplomacy and high politics. Among her friends are Chamberlain, Poincare, Briand, Laval, Herriot and Titulescu.

"People call me the eyes of Europe," she said, "but just the same I am a working journalist tied to a definite routine."

"I get up at 7.30 when one of my three women secretaries brings in the post, which averages 60 letters a day."

"People ask for advice on all sorts of problems... politics, love, marriage... French girls ask me if it is wise for them to marry Germans or Italians..."

"I am working until 7 o'clock at night, when my informants call or send their secret despatches."

Madame Tabouis has had several threats made against her life. "I have, at the request of the French Government, a bodyguard of two police when I move about, but I don't worry about empty threats."

Outside of politics Madame Tabouis has one other passion—her love for her family.

They live with her in Paris. Her husband is head of a radio organisation, her mother, sister of Jules Cambon, famous French ambassador, lives with her, and Rosine, her 18-year-old daughter. Her son is at school in Paris.

When asked if she never relaxed, Madame Tabouis said: "My work is my play. I have no games. I take no exercise and never walk. I hate the theatre, but two or three times a week I go to the cinema. I prefer love stories and crime thrillers."

But best of all she loves scooping the news—and baiting dictators—telling the world of their most secret plans—being the "know-all of Europe."

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY By WEP



How to acquire a WASP-WAIST to get a BUSTLE on!

The new Spring mode and what it means to YOU

By L. W. LOWER, Australia's Foremost Humorist
Illustrated by WEP

Here I am again, first with the new fashions as usual! And WHAT fashions!

Chic! Gorgeous! Scrumptious! Bonzer! In fact, typically Lowerian, as they always are.

BUSTLES and wasp-waists will shortly be the vogue. If you haven't got a wasp-waist now you'd better start acquiring one.

It's quite simple. Just wind a piece of stout rope around your middle and give an extra heave on it every day.

Some people leave the rope on after the desired result has been achieved, but there is always the possibility of it fraying and coming apart with a loud swish, thus disrobing you.

The bustle, which will be mostly for evening wear, is something like a dickey-seat at the back of a car, only you can't stow refreshments in it.

I suppose you could if you wanted to, but you'd have to drink out of the bottle because glasses would be too brittle to be sat on.

Snoods will be fashionable. Now, don't try to look as if

you knew all about it, because it's eight to one you've never heard of a snood.

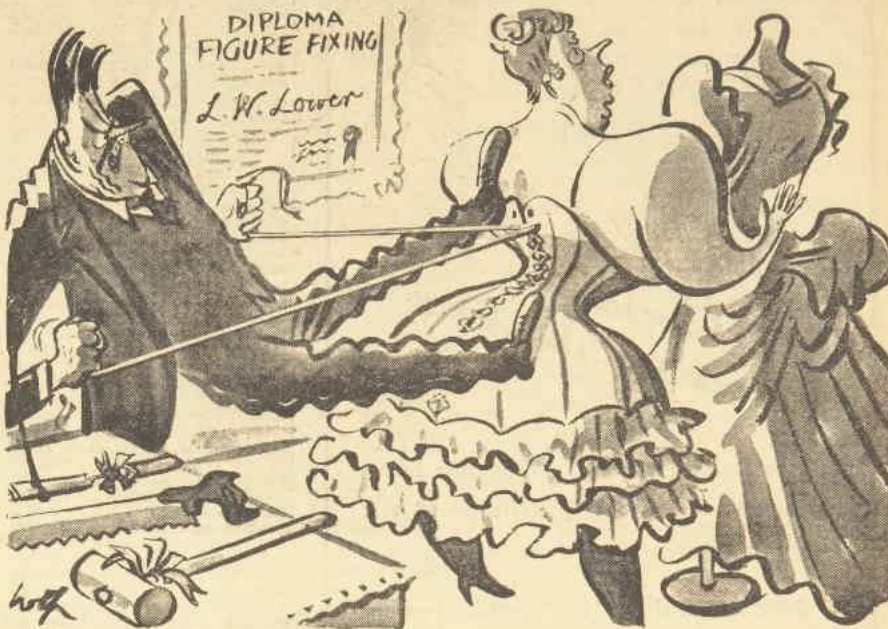
I've only just found out what a snood is myself, and I'm an expert. A snood is a kind of hat arrangement. I am unable at this moment to tell you whether you wind it on or gum it on. But it looks like a turban.

Why the blazes it's called a snood I have not been able to discover. Probably because it looks something like a real snood. And, of course, you all know what a real snood looks like.

Generally speaking, the trend is back towards gran-nie's day.

Petticoats will be worn, with the lace edge showing a couple of inches below the bottom of the skirt.

There is a hint here for the well-dressed man-about-town. The underpants should be



L. W. Lower demonstrates his new method of creating the wasp-waist.

allowed to dangle over the boots. Lace edges are optional.

School or regimental colors may be embroidered on the ankle part of the underpants for formal occasions.

Camisoles, or whatever they're called now, will be worn beneath the new semi-transparent blouses. I suppose this will call for a clean singlet as well. You can't get around in a transparent blouse with soup stains all over your singlet.

This is regrettable, but one must follow Fashion's dictates. I look forward to the day when cigarette ash and soup stains will be "as worn."

I have been trying to popularise this fashion for years, but, like most pioneers, have only been sneered at.

I am, as you all know, constantly in touch with all the leading designers, and I still think that the return of the bustle and wasp-waist points to elastic-sided boots to complete the ensemble.

Change of title

THERE are some lucky women (not mentioning any names, but you'll know whom I mean) who won't need bustles. They are already bustled, so to speak.

There is a word our Fashion Editress sprang on me, and I can't think of it, and even if I could think of it I couldn't spell it.

Couterie, I think it is. Or it might be couturier. The first part is pronounced coot, anyhow. Even an expert gets mixed up with these foreign words.

For instance, there's a place where the Fuehrer of the Lower household goes which is managed by a Madame Dirndl Skavitsky. Her husband's name is Frank Jones. It seems to be the fashion to change your name, as it were. And I'd hate not to be fashionable.

So if I start in the cootery business I'll be known as LEONARDO WASSAIL LOW-ERIE.

It has a tang in it; a bouquet and subtle essence which is lacking in Lennie the Loafer, which is my present title at home, and in certain other places.

That reminds me. Look at the time! Editors, proof-readers, composers, printers all walking about gnawing each other's moustaches and muttering "Mr. Lower is late again with his story. Bless him!" But I like to do a thing thoroughly. For instance, here's something you didn't know. Taffeta is coming back in a big way for day wear. Paste that in your chapeau (French).

Ribbons will be the vogue during the coming season.

A hotcha note could be introduced

by anyone who owns a prize horse which has been successful at agricultural shows.

Consider the interest which could be aroused if the ribbons composing the frock included "Grand Champion 1939" and "Highly Commended." It would knock 'em cold.

But I am more interested in bustles. The first time my wife appears with one of these here bustles I'm going to leave home and go and stay in the city.

That's not a threat; it's a promise.

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RICHARD HUDNUT

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The Haunted Policeman

Continued from Page 10

"WELL, something'll have to be done, I think to myself, and I blows the whistle. Withers—that's the man on the other beat—was in Audley Square, coming to meet me. You know, sir, we has times for meeting one another, arranged different-like every night; and 12 o'clock in the square was our rendezvous to-night. So up he comes in, you might say, no time at all, and finds me there, with everyone a-hollering at me from the windows to know what was up. Well, naturally I didn't want the whole bunch of 'em running out into the street and our man getting away in the crowd, so I just tells 'em there's nothing, only a bit of an accident farther along. And then I see Withers and glad enough I was. We stands there at the top of the street, and I tells him there's a dead man laying in the hall at No. 13, and it looks to me like murder. 'Number 13?' he says, 'you can't mean No. 13.' There ain't no No. 13 in Merri-man's End, you fathead; it's all even numbers.' And so it is, sir, for the houses on the other side were never built, so there's no odd numbers at all, barrin' No. 1 as is the big house on the corner.

"Well, that give me a bit of a jolt. I knew I'd seen that there number writ up plain as pie on the fan-light, and I didn't see how I could have been mistaken. But when Withers heard the rest of the story, he thought maybe I'd misread it for No. 12. It couldn't be 18, for there's only the nine houses in the road; nor it couldn't be 16 neither, for I knew it wasn't the end house. But we thought it might be 12 or 10; so away we goes to look.

"We didn't have no difficulty about getting in at No. 12. There was a very pleasant old gentleman came down in his dressing-gown, asking what the disturbance was, and could he be of use. Of course, the minute he opened the door I could see it wasn't No. 12 we wanted; there was only a little hall with polished boards, and the walls plain panelled—all very bare and neat—and no black cabinet nor naked woman nor nothing. The old gentleman said his son had heard somebody shouting and knocking a few minutes earlier. He'd got up and put his head out of the window, but couldn't see nothing, but they thought from the sound it was No. 14 forgotten his latch-key again. So we thanked him very much and went on.

"We had a bit of a job to get No. 14 downstairs. A fiery sort of gentleman he was, something in the military way, I thought, but he turned out to be a retired Indian Civil servant. His servant was dark, too—some sort of a nigger. The gentleman wanted to know what the blazes all this row was about, and why a decent citizen wasn't allowed to get his proper sleep. He supposed that young fool at No. 12 was drunk again. Withers had to speak a bit sharp to him; but at last the nigger came down and let us in. The hall was not a bit like—the staircase was on the wrong side, for one thing, and though there was a statue at the foot of it, it was some kind of a heathen idol with a lot of heads and arms, and the walls were covered with all sorts of brass stuff and native goods—you know the kind of thing.

"There was a black-and-white linoleum on the floor and that was about all there was to it. The servant had a sort of way with him I didn't half like. He said he slept at the back and had heard nothing till his master rang for him. Then the gentleman came to the top of the stairs and shouted out it was no use disturbing him; the noise came from No. 12 as usual, and if that young man didn't stop his blabby Bohemian goings-on he'd have the law on his father, I asked if he'd seen anything, and he said no, he hadn't. Of course, sir, me and that other chap was inside the porch, and you can't see anything what goes on inside those porches from the other houses, because they're filled in at the sides with colored glass—all the lot of them."

Lord Peter Wimsey looked at the policeman and then looked at the bottle. He filled both glasses again.

"Well, sir," said P.C. Burt, after refreshing himself, "by this time Withers was looking at me in rather an old-fashioned manner. However,

he said nothing, and we went back to No. 10, where there was two maiden ladies and a hall full of stuffed birds and wallpaper like a florist's catalogue. The one who slept in the front was deaf as a post, and the one who slept at the back hadn't heard nothing. But we got hold of their maids, and the cook said she'd heard the voice calling 'Help!' and thought it was in No. 12, and she'd hid her head in the pillow and said her prayers.

"The housemaid was a sensible girl. She'd looked out when she'd heard me knocking. She couldn't see anything at first, owing to us being in the porch, but she thought something must be going on, so, not wishing to catch cold, she went back to put on her bedroom slippers. When she got back to the window she was just in time to see a man running up the road. He went very quick and very silent, as if he had goloshes on, and she could see the ends of his muffer flying out behind him. She saw him run out of the street and turn to the right, and then she heard me coming along after him. Unfortunately, her eye being on the man, she didn't notice which porch I came out of.

"Well, that showed I wasn't inventing the whole story at any rate, because there was my bloke in the muffer. The girl didn't recognise him at all. Besides, it wasn't likely the man had anything to do with it, because he was outside with me when the yelling started. My belief is, he was the sort as doesn't care to have his pockets examined too close, and the minute my back was turned he scooted.

"Now there ain't no need" (continued the policeman), "for me to trouble you, sir, with all them houses what we went into. We made inquiries at the whole lot, from No. 2 to No. 16, and there wasn't one of them had a hall in any ways conformable to what that chap and I saw through the letter-box. You see, sir, though it took me a bit of time telling, it all went very quick. The whole thing might take a minute or a minute and a half, maybe.

"WELL, sir; by the time we'd been into every house in Merri-man's End I was feeling a bit queer again, I can tell you, and Withers, he was looking queerer. He says to me, 'Burt,' he says, 'is this your idea of a joke?' So I tells him over again, most solemn, what I seen. He says, 'Well, it beats me,' he says. 'If I didn't know you was a sober kind of chap I'd say you was seelin' things.'

"Things? I says to him, 'I see that there corpse a-layin' there with the knife in his neck, and that was enough for me. 'Orrible, he looked, and the blood all over the floor.' 'Well,' he says, 'maybe he wasn't dead after all, and they've cleared him out of the way.' 'And cleared the house away too, I suppose,' I said to him. So Withers says, in an odd sort of voice, 'You're sure about the house? You wasn't letting your imagination run away with you over naked females and such?' That was a nice thing to say, I said, 'No, I wasn't. There's been some monkey business going on in this street and I'm going to get to the bottom of it, if we has to comb-out London for that chap in the muffer.' 'Yes,' says Withers, nasty like, 'it's a pity he cleared off so sudden.' 'Well,' I says, 'you can't say I imagined him, anyhow, because that there girl saw him, and a merry she did.' I said, 'or you'd be saying next I ought to be in Colney Hatch.' 'Well,' he says, 'I dunno what you think you're going to do about it. You better ring up the station and ask for instructions.'

"Which I did. And Sergeant Jones he came down himself and he listens attentive-like to what we both has to say, and then he walks along the street, slow-like, from end to end. And then he comes back and says to me, 'Now, Burt,' he says, 'just you describe that hall to me again, careful.' Which I does, same as I described it to you, sir. And he says, 'You're sure there was a room on the left of the stairs with the glass and silver on the table; and the room on the right with the pictures in it?' And I says, 'Yes, Sergeant, I'm quite sure of that.' And Withers says, 'Ah!' in a kind of got-you-now voice, if you take my meaning. And the sergeant says, 'Now, Burt,' he says, 'pull yourself together and take a look at these here houses. Don't you see they're all single-fronted? There ain't one of 'em has rooms both sides

o' the front hall. Look at the windows, you fool,' he says."

Lord Peter poured out the last of the champagne.

"I don't mind telling you, sir," went on the policeman, "that I was fair knocked silly. To think of me never noticing that! Withers had noticed it all right, and that's what made him think I was drunk or barmy. But I stuck to what I'd seen, I said, there must be two of them houses knocked into one, somewhere; but that didn't work, because we'd been into all of them, and there wasn't no such thing—not without there was one o' them concealed doors like you read about in crook stories. 'Well, anyhow,' I says to the sergeant, 'the yells was real all right, because other people heard 'em. Just you ask, and they'll tell you.' So the sergeant says, 'Well, Burt, I'll give you every chance.'

"So he knocks up No. 12 again—not wishing to annoy No. 14 any more than he was already—and this time the son comes down. An agreeable gentleman he was, too; not a bit put out. He says, Oh, yes, he'd heard the yells and his father'd heard them too. 'No. 14,' he says, 'that's where the trouble is.'

"A very odd bloke is No. 14, and I shouldn't be surprised if he beats that unfortunate servant of his. The Englishman abroad, you know! The outposts of Empire and all that kind of thing. They're rough and ready—and then the curry in them parts is bad for the liver.' So I was for inquiring at No. 14 again; but the sergeant, he loses patience, and says, 'You know quite well,' he says, 'it ain't No. 14, and in my opinion, Burt, you're either dotty or drunk. You best go home straight away,' he says, 'and sober up, and I'll see you again when you can give a better account of yourself.' So I argues a bit, but it ain't no use, and away he goes, and Withers goes back to his beat. And I walks up and down a bit till Jessop comes to take over, and then I comes away, and that's when I sees you, sir."

The policeman's narrative had lasted some time, and the hands of the grandfather clock stood at a quarter to five. Peter Wimsey gazed benevolently at his companion, for whom he was beginning to feel a positive affection. He was, if anything, slightly more drunk than the policeman, for he had missed tea and had no appetite for his dinner; but the wine had not clouded his wits; it had only increased excitability and postponed sleep. He began to question his visitor.

Please turn to Page 18

**The Case of
MRS. ELSIE D.**



BANISH CONSTIPATION

NYAL FIGSEN ends constipation in a NATURAL way because it is a combination of three of Nature's own laxatives—Figs, Senes and Cascara. Figsen is a pleasant-tasting tablet. You chew it up. Restore normal bowel action promptly and gently with Figsen—actually good for adults and children. Sold and recommended by chemists everywhere. 1/3 tin.

**NYAL
FIGSEN
FOR CONSTIPATION**



"My hair needs cutting badly."
"I think it's bad enough as it is."

MOPSY — The Cheery Redhead

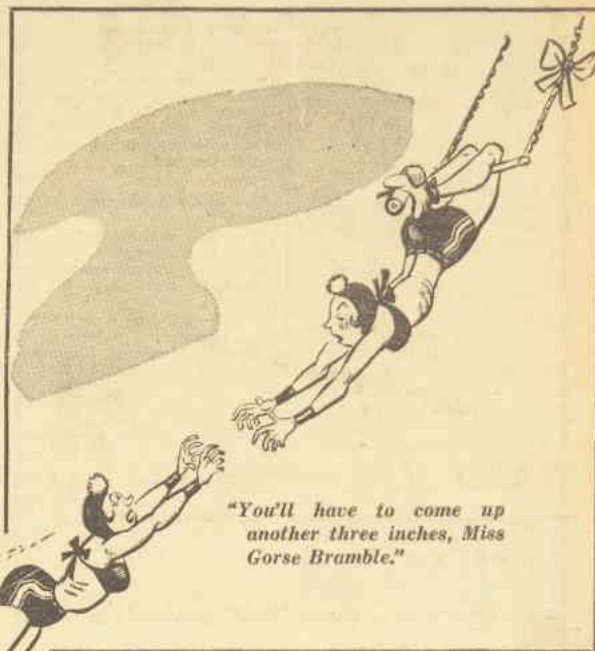


GLADYS
PARKER

"Which do you want, a hard or a soft pencil?"
"Hard! I'm writing to a boy I'm fed-up with!"

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen,
When we are old and mellow they'll still be evergreen."

Some NEW LAUGHS



"You'll have to come up another three inches, Miss Gorse Bramble."



"What's made your wife so wild?"
"She put her hat down at a jumble sale, and someone sold it for threepence."

WHY do colds, influenza and coughs disappear immediately when Edinburgh Cough Mixture is taken?

BECAUSE Edinburgh Cough Mixture contains LANTIGEN, a now famous, dissolved and detoxified vaccine!

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You can cure or keep away colds and influenza by taking Edinburgh Cough Mixture containing the dissolved and detoxified vaccine known as LANTIGEN.

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One dose each day drives Coughs and Colds away



Edinburgh COUGH MIXTURE
CONTAINING LANTIGEN

Sold and recommended by all Chemists in City, Suburbs and Country

Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

WIFE (going away for week-end): Do you remember what time my train leaves to-morrow?
Husband: Sixteen hours, seventeen minutes, and thirty seconds from now, dear.

DAVE: Pardon, Miss, but swimming isn't allowed in this lake.
City Visitor: Why didn't you tell me before I undressed?
Dave: There isn't any law against undressing.

FIRST LABORER: You ought to take pleasure in your work, the boss says—take a delight in coming to work.
Second Laborer: Oh! He'll be wanting us to pay entertainment tax next.

TRAFFIC COP (to motorist): I'm going to book you for speeding, and also for insulting an officer.
Motorist: But I never opened my mouth.
Traffic Cop: That makes no difference. I know what you're thinking.

LITTLE WILLIE was keenly interested in the conductor of the orchestra.
"Mummy," he asked, "why does that man hit at the woman with his stick?"
"He is not hitting at her. Be quiet!"
"Well, then, what is the lady holding for?"

Is your husband
ASHAMED of your legs?

VARICOSE VEINS....
can be restored to normal.

ARE you one of those unfortunate or uncaring women who find the admiration in everyone's eyes suddenly change to disgust, when they notice ugly, swollen varicose veins on your legs?

The pain, anguish and disfigurement of varicose veins can be ended—even in long standing cases—with the help of Moone's Emerald Oil. A powerful, penetrating, yet soothing antiseptic, Moone's Emerald Oil consistently strengthens the thin relaxed vein walls, and in a short time the swollen veins and vein bunches will lessen and, with continued treatment, return to normal.

Moone's Emerald Oil is stainless—and pleasant to use.

Get a bottle from your chemist to-day.

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Ant. Agents, Melbourne, and Sydney.

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* Your digestion, upset by modern diet, fails to extract blood-purifying minerals from food. Dietitians recommend COLOSEPTIC to combat this condition. COLOSEPTIC cleanses the colon of poisonous waste, supplying the essential, vital minerals at the same time. Thus the basic cause of clogging, poisonous catarrh is removed. You swiftly regain vigorous health. COLOSEPTIC, 2/9 and 5/6, all chemists. Free sample sent on receipt of 3d. stamp to Box 3415R, G.P.O., Sydney.***

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Keep your figure forever young. Do not diet, and take no dangerous drugs or tiring exercises to look slimmer, younger, and smarter.



Wear a Figure Control Corset to secure a slender, graceful figure. Reduce two inches in a week, three inches in 10 days. This beautiful corset will give you straight, slender lines, thus enabling you to wear chic, youthfully-cut clothes immediately.

Figure sag vanishes. Bulges are smoothed out—you actually REDUCE at waist, hips, and thighs, and you look and feel so much younger, so much smarter.

The FIGURE CONTROL CORSET gives natural balanced support. It slims your hips and waist, and flattens your abdomen with positive cross-over frontal control. Its gentle, almost imperceptible, massage-like action reduces your waistline and beautifies your figure with every move you make.



NOT MADE OF RUBBER

The Figure Control Corset is definitely NOT made of rubber. It is tailor-cut and carefully made of special corset materials to reduce and control the figure in absolute comfort and safety. It is light and flexible, and guaranteed to keep its lovely lines as long as it is worn.

SENT on 7 Days' FREE TRIAL

Prove, quickly and definitely, that the FIGURE CONTROL CORSET will reduce your waist and hips, give comforting support and uplift to your abdomen, and lovely, slim, youthful grace and energy to your figure.

I want you to try the FIGURE CONTROL CORSET for 7 days at my expense. You'll be thrilled with the results. If not perfectly satisfied, you can return the Corset and the test will not cost you a penny. Call for a Personal Fitting and Demonstration, or Post the Free Coupon. Now!

POST THIS COUPON
— SEND NO MONEY

Miss Florence Bradshaw
FIGURE CONTROL CORSET CO.,
P.A. Buildings,
233-43 Elizabeth St., SYDNEY.
Without cost or obligation send me full particulars of the FIGURE CONTROL CORSET and your 7 DAYS' FREE TRIAL OFFER.
NAME
ADDRESS
..... AYWV.

"W

HEN you looked through the letter-box, could you see any part of the ceiling, or the lights?"

"No, sir; on account, you see, of the flap. I could see right and left and straight forward; but not upwards, and none of the rear part of the floor."

"When you looked at the house from outside, there was no light except through the fanlight. But when you looked through the flap, all the rooms were lit, right and left and at the back?"

"That's so, sir."

"Are there back doors to the houses?"

"Yes, sir. Coming out of Merriman's End, you turn to the right, and there's an opening a little way along which takes you to the back doors."

"You seem to have a very distinct visual memory. I wonder if your other kinds of memory are as good. Can you tell me, for instance, whether any of the houses you went into had any particular smell?"

"Especially 10, 12, and 14?"

"Smell, sir?"

The policeman closed his eyes to stimulate recollection. "Why, yes, sir. No. 10, where the two ladies live, that had a sort of an old-fashioned smell. I can't put me tongue to it. Not lavender—but something as ladies keeps in bowls and such—rose leaves and what not. Potpourri, that's the stuff. Potpourri. And No. 12—well, no, there was nothing particular there, except I remember thinking they must keep pretty good servants, though we didn't see anybody except the family. All that floor and panelling was polished beautiful—you could see your face in it. Beeswax and turpentine, I say to myself. And elbow-grease. What you'd call a clean house with a good, clean smell. But No. 14—that was different. I didn't like the smell of that. Stuffy, like as if the nigger had been burning some o' that there incense to his idols, maybe. I never could abide niggers."

"Ah!" said Peter. "What you say is very suggestive." He placed his finger-tips together and shot his last question over them:

"Ever been inside the National Gallery?"

"No, sir," said the policeman, astonished. "I can't say as I ever was."

"That's London again," said Peter. "We're the last people in the world to know anything of our great metropolitan institutions. Now what is the best way to tackle this bunch of toughs, I wonder? It's a little early for a call. Still, there's nothing like doing one's good deed before breakfast, and the sooner you're set right with the sergeant the better. Let me see. Yes—I think that may do it. Costume pieces are not as a rule in my line, but my routine has been so much upset already, one way and another, that an irregularity more or less will hardly matter. Wait there for me while I have a bath and change. I may be a little time; but it would hardly be decent to get there before six."

The bath had been an attractive thought, but was perhaps ill-advised, for a curious languor stole over him with the touch of the hot water. The champagne was losing its effervescence. It was with an effort that he dragged himself out and re-awakened himself with a cold shower.

The matter of dress required a little thought.

He selected what he thought was suitable for the role he was to play and came downstairs again, to find P. C. Burt fast asleep, with his mouth open and snoring.

Peter was hurt. Here he was, sacrificing himself in the interests of this stupid policeman, and the man hadn't the common decency to appreciate it. However, there was no point in waking him yet. He yawned horribly and sat down.

It was the footman who awakened the sleepers at half-past six. If he was surprised to see his master, very strangely attired, slumbering in the hall in company with a large policeman, he was too well trained to admit the fact even to himself. He merely removed the tray. The faint clink of glass roused Peter.

"Hullo, William," he said. "Have I overslept myself? What's the time?"

"Five and twenty to seven, my lord."

"Just about right," he remembered that the footman slept on the top floor. "All quiet on the Western Front, William?"

"Not altogether quiet, my lord." William permitted himself a slight smile. "The young master was lively about five. But all satisfactory, I gather from Nurse Jenkyn."

"Nurse Jenkyn? Is that the young one? Don't let yourself be run away with, William. I say, just give P. C. Burt a light prod in the ribs, would you? He and I have business together."

IN Merriman's End the activities of the morning were beginning. The milkman came jingling out of the cul-de-sac; lights were twinkling in upper rooms; hands were withdrawing curtains; in front of No. 10 the housemaid was already scrubbing the steps. Peter posted his policeman at the top of the street.

"I don't want to make my first appearance with official accompaniment," he said. "Come along when I beckon. What, by the way, is the name of the agreeable gentleman in No. 12? I think he may be of some assistance to us."

"Mr. O'Halloran, sir."

The policeman looked at Peter expectantly. He seemed to have abandoned all initiative and to place implicit confidence in this hospitable and eccentric gentleman. Peter slouched down the street with his hands in his trousers pockets and his shabby hat pulled rakishly over his eyes.

At No. 12 he paused and examined the windows. Those on the ground floor were open; the house was awake. He marched up the steps, took a brief glance through the flap of the letter-box and rang the bell. A maid in a neat blue dress and white cap and apron opened the door.

"Good morning," said Peter, slightly raising the shabby hat; "is Mr. O'Halloran in?" He gave the "r" a soft Continental roll. "Not the old gentleman, I mean young Mr. O'Halloran?"

"He's in," said the maid, doubtfully, "but he isn't up yet."

The Haunted Policeman

Continued from Page 16

"Oh!" said Peter. "Well, it is a little early for a visit. But I desire to see him urgently. I am—there is a little trouble where I live. Could you entreat him—would you be so kind? I have walked all the way," he added, pathetically, and with perfect truth.

"Have you, sir?" said the maid. She added kindly, "You do look tired, sir, and that's a fact."

"It is nothing," said Peter. "It is only that I forgot to have any dinner. But if I can see Mr. O'Halloran it will be all right."

"You'd better come in, sir," said the maid. "I'll see if I can wake him." She conducted the exhausted stranger in and offered him a chair.

"What name shall I say, sir?"

"Petrovinsky," said his lordship, hardly. As he had rather expected, neither the unusual name nor the unusual clothes of this unusually early visitor seemed to cause very much surprise. The maid left him in the tidy little parlour and went upstairs without so much as a glance at the umbrella-stand.

Left to himself Peter sat still, noticing that the hall was remarkably bare of furniture, and was lit by a single electric pendant almost immediately inside the front door. The letter-box was the usual wire-cage, the bottom of which had been carefully lined with brown paper. From the back of the house came a smell of frying bacon.

Presently there was the sound of somebody running downstairs. A young man appeared in a dressing-gown. He called out as he came in: "Is that you, Stefan? Your name came up as Mr. Whiskey. Has Maria run away again, or—What the dickens? Who the devil are you, sir?"

"WIMSEY," said Peter, mildly, "not Whiskey; Wimsey the policeman's friend. I just looked in to congratulate you on a mastery of the art of false perspective which I thought had perished with the ingenious Van Hoogstraaten, or at least with Grace and Lambelet."

"Oh!" said the young man. He had a pleasant countenance, with humorous eyes and ears pointed like a faun's. He laughed a little ruefully. "I suppose my beautiful murder is out. It was too good to last. Those bobbies! I hope they gave No. 14 a bad night. May I ask you how you come to be involved in the matter?"

"I," said Peter, "am the kind of person in whom distressed constables confide—I cannot imagine why. And when I had the picture of that sturdy blue-clad figure, led so persuasively by a Bohemian stranger and invited to peer through a hole, I was irresistibly transported in mind to the National Gallery. Many a time have I squinted sideways through those holes into the little black box and admired that Dutch interior of many vistas painted so convincingly on the four flat sides of the box. How right you were to preserve your eloquent silence! Your Irish brogue would have given you away. The servants, I gather, were purposely kept out of sight."

"Tell me," said Mr. O'Halloran, seating himself sideways upon the hall table, "do you know by heart the occupation of every resident in this quarter of London? I do not paint under my own name."

"No," said Peter. "Like the good Dr. Watson, the constable could observe, though he could not reason from his observation; it was the smell of turpentine that betrayed you. I gather that at the time of his first call the apparatus was not very far off."

"It was folded together and lying

under the stairs," replied the painter. "It has since been removed to the studio. My father had only just had time to get it out of the way and hitch down the 'No. 13' from the fanlight before the police reinforcements arrived. He had not even time to put back this table I am sitting on; a brief search would have discovered it in the dining-room. My father is a remarkable sportsman; I cannot too highly recommend the presence of mind he displayed while I was harrying round the house and leaving him to hold the fort. It would have been so simple and so unenterprising to explain; but my father, being an Irishman, enjoys treading on the coat-tails of authority."

"I should like to meet your father. The only thing I do not thoroughly understand is the reason of this elaborate plot. Were you by any chance executing a burglary round the corner, and keeping the police in play while you did it?"

"I never thought of that," said the young man, with regret in his voice. "No. The bobby was not the predestined victim. He happened to be present at a full-dress rehearsal, and the joke was too good to be lost. The fact is, my uncle is Sir Lucius Preston, the R.A."

"Ah!" said Peter. "The light begins to break."

"My own style of draughtsmanship," pursued Mr. O'Halloran, "is modern. My uncle has on several occasions informed me that I draw like that only because I do not know how to draw. The idea was that he should be invited to dinner to-morrow and regaled with a story of the mysterious 'No. 13' said to appear from time to time in this street and to be haunted by strange noises. Having thus detained him till close upon midnight, I should have set out to see him to the top of the street. As we went along, the cries would have broken out, I should have led him back—"

"Nothing," said Peter, "could be clearer. After the preliminary shock he would have been forced to confess that your draughtsmanship was a triumph of academic accuracy."

"I hope," said Mr. O'Halloran, "the performance may still go forward as originally intended." He looked with some anxiety at Peter, who replied:

"I hope so, indeed. I also hope that your uncle's heart is a strong one. But may I, in the meantime, signal to my unfortunate policeman and relieve his mind? He is in danger of losing his promotion, through a suspicion that he was drunk on duty."

"Good lord!" said Mr. O'Halloran. "No—I don't want that to happen. Fetch him in."

The difficulty was to make P. C. Burt recognise in the daylight what he had seen by night through the letter-flap. Of the framework of painted canvas, with its forms and figures oddly foreshortened and distorted, he could make little. Only when the thing was set up and lighted in the curtained studio was he at length reluctantly convinced.

"It's wonderful," he said. "It's like Maskelyne and Devant. I wish the sergeant could a-see it."

"Lure him down here to-morrow night," said Mr. O'Halloran. "Let him come as my uncle's bodyguard. You—" he turned to Peter—"you seem to have a way with policemen. Can't you inveigle the fellow along? Your impersonation of starving and disconsolate Bloomsbury is fully as convincing as mine. How about it?"

"I don't know," said Peter. "The costume gives me pain. Besides, is it kind to a poor policeman? I give you the R.A., but when it comes to the guardian of the law—dash it all! I'm a family man, and I must have some sense of responsibility."

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Real Life Stories

Costly ignorance

WHILE digging a post hole Father uncovered a rusty tin box which was found to contain cartridges, and for safety he placed it in a loft.

Not long afterwards I was told to bring a pencil-holder to school, but having spent the money on chocolates I was in a dilemma.

The pencil-holder had to be produced. The money was gone. What to do? Then I remembered the things Father had found. They would meet the case; I could put my slate-pencil in one end, and the lead pencil in the other. So I thought.

After climbing into the loft I got a hammer and drove a nail into the tin.

Immediately there was an explosion and nearly half my left hand was blown off.

2/6 to Florence McLaughlan, Donald St., Prahran, Vic.

Nearly suffocated

WITH my 17-year-old son I was inspecting a new residence, and stepped into a large cupboard to gauge its possibilities as a linen press.

Jokingly, my son shut the door and then found it impossible to open it. I frantically begged him to do something quickly, as I was suffocating, but he could not get a key or anything to smash it open.

It was two hours later when my husband opened the door to find me unconscious. A doctor said I could not have lasted much longer.

At least it taught my son not to play jokes.

2/6 to Mrs. T. Schuberth, School Hill, Miumi, Newcastle, N.S.W.

Terrible ordeal in earthquake

Woman's frenzied fight for life

WHEN the devastating earthquake swept the Hawkes Bay district in New Zealand in 1931 I was living in Hastings and received a note from a friend asking me to call and see her at the hotel at which she was living.

I decided to call immediately, and on my way noticed that the sky was a peculiar color, while there was a brooding stillness in the air as though of an impending storm.

However, this did not worry me, and I entered the hotel and went up to my friend's room on the third floor. But as I opened the door I heard a dull rumble which rapidly became louder and nearer.

Almost immediately the building rocked. The floor heaved like the deck of a ship in a storm, and then, with a loud explosion, the outside wall collapsed.

"It's an earthquake," we called out in terror, but before we could do or say more my friend and her bed disappeared in the wreckage of the falling wall.

With her screams echoing in my ears I staggered along the hallway and down the swaying staircase with pictures tumbling from the walls all around me, the one idea in



my mind being to escape from the doomed building.

Half mad with fear, I fought my way down step by step until, on reaching the first floor, a mass of concrete struck me on the right side and I knew no more.

When I regained consciousness I was screaming with pain in my smashed shoulder and ankle. Several men lifted the concrete off me, torturing me more and more with each move they made.

Eventually they got me clear, and as the men themselves were injured they had to drag me along the floor to the street.

"I STAGGERED down the swaying staircase with pictures tumbling all around me."

The agony I suffered on that journey cannot be imagined. But worse was to come. On reaching the street I saw that the building opposite was a mass of blazing ruins. My cousin was working there, and I gazed on the dreadful sight, hypnotised and helpless to do anything but pray for a quick death for her before I again lapsed into unconsciousness.

£1/1/- to Miss V. Mildon, Wembley Private Hotel, East Sydney.

Hurricane terror

A TROPIC hurricane is something to be remembered.

While I was living at Lautoka, Fiji, a "blow" reached us on a Saturday morning and in an incredibly short space of time had worked itself up to a demoniacal frenzy.

Everything was nailed down and battens fastened across the windows, but many panes were shattered by flying objects.

Suddenly the corrugated iron roof of the back verandah was lifted and hurled over the front of the house, slicing through a couple of palm trees on its way.

About 6 p.m. we decided that the house was unsafe, and packing a few dry clothes in a tin box we went out into the storm. We were soaked in a flash, and as we left the house a piece of iron became dislodged from the roof and fell between us.

When we returned on Sunday night I saw with horror the remains of my bed. A seventy-gallon tank had fallen through the door right onto the framework.

2/6 to Mrs. C. R. Christoffersen, Suva, Fiji.

Nocturnal visitor

EIGHT years ago, at the age of ten, I had a horror of darkness, and my imagination would often conjure the most terrifying spectres from harmless objects.

Lying in bed, I saw above the sill a head, and then what seemed an arm flumming at the window catch. I opened my mouth to scream, but no sound came. My heart thumped and beads of perspiration stood out on my forehead.

At length I managed to force a cry from my lips. On went the light! I was staring with dilated eyes at my own pet cat, back arched and tail waving and wondering what all the noise was about.

2/6 to A. H. Curtis, Wanganni Rd., Marton, N.Z.

Lucky horseshoe

DOWN and out in the country, I saw an old horseshoe which I threw over my shoulder in the hope that it might change my luck. Simultaneously there was a groan and I found I had disturbed an old tramp who had been lying sick in a bracken-covered hollow for two days.

After I had made him tea he insisted on joining me, but faint before we had gone more than a few hundred yards, and a passing motorist took us to the nearest hospital.

Before I left the hospital the old chap handed me a packet which he had tucked away under what appeared to be a dozen layers of shirts and jumpers.

"Keep this, lad," he said. "There is enough there for you to make a fresh start if my journey is over." He died next day.

After paying expenses I found the old man had left me over £100. From that day I have never looked back.

I am happily married now, and in the garden where the children romp there is a trellis gate, on which is nailed an old rusty horseshoe. After the old man died, I went back and retrieved it.

2/6 to M. Greenwood, Wheatland Rd., Malvern, Vic.

Lost and found

WALKING with a friend in the Adelaide hills, I found six £1 notes wrapped in paper. I remarked that I must look for the owner, but almost immediately a man nearby said, "I dropped that." However, I suspected him and refused to hand over the money.

That evening a neighbor called and said sadly that she had lost her fortnight's wages, £6.

I was very pleased to have found her money, as she had two children to care for.

2/6 to Mrs. M. Reid, Meekatharra, W.A.

Short and Snappy

NOT THE BRIDE

A COUNTRY friend was getting married and the organist had arranged for a boy at the church door to signal him when the bride arrived.

She was in the last car to reach the church, along with her father and I, but insisted on remaining seated until I had taken my place in the family pew.

The result was that as I entered the church the organ struck up. "Here comes the bride," and I strode down the aisle with my face matching the red dress I was wearing.

10/6 to Mrs. E. Fish, Peel St., Mackay, Qld.

MOTHER OF SEVEN

COMING to work by train I noticed that a Chinese seated opposite me kept smiling in my direction. Apparently something about me was amusing him, so I appealed to him for an explanation.

"It's that Chinese sign you have worked on your dress," he said. "It means that you are the mother of seven children."

On reaching home I wasted no time in removing it.

2/6 to Miss Helen Sangster, Victoria St., Teralba, via Newcastle, N.S.W.

THE WRONG RING

WHILE busy at the clothes line, mother lost her wedding ring. Months later, another member of the household was engaged in a similar task, when she triumphantly retrieved a wedding ring from the ground.

Closer examination, however, showed that the ring was not my mother's. It belonged to a former tenant, who had lost her ring in the same place, and in a similar manner.

2/6 to Miss Nola Craven, Kent St., Kew, Vic.

BIRTHDAY PRESENT

WHEN a boy about five years old came into the bar of the hotel where I was serving and asked if I would sell him a glass pot, I was very amused. But on seeing his disappointment when I told him I did not sell them I decided to let him have one.

Wrapping it up, I gave it to him and asked: "Whatever do you want the pot for?"

"Oh, it's father's birthday to-morrow," he answered.

2/6 to Irene Donaghue, White Horse Hotel, Toowoomba, Qld.

HOME-MADE SNOW

MY small son had often heard me express a desire to see snow, so when he burst into the room one bitterly cold day and said, "Come and see the snow, Mum," I lost no time in going to the window.

Sure enough the trees and shrubs in the yard wore a mantle of white. I was charmed by the spectacle until closer inspection revealed the fact that he had used about four pounds of my salt to produce the effect.

2/6 to Mrs. D. Grey, Brookes St., North Fitzroy, Vic.

ROSE AT WRONG MOMENT

HOME-MADE bread was a necessity when I was first married, as our home on the West Coast of S.A. was 200 miles from a baker. I knew nothing about it, but my husband did, so he gave me lessons.

My first effort wasn't successful. The dough didn't rise at all, so I buried it in sand.

A few hours later my husband called me to see the "tremendous mushroom." With blushes I had to confess that it was my dough which had "put me away" by rising in the heat of the midday sun.

2/6 to Mrs. W. H. Cabot, Parrak, S.A.



Let me show you how to "DAMP-SET" your hair with VELMOL

HOLLYWOOD and the movies were quick to use this "damp-set" idea . . . it's the discovery of a famous consultant to New York, London, and Paris beauty-salons . . .

Now, Velmol makes it so easy—so simple—that you can "damp-set" your own hair, at home . . . yourself!

FIRST: Run a wet comb through your hair to damp it.

NEXT: Moisten your brush with a few drops of Velmol and brush evenly through the length of your hair.

NOW: Set the waves or curls in your hair with fingers and comb—That's all! (Holds a finger wave for days!)

Yes, definitely, "Damp-setting" with Velmol has come to stay . . . It saves time . . . temper . . . and money, too. A 2/- bottle lasts for months.

Ask for Velmol at your chemist, store or hairdresser.



THIS BABY WAS SOLD FOR £10

THE SMILING BABY in this picture is the central figure of a sensational American court case. As Tonita Estelle Sesan, the baby had passed as the daughter of middle-aged, wealthy Herman Sesan, Pittsburgh manufacturer.

Now police have arrested a young girl, claim she is real mother of the baby. Police story is that she surrendered her baby to the childless Sesans on payment of £10 and her maternity expenses. The Sesans may face court charges.

Mrs. Spooner is a great home manager

Wife of budget critic keeps her own house accounts

By ADELE SHELTON SMITH

Who is Mary Spooner?

Everyone in Australia now knows Eric Spooner, the man who played such a prominent part in the political crisis which resulted in the resignation of Mr. B. S. B. Stevens. But not many people know his wife.



THE SPOONERS keep two cows on their four-acre "estate" at Turrumurra. Picture shows Mrs. Spooner feeding "Mrs. Brodie," one of the cows. The other's name is "Princess."

MARY BERRY grew up at Trundle, where the Berry family have been local identities for many years.

She came to Sydney in her teens, and during the war was head ledger-keeper at the National Bank, Sydney, for four years.

It was when she was a member of the St. Stephen's Chateaux Church choir that she met young Eric Spooner. She sang soprano, and he was a tenor, and he used to walk home with her from choir practice.

They were married in 1919, and will celebrate their twentieth wedding anniversary in December. For several years they lived at

Orange. Then they moved to Killara, when they lived for three years before they bought their present big comfortable home, Milner Road, Turrumurra, where they have lived for 12 years.

When I called on her we went straight out to see the garden and the family pets—first of all "Cockie," an eleven-year-old cockatoo who shrieks "Eric!" at frequent intervals.

Two parrots, and canaries, and bright finches in a large cage live near "Cockie's" large gum tree.

The garden spreads across four acres of sloping lawns, with a paddock at the back for two cows—Princess and Mrs. Brodie—and the hen run.

Between the paddock and the

house are big vegetable beds, and wide strips of perennials and annuals.

Stone paths lead to quiet corners hidden by trees, with smaller bird-cages and little bird baths.

At one side there is a grass tennis court, a wide bed of blue lupins lines the stone front fence, and tall camellia trees loaded with wine-red and pink-flecked white blooms shade the front windows.

"We are almost self-supporting here," Mrs. Spooner said. "We produce our own vegetables, milk, and eggs, and I make all our butter."

"Yes, I can make bread, too. I always made it in the country, but I'm too busy now, so the baker provides it."

"But I still do a big baking every Friday—pastry and lots of cakes. We are a large household; there are 10 of us, with our four children, my mother and a staff of three."

"As a matter of fact, I bought The Australian Women's Weekly special

cooking issue, and am hoping to try some of the recipes."

Mrs. Spooner is tall, with the fair coloring that goes with blonde hair, but her well-groomed hair is now silver.

Of only slightly matronly build, she has the suppleness of a woman who plays tennis, likes gardening, and enjoys vigorous good health.

Domestic side

SHE is interested in her home and her family, her garden and her kitchen, and is proud of them all.

"I have charge of the family budget," she said. "I don't pay the rates and taxes, but I'm responsible for all the domestic side of our home, including the gas and electric light, the staff salaries, and so on. I keep books, but I'm afraid they wouldn't stand auditing."

"The children have their own budget, but they are perpetually bankrupt."

"Since my husband became a member of the Ministry there have been so many engagements that I had to give up my two afternoons of tennis every week, and can only indulge in an occasional game with the children."

"My two outside interests are the Ryde Home for Incurables—I am on their executive committee—and the local Women's National Emergency Committee."

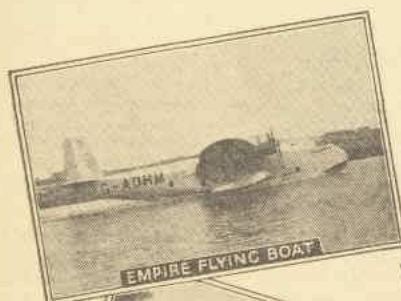
"I haven't done a stitch of needlework for ages, but I have bought a piece of tapestry and hope to start on it soon."

The Spooner family used to spend all their holidays at the seaside, but now they have bought a farm near Carcoar, where they will go for holidays in the future.

Their four children are: Bois, aged 17; Berry, 14; Eric, aged 13, who is in hospital with appendicitis; and Lesley, their only daughter, aged 11.

A New FASCINATING HOBBY for Boys and Girls

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There is a Complete Set of 48 Cards of Famous



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TOMATO SAUCE
Home Made Style

Every 2-lb. packet contains Three Cards. Every 4-lb. packet contains Six Cards

IMPORTANT.—Only packets which show the Packing Date in GREEN INK on side of packet contain Cards of famous "Planes and Pilots."

EXCHANGE CARDS that you collect with your friends and get your Set in quick time.

This thrilling and fascinating new hobby will delight you; for you can quickly obtain the full set of 48 picture cards of Famous British "Planes and Pilots"—actual photos of the latest and swiftest machines that ensure the safety of the British Empire.

Mother will be delighted too, with Fountain Self-Raising Flour, because it makes the best scones and light fluffy cakes and pastry. Fountain costs no more than other flours, but it is proved the best of all. Used by experts everywhere.

Buy Fountain Flour and all other Fountain Products. Remember, if it's Fountain, it's good!

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Call at your local Grocer and buy your Card Album for Sixpence.

If your Grocer cannot supply you, write direct to Captain Johns, C/o W. C. Douglas Pty. Ltd., Box 218D, G.P.O., Sydney, and enclose Sixpence in stamps to cover cost and postage.

Write now, while you think of it!

FOUNTAIN SELF RAISING FLOUR

THE KITCHEN TESTED FLOUR

Miss Midnight's JOTTINGS



• **NEW FLORAL IDEA** . . . Phyllis Goodwin takes a fan of fresh flowers to match her frock when she goes dancing.



• **GWEN KING** thinks that with a doll's hat of pink sweet-peas and a muff to match she doesn't need perfume at night.



• . . . **PAT MACKEN** shows how attractive band instruments could be if they were made of real flowers.



• **HANS HEDINGER**, Consul-General for Switzerland, and Mrs. P. Heiniger at the party held at Cahill's to celebrate the Swiss national day.

Shearing season starts . . .

SUCH a good idea of Jeanne Doucet's to take her husband along to Peller's preview of spring models . . . and just as wise of Jocelyn Poynter to be accompanied by Sir Hugh.

The poor lambs. Much better than having to explain when the bill arrives.

Me, not having a husband, I am inspired to start a ways and means committee. First move . . . no orchids for a week.

All through the parade there is soft string music . . . so soothing to the nerves after one has chosen a wardrobe of spring models.

Someone stands up in the corner to get a better view of the cornflower muff Betty Considine wears . . . it's Mrs. Roy Buckland, who is off to Brisbane this week.

Sheila Smart lights a cigarette to help her withstand temptation as she covets a 60-guinea model.

With front stall seats I spot Mrs. Laidley Dowling and June Williams. And close by, Ponty Spicer and Dorothea Darvall, their heads together concerning a 50-guinea trifle for late afternoons.

Fare lady, gallant gent . . .

THERE'S a local taxi-driver who could show old Walter Raleigh a thing or two. Ask Ruth Hall.

He takes off his coat in a torrential downpour and holds it across her shoulder while she runs up the Town Hall steps for the Celebrity Concert. Ruth arrives dry at the concert and taxi-driver returns to his cab, drenched.

Then I spy solicitor Tibby Cotter making the acquaintance of Joan Roberts and Lorraine Halse Rogers over a couple of inside-out umbrellas. Joan's broly collapsed halfway and left her in the rain, and Tibby's gave up the struggle in George Street. They compare them and vote Tibby's a hopeless case, so it is left on the Town Hall steps to tell its own sad tale.

A swish of silver foxes . . . Mrs. Malcolm Mackellar and Bea Meeks, both running to get in before the doors close.

Just about the last to arrive are the Szells (in evening dress) and Schnabels (not in evening dress). Schnabel says he doesn't mind what anyone wears to concerts if they really come to listen to the music.

Stepping round town . . .

SEVEN-LEAGUE boots are what I need what with an engagement book overflowing its edges. Lunch in the Wintergarden, then find I'm late for the charity-matinee-cum-fashion-parade at the Minerva. Hurtle into a taxi and arrive breathless to find the usherettes exhausted after coping with surging women all demanding seats.

Interval. Sheila Carter and Margaret Ruthven discuss the show with Trafford Whitelock, and Mrs. Sam Stirling with Margaret Christmas.

Then to our seats again before the lights go down for the fashion parade . . . Nola Gough, Joan McGrath, Pat Fitzgerald, Ruth Walker all take part. Bunny Wilkinson, too, with a bad attack of stage-fright and a lovely oyster-grey satin afternoon frock.

Joy Howarth appears shivering in bridal array . . . "What a day for a wedding," says she.

Had you heard that? . . .

ENID HULL is leaving Sydney to open a beauty parlor in Geelong, Victoria.

The Mick Katers' infant will be christened Jean Gaelock at St. Mark's on August 21 . . . and will wear a robe embroidered by her mother.

Mrs. Keith Willis (was Joan Chartres) has brought her small son and heir from Melbourne for his first visit to his Sydney relatives.

Thelma Hill's fiancé, Cecil Radford (Indian Army), will come overland from Fremantle to be in time for their wedding on August 15 at St. Mark's. They will return to India in the Narkunda.

They catch the eye . . .

Dorothy Browning's cheapeau feather, rising two feet skywards.

Eve Raymont's choker of pink sea-shells.

Sheila Pring's gold tiki brooch, with large jade eyes.

Mrs. Clem Downes' black velvet evening coat with a silver fox collar continuing to the hem.

Joan Potts, her coiffure in elaborate Japanese fashion, and suited by a japonica-pink taffeta frock.

Mary Bramble's necklace of pink felt flowers.

Joan Peacock's 21st birthday present from her parents . . . diamond watch and diamond wristband.

Masonic signs . . .

I GO to the Masonic Club Ball and make signs I want a drink, and all the Masons know the signs and I get champagne.

President Askey knows all the right signs—he sees that every woman gets the club's gift, a beautiful compact. It's an old Masonic Club custom, this presentation of super gifts at their ball, which I am strongly in favor of other clubs following.

I look over the balcony to watch the dancers doing the Lambeth in swing-time. Enid Halloran does a perfect Ol, and so does white-haired Mrs. Al Brown.

Mrs. Harry Leslie tells me the Lesnies are there in full force—her husband, two daughters, son and daughter-in-law. They're all excited about the telephone call which is to come from New York a few days later for her daughter Rene. It's Mortimer Cohen calling to arrange their wedding date.

Mrs. Norman Whitfield's wearing mauve orchid she won at the Floral Ball four nights previously . . . it's been in the ice-chest meanwhile.

They are talking about . . .

BARBARA DARE playing a small part and saying a few words in the ballroom scene of new Cinesound picture, "Come Up Smiling" . . . pianist Clifford Huntsman practising at Paling's so he does not disturb members of the Australian Club . . . Berry and "Buckle" Birch, of Bellevue Hill, calling their new Burradoo home "Buckle Berry" . . . Jeannette Avern choosing her 22nd birthday (August 29) as the day for her wedding to John Cameron . . . John Fairfax, author of a bird book . . .



• **BOTH IN** black velvet and silver foxes—Lorna Seal and Valerie (Mrs. Bernard) Heinze, of Melbourne, at the orchestral concert. Bernard Heinze was conductor.



• **BOB LYON**, the so-good-looking leader of the Trocadero band, hums a tune to Rae Evans, who will make her debut to his music at the 2nd Division Ball on August 17.



• **YOUNG Mrs. Marshall Sumner**, wife of the well-known pianist, at the first Dupre recital with her mother, Mrs. H. A. S. Halkyard, of Melbourne.



• **MRS. A. E. HEATH**, whose husband was the last Agent-General for N.S.W., at Prince's with Dr. R. J. Whiteman.

Colour in Face and Lips

MEANS FITNESS AND ATTRACTION

"About every three weeks I would get an attack of nerves accompanied by biliousness and headaches," states Miss C.J.B., of Midland Junction, W.A. "These attacks have been going on for years and were spoiling my health and appearance."

"A friend recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and, after a course of these pills, I have obtained wonderful results. I feel splendid, my nerves are good. I have a fine healthy colour in my face, a good appetite, and always feel well. I haven't had an attack of nerves or biliousness since taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which have done me good."

To anemic girls with weak digestions and weak nerves, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills quickly give strengthening, blood-enriching benefits. From the first dose, rich red blood begins to flow through the system, giving colour to cheeks and lips, brightening the eyes, improving appetite and digestion, banishing the gray, turning biliousness, breathlessness and other anemic miseries. Get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to-day. At chemists and stores, 2/- bottle.

HIS laughter rang out with Jean's; then abruptly his expression changed. He slowed the car, took out his watch, and wound it. "Ten to one! I knew there was something the matter with me! But if Hester says I'm always late for dinner, don't you believe a word of it..."

During the surgery hour in which no patients came, Dr. MacGregor lay on the sagging couch in the dining-room with a newspaper over his face, while the girl sat by the telephone and took two calls. Hester, peeping in, whispered bitterly, "That's what they do—make him do all the trotting!"

The second call roused him. When he stood up, he yawned loudly, stretched his arms over his head, said: "Well, too good a day to stay indoors. Want to come out again? Just for a little while, huh?"

At the first port of call his horn

sounded a merry staccato and children came running, clambered up on the car. A woman, too, in a faded blue dress, with wind-blown hair and a laugh on her face, came from a garden beyond and, when she saw the girl in the car, cried out:

"Jean! Oh, I'm so glad to see you! When did you come? Bob, Weezy, get off that running board! Jean, I don't believe I've seen you since we left school! I can't shake hands with you—I've been grubbing in the dirt! Doctor, make those children get down! Jean, you look so young and pretty!"

"You don't look like an invalid yourself, Ruthie! Goodness, are all these yours?"

"These? Oh, there are more around somewhere—six of them; seven, counting their other parent."

Country Doctor

Continued from Page 13

He's six-feet-two and the biggest baby I've got."

When they were on their way again, the doctor asked: "Did you notice that girl's walk—Ruth's? People who walk with joy always seem to me to be wearing purple."

She looked at him in surprise. "Purple? That old blue thing she had on? Darling, are you by any chance color-blind?"

"Don't think I'm color-blind, no. I'm thinking of the sort of people that must have come in Solomon's ships with the ivory and apes and peacocks. Royal stuff. Whether it's rags or not, still royal stuff! Because she's happy, that girl might be a queen! And—" He chuckled—"Did you ever see her red-headed George? You haven't missed much! But I guess it's what people see in each other that does the trick, and often that's not visible, either. When they find in each other some deep secret thing, nothing else matters. That's what makes things go."

Her eyes flickered. She was silent a moment before she said, "Or doesn't?"

He looked at her soberly. "Or doesn't," he agreed, and sighed.

Jean, too, was silent until she remembered:

"Oh, Dad, a Mrs. Carpenter called. She seemed to want you in a hurry. And somebody named Hall."

"Carpenter!" said the doctor, and rubbed his cheek. "That woman's not sick. Too much money, too much time. Just wants me to hold her hand."

Jean laughed. "Oh, darling! And do you?"

"Oh, sure, I'm good at it. You'd be surprised. But Susan Hall—Lord, that's one of the things makes a man feel helpless. Yes, pretty helpless. Jeanie, Susan needs insulin and can't afford it. Two little kids. Got to find some way to keep her alive without it."

"Can it be done?" she asked.

"Got to be," he said, and scowled. They had turned from the highway, were moving up into the wooded hills. At last they came upon a little house set by the road, shaded by ancient sugar maples.

Said she: "Oh, how can anyone live away from the world like this! No wonder they say there's so much insanity in these isolated places. Look, they haven't even a radio!"

"Good view," said the doctor, and went around the house to the kitchen door.

WHEN he came back a woman was with him; old, fragile, wrinkled, her hands looking tired and gnarled, but her face with that placid patience upon it that comes from long living, from acceptance.

"It was real good of you to come up, doctor," she said, but he did not seem to hear. He had paused at the corner of the house to lift a spray of fragrant bloom to his face.

"You know," he said, "I'd like a sucker of this, Miss Lucy. It's the finest white lilac I ever saw."

The old faded eyes smiled at him. "Oh, would you, doctor? I can get one out just as well as not! I'll root it for you good. You can set it out in August."

He squinted at her over his shoulder, grinned. "If it's as easy as that, you might make it two! I'm a hog for lilacs!"

They left her standing there smiling, the tired hands clasped together.

"Not even a telephone," Jean said when they were half-way down the hill again, "and you made her feel so rich..."

For a moment he did not answer; then he said, "Isn't anyone rich who has beauty to give away?"

She caught her breath...

The car went onto the highway, turned toward home; presently the doctor's arm nudged Jean's.

"Say, look, Jeanie," said he, "see if you can't make Hester give us some coffee for supper, won't you?"

"Well," he said, when they had left the table and the lamps in his surgery were lighted, "what say we have a fire? A fire's never so good as when you don't really need it; then it's a luxury. I'm strong for luxury."

His child slipped her hand through his arm. "Luxury—you—after a day like this!" she scoffed.

Cramming his pipe, he looked meek. "I know. Too many days like this, and I'd be getting spoiled."

WHEN his pipe was going, he made the fire. He left the room, returned with two large red apples. He polished them carefully, set them on an old iron trivet.

"There. We'll have some roast apples before we go to bed."

He dropped into the leather chair that was worn to his shape. When she perched on the arm of it, he said: "Aaah, this is good! Nothing like the end of a day that's been right! You know, I've often wondered how the poor devils must feel that have nothing soul-satisfying to do. Empty, huh? No deep secret thing?"

She did not answer; her elbow was on her crossed knees, her hand cupped her chin, her eyes were on the blaze. But after a time she asked, "What is the deep, secret thing?"

It seemed a long while before he said slowly: "I don't know, my dear. No two sets of eyes have just the same vision; no two voices sound just alike."

His old pipe gurgled and wheezed; the fire was murmuring under its breath that ancient song that has not changed since the first flame gave man dominion over the beasts. Dominion...

She dropped to the hearthrug, presently knew that the doctor slept, Dominion... "The end of a day that's been right"... Often—oh, often!—she had thought of a day like this as futility; thought of it with pity, with love's rebellion for the one who is loved. These rounds, bringing people into the world, helping them out of it. The daily grind through snow and ice, in wind and rain and blistering heat. Sick people, well people, people he swore at, people to whom he was tender, but over and over, getting nowhere, futility. To have for another, closer and even dearer, that poignant sense of the sheer wasteful tragedy of it.

Ah, but tragedy? Pity? Pity for a man acquainted with ivory and peacocks, with the truth that is beauty and the beauty that is truth? For one who saw women walking in unseen regal purple because of their joy in the children he had helped them bear? Who left riches behind him because of the gift of the root of a dooryard shrub? Pity for a man who had strength to meet need and made of it a refuge and a fortress for those who had it not? Was there futility there? Was there tragedy?

She jumped to her feet, went softly to the telephone, spoke softly: "Operator? Will you get me Metropolitan Hospital? Hello. Hello, Mary? This is Miss MacGregor. Get me Doctor Thurman, will you? He's just about coming off duty—ought to find him in the doctor's room."

Her father's eyes opened; he did not stir.

"Tom? Yes, Yes! Oh, my dear, I had to hear your voice... I'm home. What? Yes, home—here at home! Tom, are you going to Rochester Monday—made up your mind? Monday night?... Tom, could you come up here to-morrow? You'd have to take the midnight... A log broke; the flames leaped higher. "Oh, but you've got to... Of course you can. Got to... Because I'm going with you!"

The old doctor smiled, closed his eyes.

"You do know why?... Yes, I mean it. Yes, yes, of course we would... We could do it here to-morrow... Oh, my dear, I do, too!"

She set the receiver back, got to her feet, her head back, her eyes closed. Deep, secret thing... deep and secret...

The telephone jangled. "Yes, Yes," she said, "the doctor's right here... Dad! Wake up, darling. I'm sorry, Dad!"

"Huh?" He stirred, took the instrument she passed to him. "Oh, Harvey. Well, that's good... What did you expect, man? Of course she has... Oh, well, you keep your shirt on, but it won't do any harm to be getting the nurse there... Oh, she is? Well, I'll be coming along."

He hung up, rose, stretched his arms over his head. He yawned loudly, grinned at his daughter, took out his watch and gave it a wind.

"That's the way of it," said he. "Got to keep things going." He yawned again, gave her a wheedling look as he found his bag. "Jeanie, be a good girl—pour out that cocoa Hester'll have on the back of the stove, and leave me some coffee to go to sleep on, will you?"

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B₁ B₂ and P.P. (ANTI-PELLAGRIC FACTOR)

Vegemite—the YEAST EXTRACT—gives you a special concentrated supply of these three vitamins

Even though you give your children three big meals a day, the vital parts of their body may be partly starved by lack of these three health-building Vitamins B₁, B₂ and P.P. (the anti-Pellagic factor). Don't let an under-supply of these needed vitamins pull down their health. Vegemite added to your daily diet assures a regular, daily supply.

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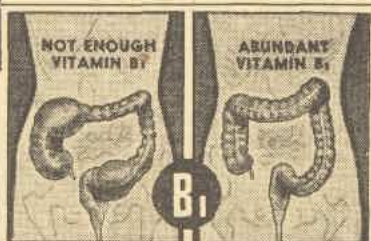
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Skin eruptions mean that the system is not getting enough of Vitamin P.P. Keep the skin clear and healthy—eat Vegemite daily. Vegemite is rich in Vitamin P.P.—the anti-Pellagic factor.



Not enough Vitamin B₁ — poor digestion

Fallen stomach, weakened intestines (see picture above on left), and many obscure nerve disorders can result from an under supply of Vitamin B₁—the important NERVE VITAMIN.

To assure a healthy intestinal tract (above at right) and active bowels and steady nerves, the body needs a rich supply of Vitamin B₁. Vegemite gives you a full supply, so give Vegemite to your family daily.

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Booklet containing delicious, appetising
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Portfolio of Spring Fashions

August 12, 1939

The Australian Women's Weekly

Page 1



Blossom Time . . .

• SCHIAPARELLI'S floral chiffon in lovely garden colors. A gathered frill outlines the yoke, neck, sleeves and wide hem of the skirt. The latter features the new centre fullness.

Never Before!

RAYON CREPES! CREPES-DE-CHINE!

THAT CAN BE WASHED LIKE A COTTON FABRIC — AND

**★Guaranteed
not to shrink!**

They're a whirlwind success abroad this season! Here they are in Australia already . . . exquisite Grafton Anti-Shrink English rayons carrying an absolutely 100% guarantee not to shrink.

Now your loveliest rayon frocks can go into the wash tub. You've got Grafton's guarantee that they won't shrink by even the width of a thread.

No more risks . . . No more need to pull out and stretch your frocks while damp . . . No more uneven hemlines . . . No more tight bodices . . . No more dry cleaning bills.

You'll find that these marvellous Grafton rayons actually improve with washing. Even the most deli-

cate prints always come out of the tub silkier than ever . . . with their colours full strength and clear. Grafton rayons dry three times as fast as ordinary rayons. So from now on wash your rayon frocks overnight — iron them as easily as a hankie — and step out tomorrow fresh and sparkling.

★ **The Grafton Anti-Shrink Guarantee.** Your retailer will replace any fabrics or frocks made from Grafton Anti-Shrink should they shrink when washed according to directions. That is Grafton's unconditional guarantee. Remember, also, any frock made of Grafton Anti-Shrink fabric only needs pressing after being washed. It irons as easily as a hankie.

Ask for

Grafton

ANTI-SHRINK

PATENTED IN U.K.

If unable to obtain Grafton's Anti-Shrink fabrics or frocks, write to Cepera Fabrics Limited, Box 624 FF, G.P.O., Sydney.

Look for Grafton Anti-Shrink frocks in catalogues sent to you by your favorite stores.



GARMENTS! All garments made with genuine Grafton Anti-Shrink rayons are tabbed and must carry this ticket.

FABRICS! When buying fabrics you will see the words "Grafton Anti-Shrink, patented" marked along every yard of selvedge.



STOP-RED . . . and WHITE



• HERE ARE TWO VIEWS of a glorious gown from Mainbocher. Yards and yards of white mousseline falling in classical folds and dramatically lime-lighted with a belt of stop-red satin. It's a perfect pet of a frock, and the belt is a fashion story in itself. But you have to be slim to be able to take all that fullness.

+ +

• GLOVES ARE FULL of nonsense this spring. Those at the top right of the page come direct from the New York World's Fair. The evening group makes decorative use of bugle beads, gold thread, and diamante embroideries. The day group includes mottled kid with metal tortoise and glass grape motifs.



Wake's
MAIL ORDERS
623 COLLINS ST
MELB BOX 4535

D906K.

A bright garden printed lotus-petal crape, smooth as a mirror, and pleated like the delicate underside of a mushroom. Cross-over raised bust-line, squared shoulders, detachable bolero with bouquet. Multi-colors. X.S.S.W. to W.

19/11

ORDERING'S AS EASY AS WRITING YOUR NAME. "WAKE'S" pay freight. Merely send P.O. money order, cheque, postal notes, cash in a registered letter, or request the goods C.O.D. State color and size, or right bust, waist and hip measurements. ALL GOODS CAN BE INSPECTED AT "WAKE'S" CITY SHOWROOMS, 4th Floor, 623 Collins Street, Melbourne, RIGHT OPPOSITE THE SPENCER STREET STATION.

WAKE'S FREE CATALOG

See the season's newest styles, the Wasp-waisted Dresses, the Monastic Frocks, the Petticoat Frocks, the Polka Dot Frocks, the Ocean Bed Prints; actually see the new colors, Chatreuse, Japonica, Summer Cyclamen; be soothed by colors robbed from the cradle, Birthday Pink, Little Boy Blue, Thrush-egg Aquo. Forty pages of Fashion feasting are yours for writing for "WAKE'S" FREE CATALOG.

Please send WAKE'S FREE Catalog

Name

Address

YOUNG DYNAMOS . . .

Free skirts . . . plain Jane and no nonsense bodices . . . idiotic petticoats . . . alert frocks for the young in heart . . .



• THIS FLOWER-STREWN CREPE has a draped bodice above the tight-fitting waist, and a skirt of centre fullness below. Material flowers complete the picture. (Top left.)

• FOR TOWN OR COUNTRY, cotton plaids are big and bright. This jumper suit is in brown, yellow, and plenty of white, with a square neckline and pleats galore. (Above.)

• ELEGANT SIMPLICITY and latest trend. Riot of polka dots, full gathered skirt, loose sleeves, and white accessories. (Left.)

• BLACK-AND-WHITE STRIPED SURAH, leading the fabrics field of to-day, makes this striking dress, with a black cummerbund, artist bow, and peeping petticoat. (Above.)

• BLUE-AND-WHITE CHECKED GINGHAM—first favorite for hot days—has crisp, white collar and cuffs, and a flutter of starched frills on the petticoat beneath. (Above.)

DREAM DRESSES . . .

They make women seem
helpless and men feel
brave.



• THE CRISPEST, coolest, freshest dress for moonlight nights and terrace dancing. Vera Borea created it from plaid organdies, candy-red and grey on white. (Above.)

• JACQUES HEIM fashioned this dream frock of tulle over a hooped petticoat, latticed with blue ribbon. Enormous blue roses and ruchings suggest the very breath of spring. (Top right.)

• FROM THE 'EIGHTIES is this billowy lilac mouseline gown. A full, pleated skirt falls from a corset bodice with hip panniers, and a trail of deep red roses down the front. (Right.)

Rever



• VENUS-WHITE SHOULDERS rising from a demure and lovely dance frock of white lawn. The proudly swirling skirt is encircled with Valenciennes insertion and pin-tucks. (Above.)

DRAMA in print!



• EVENING FAN of black Chantilly lace and sequins.



A dashing young man was Ted,
Who didn't expect to be wed,
But the lady who caught him,
Wore Kayser and taught him,
That "K" means "Confetti Ahead"

"I'm a
ONE Brand
woman now

Because beautiful hosiery is
an important accessory to the
well-groomed woman! . . . In
KAYSER "MIR-O-KLEER"
hosiery I've found perfection of
fit, and that "luxury look" so
essential to smart dressing.
"MIR-O-KLEER" Sheers from
4/11 to 7/11. Sturdy Service
Weights 4/6 to 7/11.

I insist on
KAYSER
HOSIERY
LINGERIE GLOVES



H.91



• ONE OF THE MOST DRAMATIC MODELS
of the season is this dinner dress by Lanvin.
Of black organdie it has arabesques of white

organdie applied in a striking design. A
sash of pastel-blue tulle tied in a jumbo-sized
bow at back completes its individual appeal.

OUR PATTERN SERVICE



W W 2962. — Swing skirt style. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 4½ to 5yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

W W 2963. — Afternoon mode. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 4½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

W W 2964. — Pleated skirt and trim bodice. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 4½yds., 36ins. wide, and ½yd. contrast. Pattern, 1/1.

W W 2965. — Cross-over bodice in stripes. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 4½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW2966. — Trim and tailored. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 4½ to 5yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.



Please Note!

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: * Write your name and full address in block letters. * Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. * State size required. * For children, state age of child. * Use box numbers given on concession coupon.



WW2967. — Petticoat trend for daytime. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 4½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW2968. — Youthful model. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 4½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

Special Concession Pattern



THREE SPRINGTIME MODES ARE FEATURED THIS WEEK.

32 to 36 bust.

No. 1: Polka dots and pleats. Requires: 4½yds. for frock; 1½yds. for bolero, and ½yd. contrast.

No. 2: Bolero and day frock. Requires: 5½yds., 36ins. wide; contrast ½yd.

No. 3: Two-tone frock. Requires: 2½yds. for skirt; 2yds. for bodice.

Concession Coupon

Available for one month from date of issue. 3d. stamp must be forwarded for each coupon enclosed. Patterns over one month old, 3d. extra. Send your order to "Pattern Department," to the address in your State, on under.

Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
Box 408F, G.P.O., Brisbane.
Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
Box 431G, G.P.O., Perth.
Box 4299YY, G.P.O., Sydney.
Tasmania: Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.
N.Z.: Box 4299YY, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers, use money orders only.)

Patterns may be called for at addresses appearing on page 3.

PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME.....
STREET.....
TOWN.....
STATE.....
SEX..... Pattern Coupon, 12/4/39

OUR PATTERN SERVICE

YOUTH

must have its fling!



WW2970



WW2975



WW2973

WW2974



WW2971

WW2972



WW2977

W W 2 9 6 9. — Pleated frock. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 4½ yds., 36ins. wide, and 1½ yds. for blouse. Pattern, 1/1.

WW2970. — Contrasting skirt and bodice. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 2½ yds., 36ins. wide, for skirt, and 1½ yds. for bodice and belt. Pattern, 1/1.

WW2971. — Plain and dotted. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 4½ yds., 36ins. wide, and 1½ yds. contrast. Pattern, 1/1.

WW2972. — Tailored lines. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 4½ yds., 36ins. wide, and 1½ yds. contrast. Pattern, 1/1.

WW2973. — Bolero over pleated bodice. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 4½ yds., 36ins. wide, and 1½ yds. for blouse. Pattern, 1/1.

W W 2 9 7 4. — Afternoon dress. 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 4½ yds., 36ins. wide, and 1½ yds. contrast. Pattern, 1/1.

W W 2 9 7 5. — Spectator sports! 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 4½ to 5½ yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW2976. — Front fullness! 32 to 38 bust. Requires: 4½ to 5½ yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW2977. — Pleated skirt. Wide revers. Requires: 4½ yds., 36ins. wide, and 1½ yds. contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

OUR PATTERN
SERVICE

HOUSECOATS

... and all that!



WW3002.—Tailored housecoat. 32 to 38ins. Requires: $5\frac{1}{2}$ to 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW3003.—Crinoline petticoat. 32 to 38ins. Requires: 6yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW3004.—Distinctive housecoat. 32 to 38ins. Requires: 6yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW3005.—Three-piece lingerie set. 32 to 38ins. Requires: nightgown, 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 5yds., 36ins. wide; petticoat, 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ yds., 36ins. wide; pantees, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ yds., 36ins. wide. Complete set, 1/9, or individual patterns, 10d ea.

WW3006.—Checked housecoat. 32 to 38ins. Requires: $5\frac{1}{2}$ to 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ yds., 36ins. wide, and $\frac{1}{2}$ yd. contrast. Pattern, 1/1.

WW3007.—Waisted nightgown. 32 to 38ins. Requires: $5\frac{1}{2}$ to 6yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW3008.—Two-tone pyjamas. 32 to 38ins. Requires: 2yds. for blouse and 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ yds. for trousers, 36ins. wide, and $\frac{1}{2}$ yd. contrast. Pattern, 1/1.

WW3009.—Floral pyjamas. 32 to 38ins. Requires: 4yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW3010.—Fitted petticoat. 32 to 38ins. Requires: 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW3011.—Form-fitting pantees. 36 to 42 hips. Requires: $\frac{1}{2}$ yd. figured and $\frac{1}{2}$ yd. plain. Pattern, 10d.

SPRING LAMBS . . .

Let them cut carefree
capers in these jolly
clothes...

OUR PATTERN
SERVICE



WW2988.—Lace trimmed, 4-10 years. Requires: 2½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 10d.

WW2989.—Boy's suit, 2-8 years. Requires: 1yd. for trousers, 1½yds. for shirt, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 10d.

WW2990.—Checked rompers. Sizes, 1-6 years. Requires: 1yd., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 10d.

WW2991.—Bolero suit. Sizes, 4-10 years. Requires: 1½yds. for blouse, 1yd. for skirt, 1yd. for bolero, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 10d.

WW2992.—Scotch plaid frock. Sizes, 2-8 years. Requires: 1½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 10d.

WW2993.—Party frock. Sizes, 10-16 years. Requires: 6½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW2994.—Slacks and shirt. Sizes, 8-14 years. Requires: 2½yds. for slacks, 1½yds. for shirt, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 10d.

WW2995.—Shirring and lace. Sizes, 1-6 years. Requires: 1½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 10d.

WW2996.—Two-piece play suit. Sizes, 8-14 years. Requires: 2½yds. for play suit, 2½yds. for tunic, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW2997.—Suspender dress. Sizes, 6-12 years. Requires: 1½yds. for skirt, 2½yds. for blouse, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW2998.—Tailored style. Sizes, 6-12 years. Requires: 2½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 1/1.

WW2999.—Flare pleated frock. Sizes, 1-6 years. Requires: 1½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 10d.

WW3000.—Smocked frock. Sizes, 1-6 years. Requires: 1½yds., 36ins. wide. Pattern, 10d.

WW3001.—Sophisticated line. Sizes, 4-10 years. Requires: 2½yds. and ½yd. contrast, 36ins. wide. Pattern, 10d.

• When ordering pattern, be sure to state the age of the child for whom the pattern is required.

Farmer's

THE SHOES YOU'LL SEE

on the feet of
smart women
everywhere



Fashion condensed, Farmer's discovered that well-dressed women all over the world had distinct preferences for certain styles in shoes. We collected statistics. We looked, listened—and bought. And now we offer you the favourite shoes of the smartest women at only...

22'9

Half sizes, 2 to 7.



"Chalfonte", tan or navy calf court. Also in white buck. Genuine pump soles.



"Rialto" kid oxford in plum, navy, brown or black. Flexible pump soles.



"Mirador", white buck court with bias collar of blue or tan calf. Lay-by!



"Brenna", throat-cut court of perforated white buck. Tan, blue calf mudguards.



"Balido", white buck ghillie tie with tan or navy calf trim. Cuban heels.



Attain the fashion line!

BUST-IMPROVERS

Even if Nature didn't give you the softly rounded, youthfully uplifted bust line that Fashion requires, it can still be yours... with these bust pads of flesh-col'd chiffon. 3 shapes, 2 sizes

13'6

Suspender Belts, Ground Floor.



FARMER'S

P.O. Box 497 A.A., Sydney. 'Phone M 2405.

Stolen from the sea!

A surge of wave-bright fabrics...

New Aqua-tints

Opalescent shades for Spring.

On a wave of delicate colour, Spring and the new aqua-tints arrive together! Sprayblu, Pacific green, Tahitian rose, ambergold... drenching the new linens, cottons and silks with opalescent ocean colour, filling our showrooms with a sea-garden beauty—for you.

"Cresta" Crepe Silk, non-crushable and noted for washing and wearing. Exclusively Farmer's. Host of colourful designs, 36". **2/11**

Irish Linen, crease-resisting and dull-finished. In wine, aqua, dusty pink, regina blue, gold, Tahitian Rose, and several others. 36 ins. **4/11**

"Ripple-Weave" Cotton, the breeze-light, crinkly weave that is so perfect for the new cotton evening gowns. Stripe and novelty patterns on multi-coloured grounds. 36 inches. **3/11**

Fabrics on the Great First Floor. Lay-by!



Mail orders to P.O. Box 497 A.A. Or 'phone, M 2405.

"Glamour Girl"

...it's the daintiest nightie we've set eyes on for years. Bias cut in suede crepe, with attractive little uplift top, trimmed val lace and satin applique. Pink, blue, mauve or white. **11'9**

Department, Fourth Floor. Mail orders.



LACE FRILLINGS

Thread your favourite-coloured ribbon through them and bring their "little-girl" airs to your blouses, gowns, petticoats. Many designs, 2½-4". Yd., **2/11, 3/11**

Frillings, Ground Floor.

SCARF TURBANS

A youthful turban in the Indian manner... intriguingly yours with two of our contrasting scarves. Farmer's will show you how; each, **1'11**

Neckwear, Ground Floor.



PICNICKING BOX

Usually 4/11. With summer and happy outings close on your heels, you'll find these quite essential. Attractive lacquered luncheon boxes. **2/11**

Lower Ground Flr. Freight extra.

SPORTSTERS

Your little silk frocks
for outdoor life.

Your silks for the sparkling weeks so close ahead—for action, for sports. Washable crepe testor in the delicate pastels you'll prefer... sunshine gold, heaven blue, beauty pink... white, too. SSW. to W. sizes. **21'-**

Usually 42/-, illustrated, with extended shoulder-line and pleated skirt, **21'.**

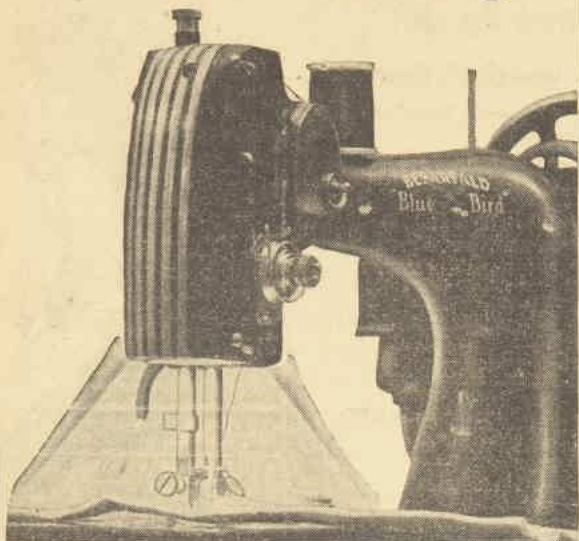
Usually 42/-, unillustrated, with finely tucked bodice, Peter Pan collar, **21'.**

Usually 42/-, unillustrated, tailored frock with fitting revers, pleated skirt, **21'.**

Sportswear, Second Floor.



Protect Your Eyes Whilst Sewing



with the BlueBird SEWING LIGHT

• More injury is sustained by the eyes in poor light than by any other cause. It is most essential when reading, working, or sewing, to do so in the correct amount of light for the particular work being performed. Sewing at night is one of the most eye-tiring duties, and it is absolutely necessary that the proper light should be used.

The Bebarfald BlueBird cabinet sewing machine is the only one fitted with a Direct-Ray light, right over the needle-point where the work is done. Electric or battery (for country clients) operated light.

£21/18/6

£1

DEPOSIT
Will secure delivery, the balance can be paid in convenient weekly instalments.

Complete with all Special Features



GUARANTEED FOR PURCHASER'S LIFETIME



PROFESSIONAL ATTACHMENTS



COUNTRY BALANCE SILENT RUNNING



ILLUSTRATED CLOTHESMAKING GUIDE



Write for
FREE
Book!

• Wider variety of Cabinets to choose from than any other machine in Australia.

Bebarfalds

You really should read this book before deciding on any sewing machine. Write for your FREE copy now! It places you under no obligation.

NAME

ADDRESS

12.5.W.W.

Coughing, Strangling Asthma, Bronchitis Curbed in 3 Minutes

Do you have attacks of Asthma or Bronchitis so bad that you choke and gasp for breath and can't sleep? Do you cough so hard you feel like you were being ruptured? Do you feel weak, unable to work, and have to be careful not to take cold and can't eat certain foods?

No matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried, there is now hope for you in a Doctor's prescription called Mendaco. No doses, no smokes, no injections, no atomizer. All you do is take two tasteless tablets at meals and your attacks seem to vanish like magic. In 3 minutes Mendaco starts working through your blood aiding nature to dissolve and remove strangling phlegm, promote free easy breathing and bring sound sleep the first night so that you soon feel years younger and stronger.

No Asthma in 2 Years

Mendaco not only brings almost immediate comfort and free breathing but builds up the system to ward off future attacks. For instance, J. Richards, Hamilton, Ont., Canada, had lost 40 lbs., suffered coughing,

choking and strangling every night, couldn't sleep, expected to die. Mendaco stopped Asthma spasms first night and he has had none since in over two years.

Money Back Guarantee

The very first dose of Mendaco goes right to work circulating through your blood and helping nature rid you of the effects of Asthma. In no time at all Mendaco may easily make you feel years younger and stronger. Try Mendaco under an iron-clad money back guarantee. You be the judge. If you don't feel entirely well, like a new person, and fully satisfied after taking Mendaco just return the empty package and the full purchase price will be refunded. Get Mendaco from your Chemist today and see how well you sleep tonight and how much better you will feel tomorrow. The guarantee protects you.

Mendaco

Ends Asthma • Bronchitis • Hay Fever

SUMMER'S just round the corner!



• FLAGS fluttering at the mast is the gay motif of this handy beach bag of machine-quilted yellow linen. Sun-suit of printed cotton.



• BACKLESS for sunbathing and pleated for freedom is this cheerful sports frock in black-and-white seersucker.



• RIGHT: The flag of France inspired this linen beach or garden dress. A strip of soft suede encircles the full-skirted waistline. The hat of flag-blue is banded with white linen braid.

WEDDING DAY...

Silver lame
and a mist
of tulle



• INTO THIS classical wedding gown of silver lame Paquin has introduced a new swathed neckline and very long train. The tulle veil holds just a hint of blue and is embroidered in silver.



• THE DEMURE MAID wears must-blue net mounted over a matching satin crinoline. An Old-World lacing of primrose-yellow ribbon trims the bodice.

*Luxuries
you'll adore!*

BEAUTY SECRETS OF THE SMART ENGLISHWOMAN

Now at prices for everyday!

Cosmetics you would have bought only as a luxury . . . the exclusive quality usually sold at high prices in expensive beauty salons, now presented in Australia by Atkinsons of Bond Street, London. These luxuries are no longer a matter of price, but come to you in Australia in dainty sizes for only 1/-.



REVELRY Creams

Exquisite VANISHING CREAM—for a most finished make-up, jars 1/-
Luxurious CLEANSING CREAM—deep-cleansing, soothing and nourishing, jars 1/-

REVELRY Face Powder

New, English-type, SOFT-TEXTURED to give your skin a soft, matt finish. All Shades, 1/-



COUPON

For Large Sample of REVELRY FACE POWDER
Post this coupon with your name and address to: J. & L. ATKINSON LTD., BOX 3558 BH, G.P.O., SYDNEY, for a handbag size tin of Reclry Face Powder with Dusty Powder Puff. ENCLOSE 2D. IN STAMPS FOR PACKING AND POSTAGE.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
Mark Shade required: RACHEL, APRICOT, MINTAN, NATURAL.

also

REVELRY PERFUME
The fresh, modern note 1/6
REVELRY TALCUM
Silky-soft and refreshing, 1/6



Scalp-deep
Tonic Action
Stops
Falling Hair

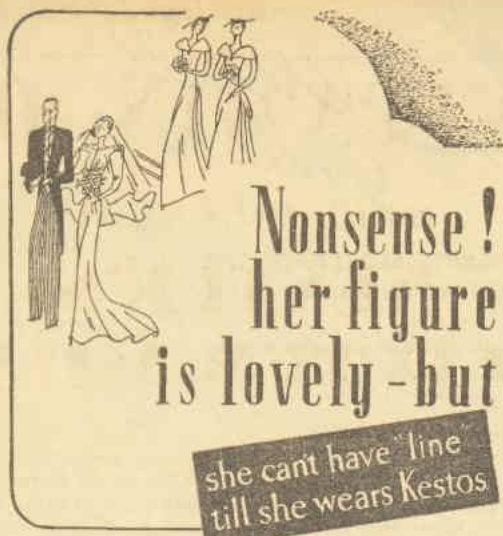
RIDS the HEAD
of DANDRUFF

TELL-TALE hairs and ugly dandruff flakes not only spoil the whole appearance—they label one as "not-too-fastidious"! These are times when your scalp needs the deep-penetrating action of CRYSTOLIS Rapid to stimulate the hair-cells—rid the head of dead hair, and nourish it for the growing of luxuriant, vital new hair.

CRYSTOLIS Rapid goes right down into your hair roots—cleans out the destroying, hidden dandruff germ—and quickly stops falling hair.

Guard the smartness of your head—with CRYSTOLIS Rapid.

Get this specialist's recognised treatment at your chemist, store or hairdresser—to-day.



If intuition doesn't tell you to wear Kestos, then say good-bye to intuition.

Look at the reason for Kestos. Its unique cut gives uplift . . . control. Alone among brassieres it ensures the high breastline that fashion demands . . . and guards against physical and mental strain.

It is designed for day or evening wear. Above all—it flatters. Flatters you—flatters your clothes. Gives you the delightful knowledge that you have "line."

For everyday wear, most women choose standard dual-purpose Kestos, priced at 3/11.

For evening wear, just adjust the straps. Or choose, perhaps, a Kestos Decollete Brassiere at 4/11.

The gift of some new flimsies often calls for a special Kestos to match—in crepe de chine or satin at 9/11.

Trade enquiries to
Robert Reid & Co. Ltd.
22-24 York St., Sydney.



'It doesn't even sting, Mummy!'

Although so powerful, you can put 'Dettol' on a child's tender skin and it will not sting, or harm in any way! 'Dettol' is safe and sure protection—keep it always handy, to guard against infection.

OBTAINABLE FROM ALL CHEMISTS
RECKITT'S (OVER SEAS) LTD.
(Pharmaceutical Dept.)
SYDNEY

'DETTOL'
THE MODERN ANTISEPTIC

Charming designs for . . . YOUR HOME and YOUR WARDROBE

● Take your choice from these four attractive ideas for embroidery—two luncheon sets and two smart spring frocks.



Two dashing frocks for spring days

EMBROIDERY makes a gay finish to these two smart frocks for spring. The design at left has an embroidered collar and cuffs, and that at right a conventional design at the hem, yoke and sleeves.

WW3023.—32 to 38 bust. Requires 3½ yards 36 inches wide. Pattern, 1/1. Transfer for working, 1/- extra.

WW3024.—32 to 38 bust. Requires 3½ to 4½ yards 36 inches wide. Pattern, 1/1. Transfer for working, 1/- extra.

SEND TO THIS ADDRESS!

Adelaide: Box 288A, G.P.O. Brisbane: Box 409F, G.P.O. Melbourne: Box 183, G.P.O. Newcastle: Box 41, G.P.O. Perth: Box 491G, G.P.O. Sydney: Box 4299XY, G.P.O. If calling, 188 Castlereagh Street, or Dalmen House, 115 Pitt Street. Tasmania: Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 183, G.P.O. Melbourne. New Zealand: Write to Sydney office.

NEEDLEWORK Notions . . .



Two attractive luncheon or supper sets. The Virginia Creeper Set (right) consists of mats, and the Tiger Lily Set (left) has a cloth as the main piece. They are obtainable ready traced for working from our Needlework Department.

ABOVE:

VIRGINIA CREEPER LUNCHEON SET

EQUALLY suitable for luncheon or dinner table, this set is obtainable from our Needlework Department, traced ready for working on white, cream, blue, yellow, pink or green Irish linen.

The centre mat measures 18 x 18 inches; the plate mats 8 x 14 inches, and the cup and saucer mats 5 x 5 inches. Serviettes measure 11 x 11 inches.

Prices are:—

Nine-piece set comprising one centre, four plate mats, four cup and saucer mats, 5/9, postage free.

Thirteen-piece set comprising one centre, six plate mats and six cup and saucer mats, 7/9, postage free.

Bought separately prices are:—

Centre, 2/-; Cup and saucer mats, 6d.

Plate mats, 1/6 each; each.

Serviettes, 1/- each.

Buttonhole the outside edges of the leaves and stem-stitch the stems. The inner edge of the cloth is also buttonholed. Pad the work well and press thoroughly before attempting to cut the material. Broder cottons for working may also be obtained from our Needlework Department at 3d. per skein.

ABOVE LEFT:

TIGER LILY LUNCHEON SET

THIS exquisite luncheon or supper set is obtainable, traced for working, from our Needlework Department, in white, cream, blue, yellow, pink or green Irish linen.

The design is worked in buttonhole, satin, and stem-stitch. Buttonhole the outside edges of the flowers and work the centres in French knots or eyelets as desired. The leaves are worked in buttonhole, with the stems stem-stitched.

Pad the work well and press thoroughly before cutting the material. You may work it in the natural flower colors, in white or in ecru broder cotton.

Prices are:—

Cloth, 36 x 36 inches, 7/6.

Cloth, 45 x 45 inches, 8/9.

Cloth, 54 x 54 inches, 11/6.

Cloth, 72 x 72 inches, 17/6.

Cloth, 72 x 90 inches, 19/6.

Serviette, 11 x 11 inches, 4/6 each.

1/- each.

Serviette, 15 x 15 inches, 1/3 each.

D'oyley, 8 x 8 inches, 1/-.

D'oyley, 5 x 11 inches, 1/-.

Traymobile Cloth, 14 x 14 inches, 4/6 each.

Tea-cosy, 13 x 18 inches, 3/6.

Postage free.

Cottons are also obtainable from our Needlework Department, stranded at 11d. per skein and broder cotton 3d. per skein.

NAOMI WATERS

writes about—

Why not put straws in
your hair . . . just for fun

By NAOMI WATERS

Exclusive to The Australian
Women's Weekly—Air Mailed
from London

I VE got straws in my hair. Red, blue, green, and yellow . . . they stick out from my head, pointing in all directions. I look a cross between a fancy hedgehog and something out of the Russian ballet . . . but I'm in the vogue . . . in fact, I'm one jump ahead of it.

Paris, in her search to find something to replace the inevitable flowers as ornaments for our hair, has lost control completely. The results, to put it mildly, are amazing.

To be smart these days you must find inspiration in the orchard, the kitchen garden, and even the hayfield.

Fasten a bunch of cherries over one ear. Need I say artificial? Arrange an apple, orange, and a banana becomingly on the lapel of your suit . . . carrots might perk perily from your hat, replace the flowers on your frock with a huge spray of grapes.



ATTRACTIVE STUDY of Naomi Waters taken by The Australian Women's Weekly just before she left Australia for England.

Be sure your hair does not bulge, or that stray ends don't straggle down your neck!

Make a short coat of scarlet felt, broad shoulders, fitted waist. Find the biggest brass buttons in existence to fasten it.

For cocktail parties, wear a petticoat of pale blue taffeta. Pale blue and black is a color combination which is leaping into the news; let it peep a little from beneath your skirt.

Wind blue taffeta round your head into a high turban and fasten it with a bunch of cyclamen and blue flowers.

Wear three very narrow patent-leather belts, red, green, and yellow. And for a day when you are feeling gay and rather silly, tack down the front of your frock tiny flags of every different nation, like a line of flags that festoon a ferry on gala days.

A French woman wore this the other day for lunch at Claridges. Terribly smart, but rather a nuisance as all her friends were going up to her to see what flags she was wearing. Any they did not approve of were nearly pulled off. It's a nice thing when your clothes come under political "national prejudice."

Use your smile

BUT, in spite of the feeling of unrest and uncertainty, the smart women of the world are still keeping their end up. And I wonder if they realise how much good they are doing.

Every time some man or woman stops to admire you, for that brief second his or her mind is taken off what worries they may have. For that brief moment you have given pleasure.

Remember in these days of trouble. It is your job to look as attractive as possible. It is your job to be as gay and charming as you can. Whatever your fears, your worries, keep them to yourself. Give the people you come in contact with something more to think about than the troubles of our world today.

"A wall of steel turns clay in the warmth of a woman's smile."

Use that smile to bring more smiles.

Use your power as a woman to bring a feeling of optimism and content, bring comfort when it is needed, sympathy when asked.

But, above all, bring laughter and gaiety to smooth troubled waters and push storm clouds out of the sky.



"TO BE SMART" these days you must find inspiration in the orchard, the vegetable garden or the hayfield . . .

An amusing fashion, but I fear a limited one, for whereas nearly every flower is suitable for decoration, a pumpkin bumping around on the brim of your hat or a cabbage cowl peeping from your curls will do little or nothing to enhance your appearance.

I still think the best place for vegetables is in the kitchen. Never has there been such scope for imagination and clever fingers as to bring that Paris touch to a modest gown.

A little well-directed effort on your part and even your best enemies won't guess that

one dress is doing the work of two or three.

It is amazing what you can do with a black dress to hide its identity. It is important that it be of good cut and material and plainly made.

Wear it with a Roman-striped cummerbund, the stripes as gay and gaudy as you can find. Twine a matching turban round your head.

Turbans are high fashion at the moment . . . so make the most of them. For they are a quarter of the price of a hat and very becoming—but whatever you do, be careful of the back view in a turban.

LOSE UGLY FAT LIKE SHE DID



"I feel so pleased with YOUTH-O-FORM that I must write and thank you," says Miss D.E.C. in her letter. "My legs and bust were terribly fat and ugly. I was envying the nice rounded figure of a friend of mine, and she laughed and told me how fat she used to be until she took YOUTH-O-FORM. She praised it so much that I determined to try it myself, and it is all she claimed for it—and lots more. The ugly fat has disappeared from my thighs and chest, and people are telling me how much better I look. I am delighted with the change YOUTH-O-FORM has made to me. I don't suffer the discomfort of obesity. Reduce by this simple, pleasant, natural way. A capsule of famous

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"All right," Goldstein said, "skip the clams, but I want to talk to my wife. I got a wife and five kids, Lord knows what them tabloids are saying. I'll wait, ma'am, on that New York call. Let the other to Sandy Hook go."

"You in a fix, too, Mister?" he turned to McGaffery on the end of the sofa with the yellow pad on his knee.

"No, I'm all right," McGaffery said, writing rapidly on the yellow pad. He addressed the girl: "What do you hear about things?"

"It's worse every hour," she said. "Where would you stay," he handed her the telegram, "if you had your wife with you?"

She surveyed him gravely. "Gillespie's. Five doors down, Tourists accommodated."

He swung off the porch to the waiting red eye of cigarette.

"Five doors down, tourists accommodated, Mother Gillespie's place, is waiting for us," he said.

"In this place?"

"It's the only place there is. Now listen, trust me, will you?" His voice again was weary, flat. "I'm making the only decision there is. We hole up here for the night. Tomorrow we'll see."

"Oh, dear!" She opened the door and her cigarette arched into the mist. "Hole up is right, I know just what Mother Gillespie's is going to be like. I'm dead tired too."

"Of course you're dead tired. I know you are. Go to bed and get some sleep."

"Oh, dear!" she moaned again. "Mother Gillespie's place! With Pete and Mary and Jimmie and Agnes—waiting for me—holding a drink for us." Her voice trailed. "I was eager to get there. It's just a few miles further on."

"Just a few miles," he said, "Just over the river."

The radio in the filling station near the bridge was giving out high-pitched, tense phrases as he walked alone an hour later. It roared and crackled with static as someone opened the door, then muted as it closed. McGaffery entered the smoke-filled room.

"They say another two-hour delay period on your call."

Goldstein slowly stood up. "It ain't your fault," he said. "You been tryin' hard. I'd like to tell her I'm all right." He turned to McGaffery as if a man would understand. "She's flat on her back in a bed and—"

He stopped helplessly. "A wire," McGaffery pointed to the yellow pad. "You can get a wire through."

"Yeah, but that won't do much good. She won't have much good outa that. Maybe it'll get there, and she can't read it and she'll think I'm dead. Them tabloids with them pitchers, she'll believe them quick enough. Go ahead," he handed the pad to Mary Youngblood. "Maybe the kid next door will read it to her."

It's up in the Bronx. Two hundred and sixty ff Street. Just say "Everything's O.K." Don't say anything about them clams." He shut his eyes tightly and squeezed his face as if he had raw quinine in his mouth. "Am I goin' to lose my shirt on them clams? Everything's O.K.; that's enough to tell her."

McGaffery watched him close the door and in the silence lit a cigarette and then another from it, and held it out to Mary Youngblood.

"No," she said. "I couldn't hold it, thank you."

"What's it like?" he waved at the switchboard.

"Oh, mixed up, tired, frightened. They're screaming tired in the big offices."

"You don't seem frightened."

"The trains have stopped running," she said. "When I heard they had to stop the trains I was a little scared. I'm the only communication out now."

She picked up an inch-thick packet of slips tied with a band. "These are my calls since they closed the bridge. I've got four through."

She smiled at him and shook her head. It was a white face, dead tired around the big round eyes. He turned up his collar and hurried through the rain. Mrs. Gillespie's hand rail felt clean slipping through his hand as he tiptoed up the bare, creaking stairs. Evelyn was propped up in the white iron bedstead with a ruffled pink gown about her shoulders.

"I'm being very patient," her voice was precise and cautious, "for to-

On the Way to the Party

Continued from Page 6

The crest was expected by daylight. Eighteen feet above flood stage. The Susquehanna! The Chenango! The Monongehela! The Allegheny! Pennsylvania trains using New York Central tracks. Dead, drowned people in Pittsburgh. Rescues from second story windows. A ten-year-old boy, Joseph Polasky, is safe. If his parents are listening, Joseph Polasky was saved from the river by a coastguard cutter, Mrs. Crossmeyer, of Binghamton, wants her husband to know she is safe. Mrs. Anton Crossmeyer is safe with friends.

The river was a silent dark power as he walked out on the bridge with his hands in his pockets, his shoulders drooped. Close up to the bridge floor it flowed with an insidiously smooth five-knot sweep that seemed twenty as he strained over the railing in the darkness.

The radio was an unintelligible "Ya-ah, ya-a-ah, ya-ya," as it carried out over the water. McGaffery looked downstream then slowly turned and walked back.

The trucks were doleful in the increasing rain. As far as he could see they stretched, parked bow to stern. In some of them the cabs were lighted and three or four men sat on the broad seats. There was a bunk like a yacht's bunk behind the seats, and on each one a man was stretched with his head buried in greasy blankets as he tried to sleep.

THE light was shining over Mary Youngblood's porch. He shook the rain from his hat and opened the door. She was still on the stool. Goldstein, the only other occupant, looked up as he sat beside him and nodded dejectedly. Goldstein reeked morosely; the sad smell of clams. The girl's fingers working the jacks and the plugs were all that moved in the room. Her attention was like the beam of a flashlight. It lifted from the switchboard and flicked over him. "Your telegrams will probably get through," then it went back to the jack holes and the wires. She turned to Goldstein.

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"I'm being very patient," her voice was precise and cautious, "for to-

morrow, no matter what it costs, we're going to get out of this. We'll store your roadster. I'll send Hawkins, if that new mare is well enough to leave, or mother's chauffeur, up here to get it and we shall take a train. If anything happens to the roadster, I'll buy you a new one."

He drew in his breath slowly and turned to the door.

"That's it," he said. "To-morrow we'll get a train and go home, only there aren't any trains."

In the morning the slush was ankle deep and the house tops and the flat roofs of the trucks and trailers had a three-inch blanket of wet snow. Evelyn wore a brown tweed suit and a light hat with a feather. McGaffery parked the roadster so they could look at the river. It was the same sullen sweeping power he had sensed in the darkness.

They walked a slushy path across the bridge and joined a knot of townsmen and drivers where the road dipped from the bridge and entered the water. Two rows of white post tops, the road's guard rails woven thickly with branches and debris, formed a weir that the current boiled through with a sucking sound. Further out the current swept without a ripple over the post tops.

"Is it up much since last night?" McGaffery asked the man next to him. He was the patient man who had stopped them at the bridge.

"A good six inches since dark," he said. "It'll come up some more with this snow feedin' it."

"If you had to get out of Barport," Evelyn said, "what would you do?"

"You mean a matter of life and death, ma'am, like Doctor Saunders this mornin', who had to get to a patient six miles toward Binghamton? I'd get all dressed up in high boots," his eyes twinkled, "and an old pair of pants and I'd hire me a boat. I'd ferry over to the bank yonder and hire a rig. Then I'd ferry the next place 'bout two miles past here and I'd keep on doin' that till I either got drowned, or got where I was goin'." In other words, ma'am, I'd have to want to go real bad. It's much nicer waitin'."

"I've done all the waiting I'm going to," she said.

McGaffery took her arm, but she twisted away from him.

"I'll pay anything," she said, "to get back to New York. Where are planes about here?"

The man looked at McGaffery. "Is it," he asked McGaffery the question, "a matter of life and death?"

McGaffery shook his head and took her arm again.

SHE turned and stalked up the path in the slush. McGaffery muttered, "Sorry!" to the man, and hurried after her.

"Evelyn!" he called. "Stop it."

"Stop what?" She strode through the slush. "Why must I be stuck in a place that I don't like? A muddy creek stopping me drives me wild. Why did you drive into this mess? Why do they have such things? Take me to the telephone office."

"No," he said, "not to the telephone office."

"I'm going to call New York and get us both out of here. I'll get someone who can do something."

"I'd rather you wouldn't."

"Wouldn't get someone who can do something?"

"No, it isn't that. I wish you wouldn't bother the telephone. It was frantically clogged last night—"

Mary Youngblood was still on her stool. She looked as if she had not been off it. Her face was gaunt, and there were darker circles under her eyes. The sofa had six truck-drivers crowded upon it, and a dozen more standing about leaning against the door jams and the walls. Goldstein was still there. Evelyn stalked to the switchboard.

"My name is Drake," she said. "Evelyn Harkness Drake, of New York. I want the New York operator."

He heard Mary Youngblood's reply through a wave of emotion that burned his face and his neck.

"You will have to wait, Miss Drake," she said. "There is an interminable wait on all out of town calls. I have ten calls for New York on file now. I'll enter yours."

And then Evelyn's voice, cold, imperious.

"Use my name, please. If you don't know it, they will know it in New York. Tell your chief operator she can refer to—" She wrote rapidly on the yellow telegraph pad "This one is an official of the telephone company. The other two are heads of banks. Do it," her voice was distilled haughtiness, "at once please, or it will be necessary to report you. I'll report you. If you hold me up. I do not expect to wait until a dozen truck-drivers are through."

Mary Youngblood turned her white face to McGaffery.

"Open the door," McGaffery called. He swung Evelyn up in his arms. Her arm knocked off his hat, but she did not struggle. She drew back and looked at him wide-eyed as he carried her to the roadster. As he attempted to place her on the seat her amazement left her and she fought him, white-lipped and hysterical.

"Get in," he said.

Then with cold deliberation he slapped her right cheek with his open palm. It was a ringing spank. He held her with one arm and shifted gears with the other. The roadster swung up over the kerb, but he straightened it and drove rapidly, then stopped in front of Gillespie's and sat silent for a moment.

"That's it," he said. "That's it. You're Evelyn Harkness Drake, are you? Six-million-dollar Evelyn Harkness Drake. Not to the Susquehanna River you aren't. Not right now. You are Mrs. John McGaffery. That's what you are until the water goes down. Then you can be Evelyn Harkness Drake again. That poor white-faced kid back there had not been off her stool in twenty-four hours. Those truck-drivers have half a year's pay at stake. Great heaven, Evelyn, downstream people are dying and their houses are floating away and their kids are getting drowned and you—"

Please turn to Page 42

WHEN

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THE BUSTLE has staged a fashion comeback. It represents the extreme example of the trend of the mode to emphasise the back and hips.

Fashions from Paris

Continued from Page 4

THE silhouette for day frocks is plain in front, with deep, unpressed pleats or godets at the back.

Afternoon frocks are fully flared, and evening frocks are picturesque with bustles or trains.

Small waists are accentuated to almost hour-glass proportions.

Added importance is given to the high waistline with swathing and sometimes fur trimming, or emphasised with full peplums.

Day skirts are straight, retaining their fullness with pleats or shaped sections let into the back, and are fifteen or sixteen inches from the ground.

A nostalgia for the romantic past inspires the moulded silhouette of evening frocks reminiscent of the 'eighties.

An apron effect in the front sweeps up dramatically to the back, finishing in a bustle.

Fishtail trains

THE draping in these figure-revealing models is disciplined to give fullness across the hips at the back, while the apron effect, finished in deep trills and sweeping up towards the back, preserves the close-fitting line in front, breaking into full flares below the knees.

The straight skirts of tailored evening frocks are still in the front with fishtail trains to give fullness at the back.

Suits and topcoats show a strong military influence. Military braid and cord epaulettes suggest soldiers and military bands.

Below the waist, hour-glass curves are provided by a basque cut in flares or deep pleats, spreading well over the hips or reaching three-quarter length.

Topcoats are cut double-breasted or in a wrap-over. Astrakhan or fur is used with restraint as trimming at the neckline.

Rich, supple failles, poultes, satin, moire, velvet, lame, and brocade figure in evening models, all of them materials which lend themselves to swathing and draping in the new romantic lines. Stripes are most popular. Copper and vivid blue are two outstanding colors.

Bold overchecks and tartans lend brightness to daytime frocks, and black is shown in much larger proportions, usually in facecloth or daygown. Daytime colors range through all shades of grape, brown, Indian reds, and greens.

One startling innovation is a "tense" material. It is really a combination of two materials, woven so that one stands out in relief against the other, giving the appearance of applique.

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On the Way to the Party

Continued from Page 40

"LISTEN," his words came fast as if his mind had cleared a hurdle, "when we left New York I set a spot, a spot on the road where I was going to tell you I was through. Finished, fed-up with this dry, empty thing we're rattling around in together. I've been sick of it, sick of it for weeks."

She sat completely frozen, staring at him out of a white shocked mask. "Get in that boarding house," he said, "and try to behave like a human being until we can get out of here."

She stood, her face the same white mask of bewildered horror, watching him drive away. The car awayed as if he were steering drunk.

At the telegram office he found his hat on Mary Youngblood's switchboard.

"The name," he told her, "is," he shut his lips and relished the irony for a second. "Mrs. John McGaffery. Mrs. McGaffery is not calling New York."

Goldstein eyed him as he walked up and sat wearily beside him.

"Had any luck?" McGaffery asked to break the awkward silence.

Goldstein shook his head.

"Where can I get a drink?"

"There's a couple of shots down in my cab. You can't buy any liquor here, the boys say. You can have what I got if you need it."

"I had an idea last night," McGaffery said as they walked down the street, "and it just came back to me. Are those clams of yours fit to eat?"

"A ripe one here and there. The next twenty-four hours gives them the finish. I'll get even with that river then. I'll dump them in and let it bury 'em."

"The bad ones? You can sort them out now?"

"Sure. They open a crack. They give you a wink!"

The big van housing the clams had "A. Goldstein—Seafood" written in black letters on its side.

"Wait," McGaffery said. He disappeared into a store and came out with a big bundle.

"Here," he tossed the bundle at Goldstein. It was a packet of paper bags. "Five cents a dozen." I'll pass up that liquor and be your first customer. Come on, it's something to do."

He pulled out his pocket knife.

"Well, son of a gun," said Goldstein. "Do you think—"

"Get the back of this truck open. Get up and hawk. Do I have to tell a man named Goldstein how to merchandise? Certainly you can sell them. Some of them, anyway. Enough to cut your loss."

Goldstein's gaping mouth suddenly roared a sound. He spread a sack of the clams over the truck floor as he yelled and got the paper bags ready. McGaffery, his face lifeless, opened and ate one clam after another and silently eyed the gathering throng.

"Young man," a waspish woman poked him in the back with her umbrella. "I see you eatin' those things. They're fit to eat?"

"Madam, they are the cherries of the sea."

The crowd pressed and craned their necks. Marcus, Goldstein's helper, a sleepy Jewish boy, came yawning from the bunk and rubbed his eyes as Goldstein's foghorn hawking soared over quiet Barport. McGaffery, adamant, unsmiling, still

sad, shed his coat, donned an apron made from a sack and opened clam after clam. Business began slowly, timidly at first, then it became brisk and in an hour the clams were selling like cakes. Up and down the street men were sitting on the kerbing opening and eating the strange tidbits from the far away ocean.

McGaffery sighed and lowered his tired arms. Involuntarily his head swung, as it had a score of times in the hour, toward Gillespie's. This time he saw her, not near the boarding-house, but the corner of his eye caught her just stepping into the red roadster parked not twenty feet away. Its starter ground. She dropped it into gear and before he could shout it had splashed through a puddle and was away. It went straight on through the two blocks of the business part of town and was gone.

"The little fool," he said. "Oh, the little fool."

There was a clam in his hand and automatically his knife blade slid between its lips and scooped its meat free.

"Hey," Goldstein ran to him from the front of the truck, pulling on a short rubber coat. He had on boots. "Come on," he shouted. "Come on, you've got to follow her. What is she, nuts?"

"You saw her go?"

"Yeah! There's a mounie around here somewhere. We'll get him and his car. If she gets off the main road she's in mud like soup, or a busted axle, or a broken neck. She was goin' hell bent. Is she nuts?"

"Yes," McGaffery said. They were both running down the main street. "She's desperate. Penned up here, you know—"

THE PENNSYLVANIA

State Constabulary have dark-blue cars with gold seals painted on the doors and rich-throated sirens. Goldstein sat in the back seat and leaned forward with his head between McGaffery and the broad-shouldered trooper driver.

"We'll take the main drag and run it out," the trooper said. "There's about ten miles open. Then there's a fence rail barricade and someone on duty with a flag."

McGaffery held his hands clenched in his lap and said softly over and over again. "Please God, take care of that little fool. Please let me find that little crazy, lovely Evelyn."

But there was no finding her. There were, as the trooper said, about twenty cross-roads. They looked good, most of them, until they fell apart, a mile, two miles back in the country. They were caved in, washed out, frost holed. There were trees that had been carried down and thrust half-way out in the roadway. McGaffery drew the pattern of his tyres for the trooper as well as he could remember it with a stick in the mud. His hand shook holding the stick so badly he had to stop and sit down. Goldstein sat down beside him.

"Oh heaven," McGaffery said. "I should have taken the tip." He rubbed his forehead with his muddy palm and closed his eyes. "There was the tip right before my eyes. I should have waited for that river."

"What do you mean, 'waited for the river?'" Goldstein said.

"I busted her up," he said. "The river told me to keep my mouth shut. Just as if it could talk, it told me. But I let it go."

"For the love of Pete," Goldstein said, "that's crazy talk. We'll get her. What do you say, Sarg?"

"If we are lucky," the trooper said. "There's about an hour more light. There's one thing, though. The flood's goin' down. I don't think, if she's in water, it will get any worse around here."

"In water—?" McGaffery rose to his feet in agony.

The leaden sluggish twilight closed. "This one?" the trooper held his wheel beside a crossing. "I don't think this one."

Goldstein shook his head helplessly. "It looks bad to begin with," the trooper explained. "It leads back to the river. A woman would pass it up."

McGaffery opened his weary, tragic eyes. "Take it," he said. "That's just the kind of a road the little—she'd take. Take it."

"All right," the trooper said. "Your orders. It's a dandy. If I tear this car up—"

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION from 2GB

Every day from 4 to 4.30 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, August 9: Dorotha Vautier in Hollywood.

THURSDAY, August 10: June Marsden—Astrology for children.

FRIDAY, August 11: June Marsden—General astrology.

SATURDAY, August 12: Music in the News.

SUNDAY, August 13: June Marsden—Astrology for business folk.

MONDAY, August 14: June Marsden—General astrology.

TUESDAY, August 15: June Marsden—Astrology for women.

"A new one," McGaffery said. "I cover you. Only—" his voice shrilled, "get me to her."

The road was macadam, horribly broken and old. It swung, as the trooper said, back towards the river. The trooper switched on his headlights. The road was apparently little travelled and its shoulders were overgrown with weeds.

"I don't think," the trooper said, "we can go on much further. As I remember there is a low place up here that must be under water. The river is close here. It is right over—"

The car lifted up over a rise and he slammed on his brakes.

It was too late. The road had caved in on the right side and a red clay bank lay directly under them as slimy as grease. The car skidded and splashed into sandy water.

"There go our lights," the trooper shouted. "Everybody all—" his "right" sounded in darkness.

McGaffery had caught the spot of red in the spilt second of their descent. It was far ahead in the water. The instant thought that if he could see it, any part of it, above water he could get to it, flashed through his mind, but he would have gone in any case. He was floundering waist deep in the muddy water with their calls shouting to him to come back, far behind him before he came to any coolness of mind. He called to her.

She was standing on the fender when his hands reached out in darkness toward the white that was her face.

"Oh, darling," he said, and folded her.

She was soft and trembling, then she stiffened against him.

"Say it was a lie! Say it was a lie!" she cried. "I love you so you've got to say it was a lie!"

"Of course," he said, almost drunkenly. "It was a lie. I lost my head. I didn't know what I was saying. Nothing matters now you're safe and you love me."

"I'll do anything you want—anything. I'll be anything you want. Why didn't you tell me? Why didn't you slap me before?"

"Sh-h-h-h," he said. "Forget it."

"Johnny," she asked, "where am I?"

"In the river."

"Back in the river? Not that hateful river?"

"Yes," he said, "the river. We're just a couple of little fools, but there's a friend," he nodded out at the sound of the current, "the Saquehanna River."

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WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE-

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The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Wind blows up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel worn, tired and weary and the world looks black. Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmon, gentle yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. L.A.



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BY 1-3

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Lustre

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N.L.

Exotic...



A wreath of apple blossom with an emerald veil



Susie's orchard hat with a bunch of ripe pears.



Talbot's guileless bonnet



Top heavy with red roses



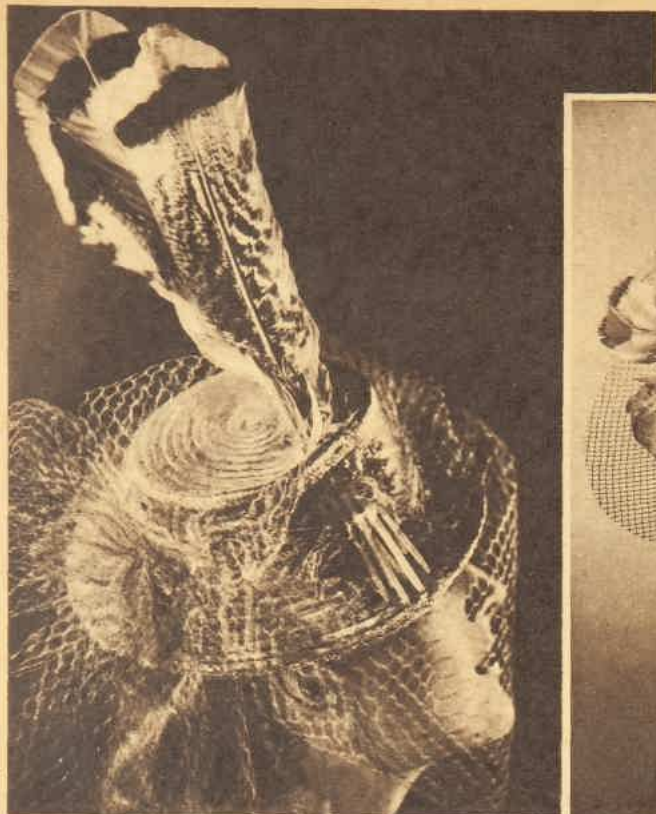
Susie's strawberry patch on a white satin Breton.

Rover



Frills of lace and blue velvet.

VEILED LADIES . . .



• YELLOW MESH VEILING and a bunch of quills stuck through a boater forecast a spring success by Louise Bourbon.



• ROSE DESCAT combines stiffened tulle, cyclamen and violet feathers, and spotted veiling.



• AGNES revives the gossamer in her "mystery" veil of mist sheer worn over a pastel-blue felt.



• A SUZY SHINY STRAW in cyclamen — a spotted veil to match! For extra flattery you'll use cyclamen rouge and lipstick!



• YARDS AND YARDS of blue veiling make this toque, offset with velvet bows. Veiling tied "fascinator" fashion, under the chin, floats in the breeze. Bruyere.

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Satin, beloved of women, is cleverly combined by Berlei with lovely laces and exclusive elastic weaves to create foundations that work wonders in glamorising your figure. Some are sleekly tailored from supple plain-weave satin. Others, like the Controletto illustrated, are of figured satin in exclusive designs.

Boning, in these slinky satin figure-moulders, is reduced to a comfortable minimum. A few short bones in front to keep your tummy under control, but they're cleverly concealed in the lining so that they don't make ridges in your frock. At the back, often, there is a panel of satin lastex that stretches when you bend (marvellous for freedom). Suspenders, you'll note, are smooth Velvet Grips—easy on your stockings, and so flat that they never make "humps" beneath your skirt. The prices will give you a pleasant surprise. Some satin Berleis cost as little as 13/6.

TAKE YEARS OFF YOUR FIGURE WITH A

Berlei

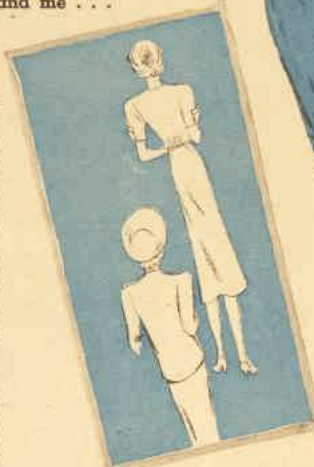
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● Blue . . . beloved by those great ladies, Queen Elizabeth, Eleanor Roosevelt, Madame Lebrun . . . not to mention you and me . . . Here it is.

THESE sketches of frocks by famous designers were air-mailed by Mary St. Claire. Individual hand-cut patterns are available for these and for all other fashions featured in this portfolio of spring fashions. The price of these specially-cut patterns is 3/6. Write to our pattern department for self-measurement form.



● MOLYNEUX'S AFTER-NOON DRESS of blue crepe, with reversible short jacket lined with white.



● BRUYERE'S AFTERNOON ENSEMBLE. Tailored coat of blue wool georgette. Dress of dotted surah in matching shade. Pique trimming details.



● MARTIAL ARMAND'S DEEP BLUE DRESS with front of white rosalia crepe.



● MAINBOCHER'S TAILORED WHITE SHANTUNG with ivory flower buttons, blue suede belt and matching accessories.



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● **ENSEMBLE FOR SPRING:** Fern-green light wool coat allied to a printed silk dress with pleated skirt.

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● **ON GENEROUS LINES**, by Bruyere is this coat of pale blue woollen fabric embroidered in wine wool stitchery, worn over a frock of plain wine crepe which matches embroidery and gloves.



Ventriloquist's rise to radio fame

Session to be heard now throughout Australia

Eighteen months ago a quiet-spoken, 25-year-old South Australian ventriloquist made his first radio appearance at Station 5DN, Adelaide.

Within the next few weeks his broadcasts will be relayed four nights each week to every State in the Commonwealth.



MAL. VERO and "GINGER"

THAT, in brief, is the story of the meteoric rise of Mal Vero and "Ginger" — his "talking" doll.

Vero's success in Adelaide came almost overnight. Then his session was extended to Melbourne.

Sydney is now hearing his novel act from 3GB.

In addition, his programme is relayed all over the Macquarie network country stations in Victoria and South Australia, and arrangements are being made for the extension of the programme to every Macquarie station throughout the Commonwealth.

Mal Vero's rise in many ways parallels the story of Charlie McCarthy in the United States. McCarthy topped the annual poll of American radio editors for 1938 as the most popular session on the air.

Vero has produced a brand of humor that is typically Australian. He has already received an amazing "fan" mail.

Recently the management of 5DN invited applications for tickets to see Mal and "Ginger" as they put their show over. They were soon swamped with 8000 letters.

Vero and "Ginger" have now joined the staff of the Macquarie Broadcasting network—an innovation in Australian commercial radio. For his services the young South Australian collects what are probably the highest fees ever paid to an Australian artist engaged in work of this kind.

WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Australian Astrological Research Society

Leonians are born showmen, whether the "show" is for an audience of one or of thousands. They like to do nice things and do them nicely.

AT the same time, Leonians (those born between July 23 and August 24) must accomplish things in a rather big way to be truly happy in life. They like thoroughly to enjoy life, and have a good time, too, but when it comes to a final showdown between pleasure and success they will almost surely choose to expend their energies in showing the world how really capable and good they are.

When a Leonian does set out seriously to prove himself, it behoves the opposition to get busy. He is persuasive, ardent, mentally keen, physically active, and genuinely capable, and once started on a campaign is not an easy person to side-step or to stop. He is likely to be so intense about his own activities that he may not even see those who get in his way.

Charm that wins

HIS "charge" will continue unabated, and all that those in his path can do is dodge quickly and try to re-organise their affairs and plan a still better campaign.

It must be a good one, too, if it is to prevail. The Leonian is neither slow nor impracticable. He is confident, proud, decisive, active, enthusiastic, and, though idealistic, is not a "pipe-dreamer."

Furthermore, he (or she) is the possessor of rare charm. Not that this element in the make-up is

The Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Fortune runs with you. At this time, contemplated plans and changes may be attempted with confidence, especially on August 14 and 15. Waste no time then, for enterprises commenced under existing starry influences bid fair to succeed.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Live quietly and try to avoid all changes and upsets. Be particularly cautious on August 14 and 15.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Fair enough for most Geminians on August 19 and 20.

CANCER (June 23 to July 23): Just a week of days for most Cancerians. August 12 and 13 just fair.

LEO (July 24 to August 24): Hard-working Leonians should get good results from their efforts at this time, especially from anything commenced on August 14 and 15. But don't be over-confident. Go after the things you want, but plan with wisdom. Your chances of being successful are unusually good.

VIRGO (August 25 to September 23): Unspectacular. August 16 and 17 just fair.

LIRA (September 24 to October 24): Small opportunities can be found by lively Lirians at this time. Hard work on August 18 and 19 is advised.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Don't go around with a chip on your shoulder. You are sure to find someone bigger and better to knock it off. In short, trouble is out looking for unwary Scorpions, and will be particularly active on August 14 and 15. Wise Scorpions will "turn the other cheek" if trouble catches up with them on these days.

SAGITTARIUS (November 24 to December 23): Make the most of your chances. New enterprises or changes begun on August 14 and 15 can pay high dividends to Sagittarians whose plans are ready.

CAPRICORN (December 24 to January 20): Routine tasks best. August 16 and 17 just fair.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 19): Watch out for Old Man Trouble. Be your nicest to other people, and avoid all risks and changes, especially on August 14 and 15.

PISCES (February 20 to March 21): Although your starry helpers are weak just now, all important matters should be finished, if possible, August 12 and 13 weak but favorable.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

IN LONDON & NEW YORK

Throughout the World, including England and America, more Beauty Editors praise Kathleen Court's "Facial Youth" than any other Beauty Cream. Specialists agree that the "Facial Youth" formula represents the most practical form of treatment make-up ever devised. Containing priceless Vitamins, the skin rejuvenating element, exclusive to Kathleen Court, it gives a more exquisite softness to the skin, holds powder better, corrects the signs of ageing and of dietary blemishes more perfectly—more surely. And the cost of this superlative aid to swift loveliness is small—Tubes 1/3 and 1/6. Jars 2/6, of Chemists and Stores. If you have any difficulty in securing, however, write direct to Miss Kathleen Court, Shell House, Carrington St., Sydney.

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Beauty Specialist's Grey Hair Secret

Tells How to Make Simple Remedy to Darken Grey Hair at Home.

Sister Hope, a popular beauty specialist of Sydney, recently gave out this advice about grey hair:—Anyone can easily prepare a simple mixture at home, at very little cost, to darken grey, streaked or faded hair and make it soft, lustrous and free of dandruff. Mix the following yourself to save unnecessary expense:—To a half-pint of water, add 1 ounce of Bay Rum, a small box of Orlex Compound and 1 ounce of Glycerine. These can be obtained at any chemist's. Apply to the hair a couple of times a week until the desired shade results. Years of age should fall from the appearance of any grey-haired person using this preparation. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off.

THE DOCTOR'S DIARY

This diagnosis applies to you if you are subject to Rheumatism—Arthritis—Backache—Muscular Pains—High Blood Pressure—Sick Kidneys



DOCTOR (Examining Patient): "This pain in your back. Just what do you feel?"
PATIENT: "Sometimes it's a steady ache; other times a series of stabbing pains a little on one side."
(Doctor thinks—"Kidneys")
DOCTOR: "You say your shoulders ache, also your arms and legs?"
PATIENT: "Yes. I've had that for a long time."
(Doctor thinks—"Rheumatism")
DOCTOR: "Do you find it an effort to get up after stooping?"
PATIENT: "Yes, Doctor. My legs get cramped and stiff when I stoop or bend for any time."
(Doctor thinks—"Muscular rheumatism")
DOCTOR: "Do you find your joints creak when bending or walking up steps?"
PATIENT: "Yes, it feels as if the bones in my ankles are grinding together."
(Doctor thinks—"Tendency to arthritis")
DOCTOR: "Do you find it necessary to 'get up' out of bed during the night?"
PATIENT: "Yes I do. Lately it disturbs me more frequently."
(Doctor thinks—"Bladder trouble")
DOCTOR: "When you wake up in the morning, are your eyes puffed and puffy?"
PATIENT: "Yes, Doctor. I've noticed that it is getting more pronounced, too."
(Doctor thinks—"Excess of uric acid")
DOCTOR: "I must talk frankly to you. Do you want to become a chronic invalid, crippled with rheumatism or arthritis—useless to yourself and a nuisance to everyone else?"
PATIENT: "Of course I don't, Doctor. Why such an awful question?"
DOCTOR: "Because, as a result of my examination, I find you have been neglecting yourself for some time past. Too much strain has been put upon your kidneys, which have become weakened and unable to filter away the uric acid."
PATIENT: "I suppose that accounts for the pain and stiffness in my limbs and shoulders?"
DOCTOR: "Partly. It also accounts for the pains you get in the back and for having to get up during the night."

Thousands of people experience conditions similar to the above diagnosis, particularly during the change of seasons. If you suffer from Rheumatism, Kidney Troubles, High Blood Pressure, Flashes to Neck and Face, Backache or Bladder troubles, get a flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids from your Chemist. A pure herbal remedy. Menthoids can only do you good and can be taken with safety by even the most delicate patient.

FREE Diet Chart
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"After suffering for nearly 3 years with indigestion and stomach trouble I could not eat or sleep; I starved and was always in agony," says Mrs. Barbara White, of P.O. Belgrave, S. Victoria. "I saw an advertisement for De Witt's Antacid Powder and bought a tin. Before it was half used I had relief, and am now as well as I was 40 years ago. I am just on 70 years of age and can get about like a 40-year-old."

De Witt's Antacid Powder is the modern remedy for indigestion and all stomach troubles. Get a canister to-day. Then you can eat what you like and enjoy every meal.

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"LISTEN to him!" mocked Robin. "Always thinking of his stomach. Low hound. Of course, though, it's what the Army marches on. Gay, did you know Michael was in the Army? He's so energetic. Philip and I are just lounge lizards. Michael's our brave soldier. Look at the moustache! If you'd known the trouble he took growing it! I believe he counted every little hair! Isn't it sweet?"

"More than you've got," said Michael amiably. He was without ill-humor, and Gail remembered that he had always been the one who didn't mind being teased.

"Are you really in the Army, Michael?" she asked.

"Yes, for my sins. I'm on leave now, though. I'm riding in the point-to-point races here next month. Red King and I are training like mad."

"I can hear the house stirring," remarked Philip indifferently. "Come along, Gail. Let's have a cigarette in the garden."

After that, everything became completely changed for Gail. She was no longer alone and frightened. Of course, the district had immediately taken up the Randalls. Two extremely eligible young men and an improbably, heartbreakingly beautiful young couple were something to thank Heaven for in Heathdene society. Nevertheless, in a sense they remained Gail's, bound to her by all those intimate early memories. When she went to parties now, she was happily conscious of Michael's smiling face, of Robin's eager, careless friendship, and of Philip's deep eyes, holding a special message for her, so that it seemed to her as though the two of them were alone, shut right away from all the other people.

Then, one bright day some six weeks after his arrival, Michael came leaping over the stream and striding up the garden to find her.

"Gail. The point-to-point races are to-morrow. You're coming to see me ride, aren't you? Will you join our party, Gail? We're starting early and taking a picnic lunch. Please say you'll come!"

"Thank you," said Gail. "I think it will be lovely."

Dreams Come True

Continued from Page 5

She dressed with special care the next morning. Her mirror told her that she looked small and trim and distinguished, without being conspicuous. In fact, just right. Oh, if only Philip would approve, and be proud of her! If only he could be made to feel that she was just the right person to be always by his side! Gail's heart beat high with hope as she took her place in Philip's big saloon car. He was driving, with Claudia, dark and exquisite, beside him. Gail sat between Robin and Michael in the back. She liked that. She could watch Philip's enigmatic profile all the time, without his knowing it.

The cars were parked in a field set a little way back from the actual course. There were already several rows of them by the time Gail and the Randalls arrived. The big car bumped into place over the uneven ground, and as they descended themselves, somebody called to them gaily. Gail, looking round, saw Marcia Baring, tall and dark and vivid like a gipsy, not three cars away from them.

It was at that moment that things began to go wrong. At Philip's suggestion, the two parties joined forces, and everybody seemed delighted, except Gail, whom nobody consulted. They undid the big wicker basket on the grass, Michael taking it upon himself to act as host, or rather as Master of the Picnic Basket. The others stood round, or sat on the running-boards of the car, holding bottles and sandwiches, teasing him unmercifully, and laughing a great deal. It was gay, informal, friendly, and Gail was furious with herself for not enjoying it more.

But, somehow, Marcia was at even more than her best. She was vital and arresting, like a dark flame, the inevitable centre of attention, skillfully and subtly gathering everyone's interest to herself. Once again, Gail began to know the dreadful, familiar sensation of being shut out. Then Michael smiled at her and she felt, slightly better.

After they had finished lunch, they packed up the basket again and made their way through a gap in the hedge, across a grass field, and up on to the top of the hill, which served as a paddock and grandstand all at once. Michael consulted his programme.

"I'm performing in this race," he said. "But it's early yet, so I've a bit of breathing-space. This is rather a bad course for seeing—they go off behind that ridge of trees. Shall I take you down to the water-jump? It's more thrilling to watch from there."

Gail looked round before replying. Although he had been behind her a second ago, there was no sign of Philip now. Somehow he had been swallowed up in the crowd. With a vague feeling of discomfort tugging at her heart, she agreed indifferently to Michael's proposal, and the next minute he was piloting her down the side of the hill, among a stream of people all going in the same direction. They went across two fields, through a couple of hedges, and then Gail and Michael were almost alone.

Michael took her arm. "Come along," he said. "Let's inspect this jump. I was round look-

ing over the course a week ago, and it seemed pretty stiff to me. I want reussuring!"

They pushed their way through the hedge and stood behind the water-jump. The thick fenced-up brushwood looked very high—almost taller than Gail.

"Is there much water on the other side?" she asked, and, without waiting for Michael to reply, she put her foot on the narrow bar which held the brushwood in place, and, pulling herself up by the top of the hedge, balancing herself carefully, she looked over.

In the shadow of the tall hedge, all pale with the tender green of spring, stood Philip and Marcia. He had one arm across her shoulders, and he was kissing her carelessly on the lips.

For a moment the world seemed to go blank. Gail stood poised above the jump, unable to move or speak or think. Marcia's light voice reached her ears, cool and possessive.

"A bit rapid, aren't you, my sweet? Though heaven knows we've waited long enough. I thought we should never get away from Love's Young Dream!"

"Well, the child's fond of me," said Philip, in his clipped, precise manner. "Come, Marcia."

There was a light laugh from Marcia, and then a rather breathless silence. With a little gasp, Gail dropped back from her perch, stumbled, and was caught and steadied by Michael's strong grip.

It wasn't possible. Oh, it couldn't be true! Not Philip. And Marcia. Hadn't she always known that Marcia . . .

Gail became aware suddenly that she was standing with Michael's arms round her. She gave her head a little, bemused shake. She must pull herself together, and behave naturally before Michael. Quick, now, anything, so as not to have to think of what she had just seen. She laughed wildly.

"Listen, Michael, what a noise those people on the hill are making. Isn't it funny, the way you can make out the voices of the tipsters? They do carry, though they are so husky. Such a lot of people—Michael—"

Michael's hand closed over hers. His voice was very firm and gentle.

"Yes, Gail, I know. Listen, my dear. I've got to go up and get ready for my race. I shall take you up and leave you with Robin and Claudia. Gail, you'll look out for me, won't you? For me and Red King. You know my colors, don't you? Blue hoops on a silver ground. You'll be sure of seeing me, won't you, Gail, my dear?"

"Yes, Michael. Red King. Blue hoops on a silver ground. I'll look out for you, Michael."

With his hand still firmly grasping her elbow, he led her away from the water-jump, back towards one of the fences nearer the start, where Robin and Claudia had taken up their position in the midst of a crowd of other people. It was not until he had finally pushed her gently in beside Claudia that Gail remembered that Michael was so tall that he must have seen over the top of the water-jump.

Then he had seen—them. And understood.

Please turn to Page 52

SCHOOLGIRL

MUMMY SAYS

I CAN THANK REXONA FOR MY NICE CLEAR SKIN, BECAUSE SHE STARTED ME OFF ON REXONA WHEN I WAS A BABY.



Rexona Proprietary Limited

Healthy Legs For All!

Elasto, the Wonder Tablet

Take It! and Stop Limping

LEG aches and pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. From the very first dose you begin to experience improved general health with greater buoyancy, a lighter step, and an increased sense of well-being. Painful, swollen (varicose) veins are restored to a healthy condition, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds become clean and healthy and quickly heal, the heart becomes steady, rheumatism simply fades away and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, although the relief does seem magical; it is the natural result of revitalized blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto, the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.

Elasto Will Lighten Your Step!

You naturally ask—what is Elasto? This question is fully answered in a highly instructive booklet which explains in simple language how Elasto acts through the blood. Your copy is free—see offer below. Every sufferer should test this wonderful new Biological Remedy, which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force; overcomes sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own great powers of healing. Nothing ever remotely resembling Elasto has ever been offered to the general public before; it makes you look and feel years younger, and it is the pleasantest, the cheapest and the most effective remedy ever devised.

Send for FREE Booklet.

Simply send your name and address to ELASTO, Box 1552E, Sydney, for your FREE copy of the interesting Elasto booklet. Or better still get a supply of Elasto (with booklet so handy to read) straight to-day and use for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes. Obtainable from chemists and stores everywhere. Price 7/6 per month's supply.

HELP STOMACH DIGEST FOOD

With Triple-Action Remedy

and You'll Eat Like a Horse

Your system should digest two pounds of food daily and in this work minute glands in mouth, stomach, liver and pancreas, act play their part. When you eat heavy, greasy or rich foods, or when you have nervousness through your meals, your digestive system becomes upset and either too much or too little of these vital digestive juices is poured out. Then your food does not digest and you have gas, heartburn, nausea, pain after food—in fact you feel wretchedly ill and miserable. Alkaline powders and similar digestants are often useless, but thousands of people have found Mother Seigel's Stomach Remedy to be a combination of herbal extracts which stimulate the salivary, stomach and liver glands to normal action and so the food is accomplished eating, becomes a pleasure and that sour, sick, depressed condition becomes a thing of the past. Ask for and insist on getting genuine Mother Seigel's Stomach

What's the Answer?

Test your knowledge on these questions:

- 1.—John Dory is—
An Irish tenor — A film star — A type of aeroplane — A fish.
- 2.—Which of these names does not belong to the Dionne Quintuplets—
Emilie — Yvonne — Marie — Annette — Jeanette — Cecile — Eugenie.
- 3.—An amanuensis is—
A perennial plant—An ailment affecting the blood vessels — A secretary — A Greek god — A punctuation sign.
- 4.—The capital of Iceland is—
Popocatepetl — Vladivostok — Nijni Novgorod — Omsk — Reykjavik.
- 5.—Who was the first Prime Minister of Australia?
Sir Isaac Isaacs — W. M. Hughes — Sir Edmund Barton — Alfred Deakin.
- 6.—If someone showed you a show, it would be an
Egyptian coin—Arabian boat—Indian knife—Turkish head-dress.
- 7.—Who was it that first declared that England's frontier is now the Rhine?
Winston Churchill — Hitler — Earl Baldwin — Lady Asquith — Mr. Chamberlain — Anthony Eden.
- 8.—Which of these were visited by Gulliver.
Cathay—Atlantis — Broddingnag—Golconda—Laputa—Japan.
- 9.—Who said, "Whither thou goest I shall go"—
David to Jonathan — Antony to Cleopatra — Ananias to Sapphira — Dante to Beatrice — Ruth to Naomi — Juliet to Romeo?
- 10.—An Australian, W. H. Donald, has become famous for his work in
India—Czechoslovakia—America—China—Ireland—Japan.

Answers on Page 52.

Introducing

"GINGER"

with his pal, MAL VERCO

Adelaide said: "Tops in Laughs."

Melbourne said: "The Ace Comedy of the Air."

NOW SYDNEY IS TO HEAR

THE LAUGH SENSATION OF RADIO

2GB Mon. Tues. 7.30 p.m.
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(Presented by Wrigleys)

Prizes for Letters

Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published. Address "So They Say," The Australian Women's Weekly. Full address will be found at top of page 3.



PLAN FOR LIFE

HOW glorious is the gift of life!

The realisation of our possible achievements is thrilling, and circumstance has little to do with our happiness, the point of which is entirely within ourselves.

If we do the best with everything we have—make our surroundings more pleasant, care for our bodies and enrich our minds, realising where improvement can be made, there are surprising and satisfying results. The essentials are within the reach of all, and knowledge, if sought, is usually found.

Southey says: "Be sure no man was ever discontented with the world who did his duty in it."

We are often disappointed, but life would be tame if everything went according to our planning. "Easy victory is poor triumph," anyway.

For this letter to Miss M. de J. Robin, 39 East Pde., Kensington, S.A.

DISCUSS ILLNESS

MANY women will persist in looking for sympathy by talking of their past or present operations or illnesses.

At meetings or social gatherings, the chief subject seems to be that of sickness.

I once heard a women's club referred to as the "Allment Club," and it really did deserve that title.

You may feel sure your doctor has never seen a case like yours, but why try to give others that impression?

Mrs. Laurel Moehad, Bonalbo, N.S.W.

HELP FAMILY

ISN'T it true that many of us are unwilling to do for our own families what we will do gladly for friends or even acquaintances?

Husbands refuse to take their wives out shopping in the car, yet they will drive miles out of their way to take a friend on an errand.

Men are not only to be blamed in this matter. Wives, sisters and daughters are all inclined to help people outside their families when a request made in the home meets with a refusal or ungracious compliance.

Miss Nellie Brown, 11 Hay St., New Town, Tas.

TYPED LETTERS

CAN a girl have any sentiment who uses a typewriter instead of penning her personal letters?

It is impossible to imagine any of the great letters of history being tapped out on the keys of the typewriter.

A machine meant to expedite business is unfitted to convey any warmth of feeling in personal letters.

Modern labor-saving aids are splendid in their place, but it is difficult to understand the apparent casualness of young people in such a matter as this.

R. A. Paterson, 23 McKenzie St., Seaford, Vic.

EDUCATION SYSTEM

WE have a standard system of defence in Australia, so why should we not have a standard system of education?

I have been to six different schools in three States, and my work has suffered considerably.

If the work of the parent of a pupil takes the family to different States for a year or two at a time, it is most difficult for the student to adapt himself to the differing systems of education.

Alan Maxwell Rankin, The Esplanade, Southport, Qld.

Should boys learn sewing while at school?

AS a sewing teacher of the Department of Education, I think Miss Harding (22/7/39), that the idea of sewing instruction for boys is rather impractical.

When one considers the great number of boys in our schools and the thousands of pounds annually that this tuition would cost, surely such expenditure could be put to a more profitable use by teaching the boys some other subject more closely allied to their particular requirements.

Mrs. E. C. Symons, Public School, Colando, Leeton, N.S.W.

Liked work

AT one school in England where I taught, the boys were instructed to patch, darn and sew buttons on properly. In the higher grades the boys made their own stockings and pullovers, and very good work they did, too.

They were very interested and pleased with their efforts. The boys and girls displayed their work annually, and prizes were awarded.

Mrs. Nancy Parnaby, 98A Thompson St., Williamstown W16, Vic.

Not practical

I DO not think it a good idea for the Education Department to teach boys to mend and patch their own clothes.

Teachers are much better employed teaching our boys those subjects which will help them to obtain employment after they leave school.

After all, there is always a mother and later on a wife willing to mend and patch for her menfolk.

A. M. Dow, 48 Queen St., Maryborough, Qld.

Would be useful

WHEN he was a schoolboy, my son would have laughed to scorn the idea that he should learn to do his own sewing.

Now he is on a lonely station outback, and he often writes and tells me of his efforts to darn his socks or patch his shirts.

I expect that if I could see the result of his labors I would be horrified, and I wish now I had at least taught him some elementary needlecraft.

Mrs. T. L. Field, Robert St., Croydon, S.A.

Women's Job

IF a woman does not mend the clothes of her husband and sons, she is guilty of neglect.

Even though there is nothing against a man or a boy learning to sew, it is part of the woman's job as a mother and a wife to do the mending.

D. Gamble, Gas Office, 92 George St., Brisbane.

Own tasks best

WHEN it was once suggested to my young brothers that they should learn to sew they were highly



Can darn his own socks.

indignant, and said they would be the laughing stock of all the other boys at school.

However, after some thought, one of them came to me, and said that if I would chop the wood, mow the lawn, and light the fires, he would learn to darn his socks, which happened to be my task.

I then decided that I would rather he did his jobs and left me mine.

Miss Jean Bell, Queenstown, Tas.

Modern progress compared with early times

IT is doubtful whether we can honestly refer to the world to-day as "progressing," L. Smith (22/7/39), but I do not think many people would care to go back to mud huts and living in trees.

Still, when we consider the frightful devastation in Spain and China, and know that the keenest brains in chemistry and engineering are busily inventing gases and machinery for the destruction of mankind, the world seems a shameful example of "progress."

Mrs. A. C. Sprawson, 18 Murray St., Coburg N13, Vic.

Too speedy

THERE is a medium in all things, and I think most of us enjoyed life more when it wasn't quite so complicated as it is to-day.

Everything is so speedy nowadays that we cannot find time to admire the beautiful scenery around us. If we go for a trip, the only important thing about it seems to be the number of miles we can cover in the shortest possible time.

This should be named the Rush Age! But is it progress?

Mrs. R. Fletcher, 22 Wade St., Campsie, N.S.W.

More benefits

HOW many people would want to go back to the days where life was simple, perhaps, in tempo, but

Need knowledge of foreign politics

DOES one Australian woman in fifty understand what the Nazi, Fascist, and Communist movements stand for? I think not.

Could not the Education Departments publish each month in the higher grade school papers simple lectures on such subjects?

While young Australians were learning of the possible political dangers ahead, their mothers could also learn.

We should not leave the knowledge of modern foreign politics only to the men.

Miss M. Muir, Carngaham, Vic.

Lacking all the benefits which we have gained to-day through the aid of science?

Though we may point to the unrest of the world to-day as indicating poor progress, the desire to fight has always been part of the struggle for existence, even in the mud-hut days.

H. C. Cameron, Beach Rd., Brighton, S.A.

Is dangerous

MANY people have cause to hate and fear our so-called "progress."

As civilisation advances, real religion seems to be given less thought.

Better facilities for education have given people an exaggerated idea of their power.

The mad whirl of pleasure is too absorbing, thanks to "progress." Eventually, progress will cause our downfall, by the gradual disintegration of our character.

G. Cantrill, 104 Dudley St., Punchbowl, N.S.W.

Like comfort

SURELY it is fantastic to suggest that we should go back to the days of living in mud huts, or in trees.

Our forefathers may have found pleasure in such an uncomfortable existence, but that was because they had no knowledge of any other.

The person accustomed to the comforts of modern life would soon be calling for the "progressive" age of 1939.

Miss C. Dale, P.O., Cloncurry, Qld.

Is money wasted when spent on big weddings?

I HEARTILY endorse your comments on the money wasted in elaborate wedding ceremonies, Miss Sampson (22/7/39).

Financial security is difficult of



Bridal finery brings happiness.

attainment for most young couples, and any money that could be invested in a home and its furnishings will bring in dividends.

Mrs. E. Kellie, 18 Canfield Ave., Hollywood, Adelaide.

Save Expense

THERE is a lot of expense incurred for a large wedding, but why not a quiet one, with only near friends present?

As her wedding-day is the one big day of a girl's life, I certainly think at least some special attention should be given to dressing for it.

Miss I. Withers, Longwood, Vic.

Help future

MUCH money is spent on elaborate weddings, Miss Sampson, which if spent otherwise would go a long way towards giving the young people a good start in life.

I have known wise brides, who have accepted a cheque from their parents in place of the usual wedding breakfast with its heavy expense.

Mary Barker, Alice St., Maryborough, Qld.

Start a Controversy

Write briefly, giving your views on any subject you please. Controversial letters are welcome. Letters sent to other papers are not accepted. Pen names are not permitted.

CONSIDERATE MEN

DO women like "cavemen" tactics?

In the minds of some men there still lingers a belief that they do. They really think a woman enjoys being roughly seized and given a bear-like hug.

But women have long passed that stage, if ever they did like it, which I doubt.

In the hustle and bustle of modern life, the man who is most successful with women is the one who has time to be considerate and gentle.

Tenderness is a quality of which we hear little in this hard-boiled age, but those who display it will always be appreciated by women.

Mrs. J. R. Cress, Campbell St., Bowen Hills N1, Brisbane.

FOOTBALL FEVER

DURING the winter months 80 per cent. of the male population is infected with football fever.

Each week-end brings its toll of black eyes, scratched faces, broken arms, broken legs, and dislocated collar-bones.

Men say that football is no more dangerous than any other sport, but with such evidence before my eyes I must disagree.

Miss Margaret Curtis, c/o Post Office, Balmain, N.S.W.

DESTROY TICKETS

HOW many people are there who can sit in a tram and hold their tickets ready for possible inspection?

It's amazing when one looks around a crowded tram to see just how many people there are twisting, turning, folding, and even tearing into tiny pieces their tram tickets.

What embarrassment ensues when the inspector finds he has to wait precious minutes while people piece together or struggle to unfold scraps of paper. It's another symptom of a restless age, I suppose.

Mrs. E. Duffy, 72 Molesworth St., North Melbourne N1.

10
Policemen were asked

What shoe polish do you prefer?

8
Policemen replied -

"Nugget"—it gives the brightest shine and keeps out the wet

the 9th added -

And the shine lasts all day

and the 10th

-a smart man - a Sergeant, added -

There's nothing to beat that "twist-open" tin.

QUALITY OF WAX is the secret of shine—and of preservation against the wet, too. The finest shining waxes in the world are blended in "Nugget." No other polish is so good in all weathers.

"NUGGET"

SHOE POLISH

How to keep False Teeth REALLY clean



Pour a capful of 'Steradent' into a glass containing sufficient warm water (not hot) to cover the dentures. Stir well. Put in your dentures and leave them while you dress or overnight. Take them out and rinse thoroughly under the tap.

Every stain vanishes. Mucin film is removed. Dingy, yellow teeth become 'live', lustrous, natural-looking. 'Steradent' is harmless to Dentures. It is sold at all chemists, 2/- and 3/6.

TRIAL OFFER: Send 2d. in stamps for trial supply to Reckitts (Over Sea) Ltd., Box 2515 N.B., G.P.O., Sydney, and mention the name of this paper.

Steradent
CLEANS AND STERILIZES FALSE TEETH

WHOOPEE

IT'S TIME
FOR ME TO
TAKE MY...

CALIFIG
NATURE'S OWN LAXATIVE
California Syrup of Figs

As Gail stood there, oblivious of everything except her own pain, a hot wave of shame and anger broke over her. For in that moment of complete revelation she had seen something which was far more horrible and hurtful even than the actual knowledge that Philip was not, and had never been anywhere near being, in love with her.

Philip was not deep and secret and exciting, like the dark river-pools. He had never been enigmatic and mysterious—only to her romantic self. He was just a shallow, casual, sophisticated young man, extremely conscious of his own attraction for women.

"I think my heart is broken," said Gail to herself, and then Robin clutched her arm.

"Look, Gay. They're going down to the start. I can see him—I can see Red King. Can you, Claudia?"

He pointed, and Gail obediently looked in the direction of his finger. "I hope Michael wins," she said.

"Oh, Gail, of course he'll win. He's a marvellous horseman. He must win. They're off!"

A roar from the crowded hillside above them confirmed Robin's shout. Gail was on the farther side of the jump and for the moment could see nothing. After a few minutes, however, she was aware of a faint noise, growing steadily louder and louder. The drumming of hoofs on the damp grass.

"Here they come!" shouted Robin, going crimson in the face with excitement.

Gail, straining on tiptoe, saw a solid group of galloping horses bearing down upon her. Ears pricked,

Dreams Come True

Continued from Page 50

eyes wide and intent and luminous, she heard their quick, heavy breathing, saw their riders crouch over their necks. Then, with a lovely flowing inevitable swiftness, the first two horses rose to the jump. There was a rustle of brush as their hoofs brushed through the top, the exciting sound of straining leather, and they had landed and were away up the air now. Over and over they came, like waves breaking on the shore. And there was Michael, his long body crouched in the saddle, taut and oddly graceful, his blue eyes steady under the peak of his cap, and his mouth the mouth of a stranger, straight, tight-lipped, almost terrible in its determination. Red King swept over the jump and away across the field. The drumming hoofs grew fainter in the distance. Gail realised that she had been holding her breath. She relaxed with a long sigh, and found that her pulses were racing.

Robin caught her hand.

"Come along, Gail. Let's run. We'll be able to see them coming back over the water-jump and up towards the winning post then. Hurry!"

He raced across the rough field, dragging Gail and Claudia with him. Through gaps in the trees, Gail caught glimpses of the bright shirts of the riders as they raced across country, still all together in a bunch—no one yet drawing away in the lead.

"Hurry!" repeated Robin petulantly. "They'll be round and we shan't get to the water-jump in time, and I do want to see them from there!"

They were still a quarter of the field away from their objective when Claudia stopped dead.

"I've got a stitch, and I absolutely refuse to run another step! We can see them just as well from here. Robin, you beast, stay with me. Look out, here they come!"

Robin and Gail stopped beside her. Three horses had drawn away from the rest. With a sudden painful leap of her heart, Gail saw, in the middle, Michael's blue-and-silver.

They rose to the fence with a lovely soaring motion, like birds, and for a split second of time they seemed to remain in the air, stretched across the water, incom-

parably beautiful in their power and certainty. Then, as they landed, there was a sudden loud splash, a heavy thud, and then a shout from Robin.

"Red King! Red King's down!"

Gail's eyes opened wide in horror, and her throat dried, so that she could not speak, as she saw Red King rolling over, the sun glinting incongruously on his shoes as his hoofs thrashed the empty air. Then, with a sudden painful heave, he flung up his head, staggered to his feet, and went galloping off after the other horses as they streamed towards the winning-post, with his reins trailing round his legs, one stirrup torn away, and the other flapping helplessly against the empty saddle.

In a flash, Gail seemed to come alive again.

"Michael!" she gasped, and ran as hard as she could towards the jump, where a blue-and-silver figure lay forlornly still. "Michael!"

There were other people hurrying towards the spot, but Gail was there before them. She dropped on her knees by Michael's inert figure, and, turning him over gently, raised his head into her lap.

"Michael!" Gail said again.

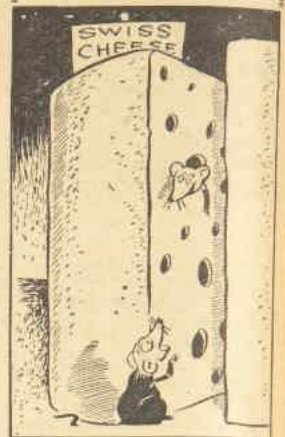
She heard the sound of a horse's heavy breathing behind her and turned her head, to see one of the hunt servants swinging out of the saddle. He flung his reins to Robin, who had just reached them, and came over to her. Gail saw that he was holding a flask.

"I saw him fall, m'ns," said the man in a reassuring voice. "He was thrown clear, and t'other horses didn't touch him. I reckon he's only knocked out—no 'arm done. He knows how to fall all right. Come, let's see if we can get a drop o' brandy down him!"

He had just very expertly administered the spirit when without warning Michael's eyes opened. He looked at Gail with his very blue eyes, and the expression in them was the expression in the eyes of the little-boy Michael who had been naughty and was sorry and was wondering how much he was going to be punished.

"Gail," he said, his voice rather distant and shaky. "I'm sorry. I did so want to win for you."

Animal Antics



"WHEN you get to the top, Gail, yodel."

Gail smiled, bending over him, oblivious of everyone, her dark eyes soft and luminous with relief, her mouth sweet.

"I didn't want you to win, Michael. It doesn't matter. Nothing matters except that you're all right."

His face lit up suddenly, and he struggled to a sitting position. Then, as the earth seemed to swirl round him again, he laid his ruffled head on her shoulder.

"Gail, darling, do you really mean that? Oh, Gail, I do love you!" He put a hand up to his head, as though to brush something away, and went on dreadingly: "What am I saying? I shouldn't tell you that, Philip!"

"Bother Philip! Michael—don't you see—Michael dear, it's all right!"

Looking up into her shining face Michael understood all at once that it was. Putting an arm around her he drew her little flower-like face down towards his rough, weather-beaten one.

With a discreet cough the hunt servant took the reins from Robin and led his large black horse up to screen the two of them from the crowd of highly-interested spectators.

(Copyright)

I'm fighting a losing battle ...I'M NEARLY 40

MR. WATKINS, I'M COMBINING YOURS AND PHILLIPS' DEPARTMENTS. MR. PHILLIPS WILL BE ABLE TO TAKE A LOT OF WORK OFF YOUR HANDS.

THINKS—HMM, DON'T LIKE THE SOUND OF THAT. HE'S A PRETTY KEEN YOUNG CHAP, AND MY WORK'S NOT BEEN TOO GOOD LATELY.

IT DOESN'T LOOK TOO GOOD, ANNE. I DON'T KNOW—I HAVEN'T GOT THE DRIVE AND GO I HAD, I SUPPOSE IT'S THE SORT OF THING THAT HAPPENS TO A FELLOW OF MY AGE. IF ONLY I DIDN'T FEEL SO TIRED ALWAYS.

YOUR AGE, TED? WHY YOU'RE A YOUNG MAN YET! BUT I AM WORRIED ABOUT THAT TIREDNESS OF YOURS. YOU MUST SEE A DOCTOR ABOUT IT.

... I EVEN WAKE TIRED, DOCTOR. I SUPPOSE IT'S SOMETHING TO DO WITH MY AGE.

YOUR AGE! MR. WATKINS, YOU'RE A YOUNG MAN! NO, FROM WHAT YOU TELL ME, YOUR TROUBLE IS NIGHT-STARRATION.

YOU SEE, EVEN WHILE YOU SLEEP, YOU GO ON USING UP ENERGY IN HEARTBEATS, BREATHING AND OTHER AUTOMATIC ACTIONS. NATURALLY, UNLESS ENERGY IS REPLACED DURING SLEEP, YOU WAKE TIRED, FEEL RUN DOWN, NOT UP TO YOUR WORK. MY ADVICE IS, DRINK HORLICKS EVERY NIGHT.

... AND SO
HORLICKS
EVERY
NIGHT

Figures show that eight out of ten of all highly paid jobs are held by men over 40.

Under 40
40-50
50-60
Over 60

NOTICED WATKINS LATELY? HE'S DOING A MARVELLOUS JOB. I THINK HE SHOULD BE IN SOLE CHARGE NOW.

GOOD IDEA

I'VE HAD MY EYE ON THAT CAR FOR A LONG TIME.

YOU CAN DRIVE HER AWAY ON MONDAY, SIR.

DO YOU WAKE TIRED, GET DEPRESSED, WORRY ABOUT YOUR JOB?

While you sleep your body goes on burning up energy. Your heart beats 35,000 times and your lungs make 25,000 muscular movements during sleep. Naturally, if energy isn't replaced during sleep, you wake tired, feel and look run down. That's Night - Starvation. Drink a cup of Horlicks every night before bed. You'll wake glowing with vitality. Horlicks is priced from 1/6. Economy size 2/9. Special pack with mixer, 2/.

HORLICKS guards against NIGHT-STARVATION



Mandrake the Magician



THE STORY SO FAR:

MANDRAKE: Master magician, is convinced that the ten thousand dollars' worth of bonds which were found in his home were planted there by

NICK BLOZZ: A champion athlete, who wishes to discredit him in the eyes of

BETTY: The daughter of the wealthy owner of the stolen bonds. Mandrake makes himself invisible, and, overhearing Blozz and his accomplice talking about him, frightens them into attempting his life by waving

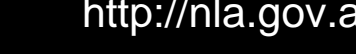
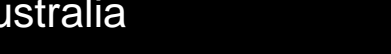
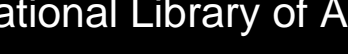
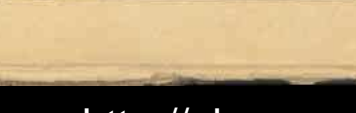
swords about the room. Just then the door is burst open by

LOTHAR: Mandrake's giant Nubian servant, who knocks Blozz down, and so frightens the thieves that they agree to confess to Betty's father. Mandrake warns Betty that Blozz may persuade her father that the plot was only a joke, but she says she does not want to see him again.

NOW READ ON



FOLLOWING BLOZZ'S CONFESSION OF HAVING "FRAMED" MANDRAKE THE PAIR MEET.



What Women are Doing

Collecting pictures for N.Z. Exhibition

PICTURES by international contemporary sculptors and artists for the New Zealand Centennial Exhibition are being obtained abroad by Mrs. Murray Fuller, official representative of the New Zealand National Gallery.

Mrs. Fuller went to Europe some months ago, and has seen many noted sculptors and painters. Among studios she visited in London was that of Mr. Charles Wheeler, who is engaged on the scheme for the rearrangement of Trafalgar Square. Mr. Wheeler agreed to make available two of his works.

The King has consented to lend the Coronation picture by Mr. Frank Salisbury. It is being shown at present at the New York World's Fair. The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire will lend a colored glass figurine of the Duchess.



MRS. NEVILLE demonstrates her invention.

She goes shopping with a suitcase on wheels!

WHEN Mrs. Alice Neville, of West Melbourne, goes shopping, she does not believe in carrying a heavy suitcase. Instead she has invented a novel suitcase which travels on wheels!

The suitcase, which is made of light fibre, is mounted on iron stays about a foot high. Each of the four stays has a rubber-tyred castor which swivels around so that the suitcase may be wheeled in any direction.

She has planned it so that the handle of the suitcase is exactly the right height for her hand to reach it easily.

The idea of the suitcase first came to Mrs. Neville about five years ago, and, after working it out in her head, she enlisted the aid of an engineer, who made just what she wanted.

Studying physical culture in Australian schools

PHYSICAL culture in Australian and American schools will be compared by Miss Althea Hood, an American schoolteacher who is in Sydney.

Miss Hood, who is attached to the Health Department of Pennsylvania, is anxious to learn how Australian children are taught physical exercises.

Students at American schools, she explained, must complete a course in physical culture before they are allowed to graduate. The course includes rhythmic exercises and dancing to music, and competitive sports are arranged between classes and schools.

Supervises 700,000 meals a year

SUPERVISION of 2000 meals is part of the daily work of Miss Lelean, dietitian at the Royal Melbourne Hospital.

Miss Lelean knows the food problem of the hospital thoroughly, for she is in charge of the dietary depot, the diet kitchen, and the dietary outpatients' department.

Her work covers the planning of well-balanced meals containing the correct dietary properties. In addition, she supervises the cooking and service, and the ordering of supplies.

To guide her in the preparation of suitable meals she has to keep in constant touch with the patients.

The main problem at present is to keep the meals hot. The kitchen in the present hospital was built 91 years ago. It is situated on the fourth floor, and is without a service lift.

Miss Lelean is looking forward to the completion of the new "Sunshine" hospital to be erected at Parkville. This will embrace all the latest ideas in hospital construction.

After training as a nurse at the Royal Melbourne Hospital, Miss Lelean spent three years in America. On her return to Australia she took charge of the diet kitchen at the hospital.

At the end of 1934, Miss Lelean went to Scotland, and obtained the diploma of dietetics at the Royal Infirmary, Edinburgh.

When she was appointed to her present position she immediately took steps to provide a greater proportion of milk, fruit, and vegetables in the hospital menus.

Last year a school of dietetics was established at the hospital, and five students are now obtaining practical experience in various departments. They attend lectures given by Miss Lelean twice a week.



MISS LELEAN at work in her office at the hospital.

To write on whaling industry in Southern Seas

WHALES are the chief interest at present of Miss H. J. Champion, a recent arrival from overseas. She is engaged on a thesis for her Doctorate of Philosophy at the University of London, and has taken as her subject the history of the whaling industry in southern seas. The period which she is studying is from 1776 to 1852.

She will work from unofficial records, letters belonging to old whaling families and newspapers, and will carry out her investigations at Hobart, Sydney, Wellington, and Dunedin.

Miss Champion says that much has been written of the American whaling industry, but that little research has been devoted to records of whaling in the Empire.

This keen student, who is a native of Prince Edward Island (Canada), has had a brilliant University career.

A Bachelor of Arts of the Halifax University, she went to the University of London on a "Daughters of the Empire" scholarship, and when she obtained her Master of Arts degree was given one of the eight travelling scholarships which the Australian-New Zealand Passenger Conference gives each year to students making a special study of historical subjects.

Returns from 15 months' tour of Europe

DR. YRSA OSBORNE has just returned to Melbourne after a trip abroad. For 15 months she has been touring and studying in England, Italy, and Switzerland.

For several months she worked at the Montana Sanatorium in Switzerland. Seven out of the eight nurses there, she found, are Australians.

"Australian nurses are very popular abroad. They are prepared to go anywhere, and are very adaptable," said Dr. Osborne.

Most of Dr. Osborne's trip, however, was a holiday. A former Australian woman ski-ing champion, she was able to spend a great deal of her time at her favorite sport. She visited the run planned for the Swiss ski-ing championships of 1940, but she says she prefers the snow at Mt. Hotham, Victoria, mainly because conditions in Switzerland change rapidly during the day. Ski-ing can be enjoyed all day at Mt. Hotham.

Dr. Osborne is a daughter of Professor W. A. Osborne, formerly professor of Physiology at the University of Melbourne, and Dr. Ethel Osborne. Her engagement to Mr. Clive Pitts, of Melbourne, was announced on July 8.

Organised handicraft work for crippled children

TO interest patients at the Montrose Home for Crippled Children in handicraft work, Mrs. W. C. Carmody, of Brisbane, has organised classes which are sponsored by the Arts and Crafts Society. They have already proved of great value.

Herself expert at handicrafts, Mrs. Carmody has an unusually long list of work in which she is actively interested.

Leather work, toymaking, glove-making, stencilling, oil painting, chip carving, woodwork, pottery and china painting have all been displayed by her at various handicraft shows.

At present she is making a pair of curtains on Glamis linen. They are embroidered with her own design in multi-colored wool.

For about ten years Mrs. Carmody was associated with several charity organisations, and she was treasurer and vice-president of the Country Women's Association in Brisbane.

New type of primer for young Australians

PLANNED for Australian children on modern lines, two small primers have been written by Mrs. Margaret Newman and Miss Ethel Cotton, of Sydney.

The charming little books have scientifically-graded steps in spelling which enable children to learn words both by sound and sight.

Typically Australian illustrations have been drawn by Pixie O'Harris, a Sydney artist.

For many years children's lessons began with a stereotyped phrase such as "The cat is on the mat," Mrs. Newman and Miss Cotton's primer is quite different.

Every sentence, even if only four words in length, tells a little story.

The first two volumes of the primer are for children in their first year of school, and the authors are working on two more volumes for second-year pupils.

Mrs. Newman came to Australia from U.S.A. some years ago to be principal of the Sydney Kindergarten Training College. She married an Australian.

Miss Cotton trained at the college and is a teacher at the Mount Infants' School.

It's Not His Fault he's Nervous, Jumpy and Timid . . . The Doctor Knows It's Faulty Elimination

By rights he should be the brightest, happiest of lads, but faulty elimination has taken its toll.

Faulty elimination, unlike constipation, cannot be easily detected. Faulty elimination means that whilst the bowels may appear to be regular, they are only half functioning, allowing food waste to pour unsuspected poisons into the blood stream, thus overtaxing the liver and kidneys (the blood purifying organs). The child's health must suffer. Finicky, cranky moods and loss of appetite can only be expected.

Medical science knows one safe, gentle medicament that induces natural bowel movement, thus relieving the overworked liver and kidneys.

Laxettes contain this medicament. Laxettes are entirely free from purgative, often harmful, ingredients that scour the natural lubricant out of the bowels, and cause subsequent troubles.

Nothing else can be as safe as a course of Laxettes. Their absolute reliability makes them a necessity in your home. And their delicious chocolate flavour makes them every child's favourite.



Do YOU suffer with Headaches, Indigestion, Biliouness, Dizziness, Tiredness, Loss of Appetite?

A course of Laxettes is your safest, surest remedy. 1/6 the large tin—6d. sample tin. Only genuine if in the tin.



LAXETTES

Rectify Faulty Elimination

"My range is always bright and shining—thanks to ZEBO"



It's so easy now to keep your range shining. All it needs is an occasional rub over with Zebo—the modern liquid stove polish.

ZEBO IS EASY TO USE. There are no elaborate preparations with Zebo. You just shake a little Zebo on a cloth or brush, give a brisk polish, and it's done!



The Modern Polish for Stoves and Grates

MY FRIENDS ENVY ME MY TEETH... BUT THEIRS COULD BE JUST AS GLEAMING... IF THEY WOULD USE...



Gibbs Dentifrice

At all Chemists and Stores

Small tube .. 1/-
Large tube .. 1/6
Large refills .. 1/3

CHANCE TO GIBBS TO-DAY

37, 34, 32

Pile Sufferers

You can only get quick, safe, and lasting relief by removing the cause. Nothing but an internal remedy can do this—that's why cutting the salves fail. Dr. Leonhardt's Pile Ointment, a harmless tablet, is guaranteed to quickly and safely remove any form of Pile misery or hemorrhoid. Chemists everywhere sell it with this guarantee.*

"THAT'S not the point. It would take more than a court order to make me feel he's dead."

She could feel the slow rise of old emotions as inevitable as ocean tides. She swallowed heavily. Harley, she realised, was saying:

"Oh, I know it's hard to forget a man you've loved, to—cancel him out. But, good heavens, Les, let's be reasonable about it. According to the law—"

"Please, Harley. It's not a matter of law."

"According to facts, then," he said with a trace of irritation. "Even the police concede he's dead. At the time he vanished any of a hundred men might have been eager to—to kill him. He'd been too relentless in that job of Special Prosecuting Attorney. Naturally, he became dangerous; and there's only one intelligent answer to his disappearance."

Leslie's teeth were pressing hard into her lip. She looked, suddenly, quite tired. She gazed in the red leather chair.

"And there's something else," Harley proceeded more urgently. "You and I know that he loved you too much just to desert you without leaving a word. It wasn't like Bert. He wouldn't have done it."

"Not—not deliberately."

Harley scoffed. "You're not going to revive the old nonsense about his having walked off in amnesia!"

"Why not, Harley? It's always a possibility."

"Leslie," he said, his tones those of a logician, "we saw Bert every day until the night he vanished. We know, you and I, that he was in excellent health, mentally and physically. Amnesia doesn't pounce on a man like that. Besides, if he'd been roaming around in a daze, somebody would have recognised him. Heaven knows, the papers ran his picture often enough."

Instead of replying, Leslie Cameron rose, sighed, and slowly walked across the office to the window. Sixty-five stories above lower Broadway, she had a spectacular view of ships cleaving the grey winter waters of the harbor. She stared at them—and saw nothing. Her eyes were blurred by tears. And there was an ache in her heart. She thought, "How simple he makes it sound. How easy! Have Bert declared dead. Banish him. Make a fresh start. Why not? I'm only twenty-seven..."

SHE heard Harley come to her side. He stood there for a time without speaking, looking over her shoulder at the ships down the bay. Then, in a low voice, he said, "Of course I'll admit there's another reason I want you to do it. A purely selfish reason. I want you to be free—"

She turned swiftly, her hand on his arm. "Don't, Harley. Not now." "I've got to." His words held a hint of harshness. "You know how much I want you. And I'm getting older. I'm thirty-eight. After all—"

"Please, Harley!" "I've got to tell you! How long do you think a fellow can hold out? For the past five years I've been waiting. ... Les, you're agonising me as much as yourself by letting Bert hang between us like this!"

Leslie tried a placating smile, but it was pretty dismal. The tears were still in her eyes. It wasn't often anyone was permitted to peer through the armor of Harley Pitt's reserve, and the vehemence she discovered made her feel queerly sorry for him.

She turned away, and went to the desk. Queer, how shaky she felt. She said, "I seem to be the only one who hasn't buried Bert." A dry little laugh broke from her. "Harley, I think he's alive. I'm going to try to find him. I'm going to make a search of my own."

He came to her side at once; talked to her then as he might have talked to an unruly child, gently but firmly: "My dear Les, don't you realise everything that could possibly be done has already been done? By the police? By the State? Don't you see how useless any further search—"

"Still, I'm going to try," she insisted. "And I'm going to ask Philip Ranney to help me."

At that Harley Pitt all but blinked. "Ranney?"

"Why not? As Special Prosecutor, he holds the same position to-day Bert held when he disappeared. I don't know the man, but he—seems to be carrying on from where

The Man in My Life

Continued from Page 8

Bert left off, doesn't he? If I can convince him it will be worth his while finding Bert, why shouldn't Ranney want to help?"

Harley Pitt appeared definitely dazed. "Have—have you talked to him?"

"By phone. He's coming to dinner to-night."

"But good heavens!" And now Harley, in dismay, seized her arms. "Do—do you realise what you're doing to yourself? You haven't forgotten what happened seven years ago, have you? The photographers."



THE MUSHROOM SHAPE, beloved of Agnes, in finest black straw, with swathed crown and glamor-giving wimple of tender pink jersey.

the newspapers, all the nasty rumors of crookedness and scandal, the hints that Bert accepted a bribe to disappear! And you yourself—people turning to stare, to point you out. Les, dear, you don't want to bring all that back!"

She was already fumbling for her purse and gloves in the chair. "No, Harley," she whispered; "no, I don't want to bring it back. It was hideous."

"Then why risk it?"

"Because this time it will be different. It must. I'll search for Bert without publicity. I won't have the newspapers even suspect what I'm doing. Perhaps it—it will prove a more effective way."

Straightening, Harley compressed lips which could, on occasion, become as forbidding as a judge's. "I think it's useless."

"But I've got to try!"

It was good, after that, to lunch with Grace Lockridge: a return from tension to simplicity and calmness. Grace had a long, solemn face to match her long, lank body, yet con-

trived somehow, by dint of clothes and smiles, to look attractive. There was always a crisp, common-sense air about her that made you trust in her wisdom.

"I don't think you'll get anywhere with a search for Bert," Grace said, when she learned what Leslie proposed to do. "On the other hand, though, I suppose if you don't do it you'll go through the rest of your life with a blister on your conscience. So hop to it, and good luck."

She spoke in her characteristically staccato way, her words sharp, decisive. She had taken off the veil that had hung from her perky little ribbon hat—a veil which annoyed her excessively, as did all unnecessary trifles, but which she nevertheless kept because Don, her husband, professed to like it.

"I'm not so sure we won't get anywhere," Leslie murmured, frowning at her plate. "Especially if I can persuade Philip Ranney to help. Besides, I've got to do it. With Harley—"

She stopped abruptly, as though unintended words had slipped from her.

"Un-uh," knowingly said Grace, nibbling at an olive. "With Harley crazy to marry you, and the sooner the better, there's got to be action, hasn't there?" She tossed the stone into a saucer. "Well, you ought to be married. Not to a wraith. To a tangible man. Somebody you can produce for dinners and theatres. You're a normal person, and you deserve a normal life."

Somewhere deep within herself Leslie Cameron laughed a little, bitterly. A normal life? As her fingers toyed with a fork she recalled the seven interminable years of being alone. Of rising every morning with the desperate thought that perhaps to-day—to-day of all days—would at last bring news of Bert. Seven years of jumping up in a panicky flurry whenever the telephone rang at an unusual hour. Of trembling every time she ripped open an unidentified envelope.

"Don and I often talk about you," Grace Lockridge was saying, as she buttered a roll. "We've decided that you, of all the girls we know, have just about everything there is to offer a man—looks, charm, brains—"

"Oh, please, Grace!"

"No flattery intended. I'm merely itemising facts. Don has two great passions this year—you and Myrna Loy. He says you two are hard to tell apart—something about the similarity of the arched eyebrows, the bearing, and all that truck. But that's neither here nor there. What I was getting at is that you need a husband."

Grace waited until the shrimp salad had been served, then continued. "But when you talk of marrying Harley Pitt..." She became dubious; asked uncertainly, "Look, Les, do I have to be polite or can I unbutton my heart?"

Leslie Cameron wryly smiled. "Go on. Say it. You and Don never liked Harley much, did you?"

Please turn to Page 56

SHE'S NEVER CAMERA SHY



—thanks to a CLEAR SKIN

There are no flaws in her complexion to spoil the picture—she regularly uses Wright's Coal Tar Soap. Wright's is the perfect complexion soap. Its deep-cleaning antiseptic lather really purifies the pores—protects the skin against dirt and danger—acts like a tonic on tired tissues. Wright's is the only soap containing "Liquor Carbonis Detergens," the soothing skin medication used and recommended by leading skin specialists.

Keep YOUR skin fresh and clear—use

WRIGHT'S
COAL TAR SOAP

W1-69

Fat and Constipation

DANGER FIGURE AND LOOKS.

If you are putting on fat and are overweight you should take care it is not caused by the absorption of waste digestive matter into the system. If this is not dispersed regularly each day, it ferments and gradually gets into the blood stream, forming unhealthy, fat tissue, and causing headaches, pimply skin, biliousness, liver-aches and bad breath. Health, good looks and fitness are positively endangered.

For constipation take Pinkettes. These harmless, effective little pills teach the bowels to exercise properly. Compounded of ingredients that have a strengthening effect, Pinkettes cause the bile to flow properly and disperse waste digestive accumulations regularly and painlessly. Get a 1/3 bottle to-day. At chemists and stores.*

When the Darkness seems ALIVE



and nameless fears crowd around you. BROMURAL brings deep, refreshing sleep. BROMURAL calms jangled nerves, brings peace of mind and confidence. Harmless, non-habit-forming.

BROMURAL (RHOE)

Ask your chemist. L.R.39

The Cup that cheers and Energises

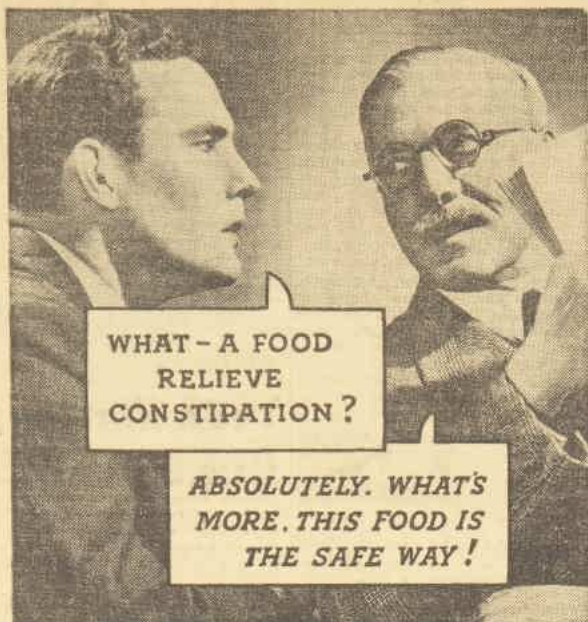
Drink delicious Ovaltine

-and note the difference!

At all Chemists & Stores.
PRICES: 1/9, 2/10, 5/-

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WHAT - A FOOD
RELIEVE
CONSTIPATION?

ABSOLUTELY. WHAT'S
MORE, THIS FOOD IS
THE SAFE WAY!

Not a drug—not a medicine—
but a crisp nut-sweet breakfast cereal that
relieves constipation naturally

WHY do so many people today have to rely on purgatives to keep "regular"? Doctors say it's the fault of our modern diet. You see, to keep regular the bowels must have something they can "take hold of"—what doctors call "bulk."

But the trouble is, our modern diet contains little "bulk." Meat, fish, eggs, potatoes, white bread, milk—our daily staples—contain almost no bulk at all! They are so completely absorbed into the system that the residue they leave is too slight to move the bowels naturally. This is the cause of common constipation.

Harsh purgatives won't help. They don't get at the cause of the trouble. And, as any doctor will tell you, the unrestricted use of purgatives is harmful.

What you need is "bulk"

What you need is to eat regularly foods with enough "bulky" residue for the bowels to "take hold of." Then you'll get natural and permanent relief from constipation. Fruit and vegetables are especially valuable—but by themselves they seldom supply all the bulk you need.

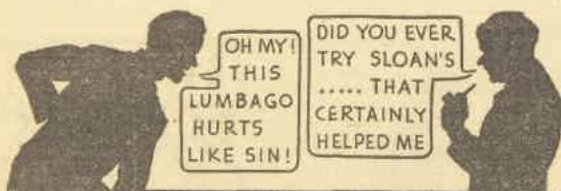
That's why doctors recommend Kellogg's All-Bran—the delicious nut-sweet breakfast food that has natural "bulk." Kellogg's All-Bran acts on your bowels in the same way as fruit or vegetables, but much more surely and thoroughly!

It forms a soft, bulky mass that these muscles find easy to "take hold of." And it does more; as it passes

through the intestines, it absorbs water and softens like a sponge. This water-softened mass gently but effectively aids elimination of the clogging impurities that make you feel wretched.

In addition, All-Bran contains the vital health element Vitamin B, which "tones" the intestinal tract. All-Bran is also very rich in iron.

Eat Kellogg's All-Bran every morning—with milk and sugar or sprinkled over your favourite cereal! Do this every day, drink plenty of fluids, and you'll no longer be troubled with irregularity. You'll enjoy the perfect daily "regularity" that keeps you radiantly healthy and makes life worth living! Get a packet of Kellogg's All-Bran from your grocer today.



OH MY!
THIS
LUMBAGO
HURTS
LIKE SIN!

DID YOU EVER
TRY SLOAN'S
..... THAT
CERTAINLY
HELPED ME

IF THERE EVER IS A TIME when a person wants the quick relief that Sloan's Liniment gives it is when attacked by agonizing, crippling lumbago. How comforting then is the penetrating warmth of Sloan's that stimulates Nature to work faster—to rush a supply of purifying, healing blood to the muscles of the back and loins and relieve the painful congestion settled there. Sloan's is also a splendid aid for bruises, strains, twists, sore muscles, etc.

SLOAN'S
Family LINIMENT

MAKES
NATURE
WORK
Faster

"O H, we like him, all right. We like the Public Library, too. But as for seeing him as your husband—well—" She hesitated. "Don't you sometimes find him just a little—a little stuffy?"

"Grace, you're not being fair. Harley's all right. Serious, but all right," Leslie stirred uneasily, however, even while she spoke. There were times when Harley could be delightfully gay. Yet there had been other occasions, too, she remembered uncomfortably, when she had squirmed in the presence of his consummate correctness. She recalled that even years ago Bert had joked, "My partner, Harley Pitt, knows only one Bible, and that's the Book of Etiquette." It wasn't altogether Harley's fault. He came of a family, as Grace Lockridge now reasonably pointed out, in which the men had been State Supreme Court Justices and the women wore tight black ribbons about their throats.

"Of course you realise," Leslie answered with sudden impatience, "that this whole matter of marrying is academic. I'm not marrying Harley. I'm not marrying anybody. I'm still Bert's wife, and I—I want him back!"

Grace Lockridge shrugged and reached for the bread. "Hunting Bert may cause you more grief than joy," she warned slowly. "Especially if you should ever happen to find him—and to learn why he left."

"Whatever comes, it'll be better than this—this endless uncertainty!"

"And also," Grace suggested after a pause, as if she hadn't heard the interruption, "it may lead you into a lot of trouble. I have an idea, darling, that a few people Bert was investigating seven years ago—fellows like Frederick Novack, for example—are quite happy to have him out of the picture. If they discover you're trying to bring him back, maybe they won't like it."

Leslie scornfully demanded, "What can they do?"

"Well," sighed Grace, "look at what they did to Bert."

Philip Ranney, Special Prosecutor, arrived promptly at seven, and from the very outset his presence filled the apartment—and Leslie—with suppressed excitement.

As an intimate dinner for two, with candlelight evoking amber glints from tall glasses, it was a gracious occasion. The food was excellent. Della, the colored maid, served it almost with veneration. And the talk during most of the meal remained pleasantly impersonal—as though both felt it would be wiser to postpone all discussion of Bert until they knew each other a little better.

Leslie, her nerves persistently tense, was glad she had put on the new black dinner gown. It was simple, almost severe, in line, with a high Grecian waist and a flaring skirt. Philip Ranney's lively appreciative eyes, studying her across the table, assured her that she had made no mistake.

She liked him. She had an impression of easy vigor and competence. Throughout the meal, as she watched the play of yellow high lights on his broad forehead and on the bridge of his powerful nose, she couldn't help marvelling at his youth; he couldn't, she reflected, be very much more than thirty-two or thirty-three. He had a large face with stubborn jaws and humorous grey eyes, hair that was neither quite red nor quite brown, and there was a massiveness about his shoulders that made his starched shirt front bulge.

"I don't know," he declared at last, "why I never phoned you, Mrs. Cameron. Lord knows I wanted to. Dozens of times. I thought we might have a lot in common."

In surprise Leslie asked, "And why didn't you?"

"Two people held me back," he grinned. "The Police Commissioner and Puss."

"That," Leslie laughed, "sounds like a double riddle. I give up."

"The Commissioner told me the police had pumped you dry years ago; it would be useless to try you again."

"And—Puss? Who's Puss?"

PHILIP RANNEY leaned back, eyes merry. "Puss," he explained, "is sometimes known as Mrs. Thomas J. Ranney. Occasionally, also, I call her mother. But we both prefer Puss. More intimate. She's my advisory board—the brains of the family."

"And your mother objected to your telephoning me?" Leslie exclaimed. "Why?"

The Man in My Life

Continued from Page 55

"Humanitarian reasons, mostly. She argued you'd gone through trouble enough; that you were probably just beginning to enjoy peace, and why disturb it?"

Thoughtfully eyeing the candles between them, Leslie murmured, "It was sweet of her, of course, but there's no peace in uncertainty, Mr. Ranney."

"I shouldn't think so."

"That's why I'm hoping I can persuade you to help me to look for Bert." Her eyes met his levelly. "From everything I've read, I imagine you have practically the same job on your hands now that he had seven years ago."

Ranney nodded. "Just about." "Before he disappeared, Bert gathered a great deal of information. Most of it was never made public. It—it vanished with him. We'd been married only a month, you know, but time after time I heard him mention men like Corelli and Stafford and Novack—particularly Frederick Novack, whom he called the biggest swindler in New York. I'm sure he'd dug up a great deal against Novack. And it seems to me if you could find Bert and get the facts he learned during his investigation—"

"You're right," the Special Prosecutor said gently. "It would help enormously. But you're presupposing, Mrs. Cameron, that your husband is still alive."

"I can't believe anything else!" Philip Ranney regarded her for a while in meditative silence. Then, "Tell me about him," he said.

So they went into the drawing-room—the same long, sunken chamber with the great baronial fireplace that Bert had loved. They lit cigarettes as they sat down, and she frowned uneasily at the hearth.

"I KNEW," of course, that Bert was in danger," she began in low tones. "He used to tell me—with that little laugh of his—that he was probably learning too much for his own good. Sometimes he'd say that men like Frederick Novack were trying to bribe him to go easy. But things like that, he maintained, were to be expected. They didn't surprise Bert; they merely angered him."

"I know how he felt," dryly observed Ranney.

Warily she smiled. "Yes. You're probably the most sympathetic audience I'll ever have." She drew a long breath. "Well—on the evening he vanished he phoned to tell me he was having dinner out. He said he'd be home early, probably by ten. But—I never saw him again. I—I hadn't even known with whom he intended to dine. The police told me that later. How he ate at a restaurant with a woman named Arlene Bray—a dancer. She was doing a specialty number in one of the Broadway revues that season."

"The High-Hat Parade," Ranney murmured. "Wasn't that it?"

"Yes. And of course," Leslie went on with a tinge of bitterness, "you remember how some of the newspapers did their best to give an ugly interpretation to Bert's dinner with Arlene Bray. They tried to make it sound like a—rendezvous. That was ridiculous! He questioned all sorts of people. There was nothing extraordinary in his taking this particular actress to dinner. In all probability he tried to get some information from her. Arlene Bray herself insisted, when the police questioned her, that it was the first time she had been out with Bert, the first time she'd met him."

Unconsciously she made the words a defence, and she continued with faint scorn: "Later the police showed pictures of Bert to the superintendent of Arlene Bray's apartment house. The man claimed he'd seen Bert come there often. But I don't believe it! I'd have known it. I would! And Arlene Bray herself denied it vehemently."

Because she had reached the most trying part of the story, Leslie abruptly hesitated. Her gaze, still fixed on the fireplace, became worried, as it had hundreds of times in the past seven years.

"It's the things they uncovered afterwards," she whispered, "that—I can't understand."

"About the money?"

"Ye-es. They told me—and they brought records to prove it—that in the week before his disappearance Bert had drawn almost fifteen thousand dollars in cash from his bank. They told me, too, that he had converted more than a hundred thousand dollars in securities to cash."

He'd never mentioned anything about that to me."

"It would indicate, of course," Ranney suggested quite gently, "that he had planned to disappear and was financing himself for it. And that, I take it, is what makes you so confident he's still alive somewhere."

She turned to him desperately. "I don't know what to believe! I never did! That's why I've got to find out, once and for all, what really happened to Bert!"

Philip Ranney lit a fresh cigarette. It wasn't until he had tossed the match into the fireplace that he said contemplatively, "Seems to me I recall reading somewhere that your husband carried more than a hundred thousand dollars' worth of insurance."

"That never interested me," she said flatly. "I don't need the money. I don't want it."

He must have known that she had inherited quite a fortune from her father. The papers had commented on that often enough.

"Still," Ranney said, "you could get the insurance by having Bert declared legally dead, couldn't you?"

"But it—it wouldn't settle anything."

He smoked for a time in silence. Then he asked: "Suppose I were to help you, Mrs. Cameron. Have you any definite plan?"

Leslie bent towards him in quick eagerness. "I'd like to start," she said tensely, "by finding that dancer Arlene Bray! I want to know what they talked about that last night she and Bert. How he acted. Perhaps now, after seven years, she won't be so—so evasive."

"Do you know where she is?"

"No-o. She's no longer on Broadway. Nobody in New York seems to know what's become of her. But with the facilities you have at your office it shouldn't be too hard to find her."

They looked at each other without speaking. Then Philip Ranney smiled—a slow smile that began with his eyes and spread over his whole face. He pushed himself out of his deep chair and tugged down the points of his vest. "All right!" he said.

He left just before midnight, after studying the voluminous collection of letters, clippings, and other records Leslie had retained. But curiously, when he drove away in his coupe, it wasn't on Bert Cameron's disappearance that Ranney pondered. He was in a peculiarly introspective mood, with a half smile lingering on his lips. He was thinking that she was exquisite.

Behind him, on Park Avenue, another car detached itself from the kerb and followed—a small black sedan in which sat two worried men who remained a block behind the Special Prosecutor's car.

Ranney, visualising Leslie Cameron's face in his windshield, gave the sedan no attention. He couldn't know it had been waiting for him all the evening—waiting to see what he would go next.

In the morning the bald little man who had been announced as Mr. Brock edged forward on his chair to toss the stub of a cigar into a tray on Philip Ranney's desk.

"I don't see how I can help you, Mr. Ranney," he said. "How should I know what happened to the girl?"

Special Prosecutor Philip Ranney argued, "You were Arlene Bray's agent."

"Sure. But that was more than six years ago. She left me in the spring of '31. Quit the business."

"Just walked out on you?"

"I wouldn't say she walked out, exactly," said Arnold Brock. "That isn't fair. I'd known for months she wanted to quit Broadway. But I tried to talk her out of it. Had a dozen movie houses were ready to pay her good money for personal appearances. You know the kind of billing: 'Arlene Bray, Mystery Girl of the Cameron Case.' It would have pulled big. Only, Arlene wouldn't listen to offers like that. Said she'd as soon exhibit herself naked in a Broadway window as take on that kind of billing."

"Did she ever mention Bert Cameron to you?"

"No, sir. I never heard her speak of Cameron till long after the new broke. And then she said only that she was going to leave New York because she was tired of being pointed out as the Cameron mystery girl."

Please turn to Page 57

RANNEY, his red-

dish hair rumbled as though it had just had a shampoo, turned in his swivel chair to gaze out of the office window. "I was hoping, Mr. Brock, that Arlene Bray might have left you a forwarding address."

"She didn't. I lost all trace of her years ago."

"Did you know much about her life?"

"If you mean her private life, no," Brock was emphatic about this. "All I knew was she had a little two-room apartment on West Fifty-fifth, within walking distance of the Apollo Theatre. I'd got her a job that year in the 'High-Hat Parade.' She did a specialty song and dance."

Philip Ranney's manner became suddenly brisk. He pulled open a drawer and extracted a sheet of paper. "I wonder, Brock, if you'd do something to help us find her. You're an agent in good standing. Put an ad in a couple of leading theatrical magazines."

Arnold Brock's shrewd eyes narrowed cautiously. "Just what is it you want, Mr. Ranney?"

"Something I've noticed about people in show business," Ranney explained, "is that they keep on reading theatrical papers long after they leave the stage. It gets into their blood. Maybe Arlene Bray still reads them."

"Then why don't you put in a personal asking her to communicate with you?"

Ranney shook his head. "I doubt if she'd reply. Probably anything that tended to connect her with the old Cameron case would make her draw back deeper into seclusion. But if we can get her to write to us—even a letter of protest—that would be enough to show where she is." He offered the paper across the desk. "Read it. Half-page spreads. We'll pay for the space."

Uncertainly Arnold Brock accepted the copy. He read in silence, frowning, lips tight.

ARLENE BRAY

Disease

Recently Returned from World Tour. Now Open for American Engagements.

Management of Arnold Brock, Inc. 141 Broadway, New York.

Brock lifted yellowed eyes that bulged a little in astonishment. "What kind of stunt is this?"

"A shot in the dark," Ranney ad-

The Man in My Life

Continued from Page 56

mitted. "I'm hoping that if Arlene Bray still reads theatrical weeklies she'll be outraged by the idea that you've got someone else to capitalise her name. She'll write to complain."

"Going to make things pretty awkward for me, aren't you?"

"Only long enough to have her send you a letter of protest. Once we get that, with either a postmark or a return address to indicate where she is, we'll drop the ad. . . . How about it, Brock? Or do I have to put it on grounds of civic duty?"

It was weeks later that Harley Pitt persuaded Leslie to join him at a Theatre Guild opening.

She had to confess, when he inquired, that she hadn't yet had news from Philip Ranney.

Harley said without particular pleasure, "He's an energetic fellow, isn't he? Dropped in to see me the other day."

Leslie could not control a start. "What for?"

Clearly, Harley had not enjoyed the interview. "Considering the fact that I was Bert's law partner before he disappeared, Ranney thought I ought to be questioned." And then, with barely perceptible exasperation, he added, "Leslie, I wish you hadn't gone into this thing!"

"Haven't I played ostrich long enough?"

"I'm sorry, I didn't intend to talk about it to-night. But Ranney annoyed me. All but cross-examined me."

"I should imagine," she said with a faint smile, "that he can be annoyingly persistent. Still, what else would you expect of a Special Prosecuting Attorney?"

It was after two when Harley brought her home. As usual, he came up for a last cigarette and a sip of benedictine. But when they entered the tiny foyer of her apartment he suddenly caught her arm, and she knew he was going to kiss her.

"Leslie—Leslie—"

And at that instant she saw the card. It was a message in Della's huge scrawl, propped up on the foyer table. She could read it, from where she stood, over Harley's arm; and it spoiled his moment. For it reported:

"Mr. Ranney telephoned twice. Wants you to call him soon as you come in, no matter how late. Elgin 2-2301."

A queer rush of excitement assailed Leslie Cameron. It flushed her face. She stepped back from Harley. She indicated the card, and as he turned to it in helpless bewilderment she snatched up the phone.

He watched her a few seconds, puzzled, then put down his hat and stick and walked slowly on into the drawing-room, his head lowered.

She was alone when Ranney's voice crackled in the receiver. "I've been waiting for your call," he said cheerfully. "How'd you like to hop to Miami to-morrow morning? There's a plane at nine fifteen, Newark Airport. I've got reservations."

The sheer unexpectedness of the words stunned her. She exclaimed: "What's in Miami? Have you located Arlene Bray?"

"Right! She's singing at a Miami night club. Changed her name to Helen Lunden."

Leslie's heart began to pound. Her grip on the telephone tightened. "How—how did you find out?"

"She sent a letter of protest against a fake ad we ran in a theatrical weekly. Tell you the details to-morrow. I had an idea you might like to talk to her yourself. Would you?"

"Of course!"

"Fine. I'll look for you at the plane at nine. And bring enough clothes for a few days. We may have a job on our hands."

When Leslie rejoined Harley Pitt in the drawing-room it was with a sense of wild exhilaration that brought a new glow to her eyes. She tossed her wrap to a chair. There seemed, of a sudden, no time to waste. While she poured the liqueur Della had left on a tray she told Harley what had happened.

He frowned at his glass. "I can't see why Ranney himself should want to go to Miami now. Why can't he send an assistant?"

"Maybe he considers this too important."

"Absurd. He can't hope to get anything new from the Bray woman. The police grilled her a dozen times."

"Harley, I've never believed that Arlene Bray told the police everything she knew."

He shrugged. There was something about Harley Pitt—disapproval that expressed itself in the tightening of his features—which perplexed Leslie. Was it merely that he resented having a romantic moment shattered by Ranney's call? He finished his liqueur in silence, and she was glad that he didn't remain; nor did he again attempt to kiss her.

In the morning she notified only Grace Lockridge that she was leaving. And she reached the Newark Airport at twenty minutes to nine, to find Philip Ranney already waiting. He came toward her quickly, grinning like a boy, his hat in his hand, so that the cold wind wrought havoc to his reddish hair.

"Been here since eight-thirty," he said, with a shudder. "Puss is already in the plane."

She turned to him in surprise. "Your mother—?"

"Wild horses," Ranney laughed, "couldn't hold her back. Besides, I asked her to come. Thought it might be a good idea, since we're trying to avoid publicity. The newspaper boys won't make as much of me going to Florida with my mother as—well, if I went with Mrs. Leslie Cameron." He smiled and added briskly, "A cup of hot coffee will do us both good. We still have half an hour."

So presently they sat on high stools at the deserted end of a long counter.

"Tell me," she asked, "how is it you're going to Miami? Yourself, I mean."

"Oh, I could give you a dozen reasons, some good, some bad," he chuckled.

"I should think that with this investigation in full swing—"

"This trip is part of it." He turned on the stool to face her, and all the merriment vanished from his features. "I've been digging pretty deep into your husband's case, Mrs. Cameron. The further I dug the less I liked it. He seemed to have gone mighty far when he slipped out of the picture. He must have had reams of data—all of it lost with him. I've come to the conclusion that there's nothing more important I can do now than locate him if he's still alive."

Leslie looked down at her cup. "As for Arlene Bray," he added, "well—I found the Swede who was superintendent of her house seven years ago. Had quite a talk with him." Ranney hesitated as though realising that what he was about to say would be painful. "He insists, Mrs. Cameron, that your husband visited Arlene Bray at least once a week for months."

"And I've told you," she said flatly, "I can't believe it."

"Well, maybe we can get Arlene—now Helen Lunden—to settle it herself."

He finished his coffee, put down the cup, and reached for a paper napkin. "Anyhow, we've got to have a talk with her. I particularly want to have you do it. I think there'll be a certain psychological advantage in that. You know, woman to woman, heart to heart."

He had, he told her as they walked toward the plane, made reservations at a Miami Beach hotel. They were scheduled to reach Miami at six-fifty that evening, which would allow them a brief rest before going on to seek Helen Lunden at the Double Cross Club.

The wind, sweeping across the airport, beat hard against Leslie's slim body.

AS Ranney helped her into the plane, a voice called, "Oh, Mr. Ranney! Just a minute, please!"

He had one foot on the step as he turned. Leslie, already in the door, glanced over her shoulder to see two young men, cameras slung from their shoulders, trying to focus on the Prosecuting Attorney.

She caught her breath sharply, jerked her head away, and hurried along the aisle. She didn't want to be caught in that picture with Philip Ranney.

The flight stewardess led her to her seat.

A slight elderly woman lowered a magazine and peered up shrewdly through spectacles. She had graying hair under a trim black hat. Her face was small and sharp and



TINLING'S "town tweed" three-piece jacket and sleeveless topcoat in broad herringbone stripes. Sleeveless top-coats are the latest vogue to accommodate leg-o'-mutton sleeves.

merry, like a mischievous child's. She offered a black-gloved hand.

"You're Mrs. Cameron, aren't you?"

"Yes, Mrs. Ranney," Leslie studied her an instant, then added impulsively, "It's so good to know you!"

"Thanks," Mrs. Ranney appraised the younger woman with unabashed directness; yet with humor, too. In the end she nodded approbation. "Philip," she declared, "didn't exaggerate at all. . . . I hope you don't mind my coming along too?"

"Oh, I'm delighted you've come!" Leslie sat down, and threw back her coat. There was something comforting about little Mrs. Ranney; something sane and reassuring. Her amused eyes appeared always to be telling you that nothing was half as dreadfully serious as it seemed.

In the drawing-room of his New York penthouse, Frederick Novack turned from a glass table and carried a Martini to the red-haired girl in the leopardskin coat. He smiled as he crossed the room; smiled reassuringly, as if to allay her nervousness.

"There's no rush," he said. "Take your time. Tell me exactly what happened."

The girl was small and frightened. She sat on the edge of a white leather chair, her feet pressed together. When she accepted the cocktail, her hand trembled.

"Honest," she answered huskily, all but pleading, "I told you everything I know about it, Mr. Novack."

"All you said was that he went to Miami?"

"By plane. This morning. He made three reservations—for himself, his mother, and this Mrs. Cameron."

"I already know about that," said Frederick Novack. "What I'm interested in is—why did he go to Miami?"

"I don't know!"

He stood sipping his cocktail, looking down at the red-haired girl with a mingling of doubt and dissatisfaction. He was a solid man, big without being fat. What was left of his grey hair was parted so severely that one saw the pink skin of his scalp. The starched collar of his blue shirt was too tight; its pressure seemed to congest and flush his powerful face.

"Look, Beatrice," he said softly. "Why don't you get me some information I don't already know? After all, you operate the office switchboard."

"I do my best, Mr. Novack." She sounded desperate. "Most of the time there's somebody about. I just can't listen in. I'm in the outer office."

Thoughtfully Frederick Novack gazed into the dress of his glass. "My dear girl," he murmured, "do you realise you're getting a hundred a week from me, not from Ranney? I want to hear something for that money."

"Well, there was that conference yesterday afternoon before he went away. I started telling you about that."

Frederick Novack nodded. "Go on. Tell me the rest."

(To be Continued)



Do the Children get on YOUR NERVES?

"I couldn't stand the children's chatter" writes Mrs. J.S.B. of Ballarat, "and my nerve-ridden snappish temper drove my husband away. One day my chemist told me to take Phosphorated Iron. Oh, what a difference! I am a new woman!"

What a thought to the victim of nerves — To be a new woman! Here's a test worth trying for yourself — the famous

"8 Day" Wonder Test

First see how far you can walk, or how long you can work before feeling tired, achy, nervous. Next take two tablets of Phosphorated Iron with each meal for 8 days. Then test yourself again, and see the difference in the way you look, feel and act.

Phosphorated Iron seems to send new, rich, iron-laden blood straight to starved nerve-cells — and quickly builds fresh reserves of nerve-force in weak, nervous, anaemic men and women. Note the way you brighten up, enjoy food again, and get back to restful, relaxed sleep at night! Ask your chemist for Phosphorated Iron tablets.

Simple Remedy for Bad Stomach Gives Swift Relief

No Need of Strong Medicines or Diet. Safe and Simple Recipe Keeps Stomach in Fine Condition

If you are a victim of Stomach Trouble — Gas, Sourness, Pain or Bloating—you may have quick and certain relief by following this simple advice.

Don't take strong medicines, artificial digestants, or pull down your system with starvation diets. For within reason most folks may eat what they like if they will keep their stomach free from souring acids that hinder or paralyse the work of digestion.

And the best and easiest way to do this is to follow every meal with a teaspoonful of Salix Magnesia — a pleasant, harmless, inexpensive prescription that promptly neutralises acidity and keeps your stomach sweet and clean.

A week's trial of Salix Magnesia, which any good chemist or store can supply, should quickly convince you that 99 per cent. of ordinary stomach distress is absolutely unnecessary. Be sure to get Salix Magnesia.***

LUMBAGO



MUSCLES SOOTHED AT ONCE

Pain Driven Clean Out

Don't be a martyr to crippling lumbago pain! One application of St. Jacob's Oil and your agonising pains go. First you feel your skin begin to glow. Second, your afflicted muscles relax. . . . pain goes. You actually feel this soothing oil sinking deep into your painful muscles. You feel it drawing the pain clean out! St. Jacob's Oil does not burn the skin. Always keep a bottle handy. Your chemist sells St. Jacob's Oil.

If your FAIR HAIR has gone OFF-COLOUR — MOUSY...

Fair hair that has gone grey, yellow, or brown, is due to a lack of the natural coloring matter in the hair. This is caused by a lack of the necessary food for the hair. The hair needs a special food to keep it fair and healthy. This food is called **STABLOND**. It is a special food for the hair, and it will make your hair fair and healthy again. It is a simple, safe, and effective remedy for all hair troubles. It is the only hair food that will make your hair fair and healthy again. It is the only hair food that will make your hair fair and healthy again. It is the only hair food that will make your hair fair and healthy again.

USE STABLOND THE FAIR HAIR SHAMPOO

Simple Way To Lift Corns Right Out

No excuse for cutting corns.

Tender corns, tough corns, or soft corns can now be safely lifted out with the finger-tips, thanks to Prozol-Ice, says grateful user.

Only a few drops of Prozol-Ice, the first-type antiseptic treatment, which you can get for 1/6 at any chemist or drug store, is simple to use and does not hurt. This wonderful and safe remover stops pain instantly, and does not spread on to surrounding healthy tissue. Prozol-Ice is a boon to corn-ridden men and women.

The Australian Women's Weekly

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And all those things are additional to the regular features by Lower—the 50-50 column—the comic strips, etc... which go to make the Daily Telegraph "foremost for features in the daily newspaper field."

TELEGRAPH

greater Accent to Women's Interests!

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QUICKLY CLEARED with IODEX

For itchy, irritable, pimply skins Iodex has been used with remarkable success. Depending for its efficacy on its antiseptic iodine content, Iodex quickly relieves the itching and burning of eczema and other skin irritations. In stubborn cases you should see your doctor.



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FREE! Write for valuable Iodex First Aid Book. Every home should have one. The Iodex Co., Box 34, P.O., North Sydney.

IODEX

NO-STAIN IODINE

Price 2/- from all chemists

Wallflower because of a SKIN BLEMISH

If the people you would like to meet pass you by because of a skin blemish, here is good news for you. From your chemist get a jar of COVERSPOOT. Simply rub it over the blemish like a face cream, pat on powder and you can face the most critical gaze without embarrassment.

COVERSPOT effectively conceals pimples, freckles, scars, acne (first stages), dark circles under eyes, skin discolorations, birthmarks, etc. It remains soft and pliant all day long and does not fade or easily rub off. Purse size costs only 1/6 at chemists or stores. Economy Jar 4/6, or write to British Harold F. Ritchie Co. Ltd., 55 York Street, Sydney.

Coverspot

CONCEALS ALL SKIN BLEMISHES

Ankles Swollen, Backache, Nervous, Kidneys Strained?

If you're feeling out of sorts, Get Up Nights, or suffer from Dizziness, Nervousness, Backache, Leg Pains, Rheumatism, Swollen Ankles, Burning Urination, Excess Acidity, or Loss of Energy and feel old before your time, Kidney and Bladder Weakness may be the true cause. Wrong foods and drinks, worry, colds or overwork may create an excess of acids and place a heavy strain on your kidneys so that they function poorly and need help to properly refresh your blood and maintain health and energy.

Help Kidneys Doctors' Way

Many doctors have discovered by scientific clinical tests and by actual practice that a quick and modern way to help the kidneys clean out excess poisons and acids is with a scientifically prepared prescription

called Cystex. Hundreds and hundreds of Doctors' records prove this. And former sufferers write daily saying that they feel vastly improved in 24 to 48 hours after taking Cystex.

Guaranteed to Put You Right or Money Back

Get Cystex from your chemist today. Give it a thorough test. Cystex is guaranteed to make you feel younger, stronger, better in every way, in 24 hours and to be completely well in 1 week or your money back if you return the empty package. Act now! Now in 3 sizes—1/6, 4/6, 8/6.

This is a **Guaranteed Cystex** Remedy for Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism

PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer

★★★ THE STORY OF IRENE AND VERNON CASTLE

(Week's Best Release.)

Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire. (RKO.)

HERE is the tops in film entertainment from Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire.

For Ginger and Fred play out a true story, human, romantic, and gleaming with a kind of poignant charm.

They bring to the screen the lives of another famous American dancing team—the Castles, who really taught the pre-war world how to dance.

And the Castles' story was more colorful than any fiction.

So the film shows you, from the first meeting of Irene and Vernon Castle, on Long Island, when Vernon was a comedian with a wig and Pinocchio nose, and Irene his shyly adoring admirer.

Then you thrill to their romance, their marriage, their struggles, and their meteoric success through Europe and America.

Thrilling through the film go the dances and tunes which were caught up by the whole civilised world. You will hum them, too.

Ginger and Fred, that brilliant and delightful pair, reach their peak in this picture—handling character roles for the first time.

And, as a last touch of richness, the supporting players are that warm-hearted pair, Edna May Oliver and Walter Brennan—Regent; showing.

★★★ ROSE OF WASHINGTON SQUARE

Alice Faye, Tyrone Power, Al Jolson. (Fox.)

A woman's love for a handsome ne'er-do-well is the simple theme of this appealing musical.

While not a film to stir the emotions deeply, it has a poignant

quality.

Shows Still Running

★★★ Dark Victory. Bette Davis, George Brent in poignant tragedy.—Century, 3rd week.

★★★ Good-Bye Mr. Chips. Robert Donat, Greer Garson in beautifully human drama.—St. James, 2nd week.

★★ Confessions of a Nazi Spy. Edward G. Robinson, Paul Lukas in sensational frank and thrilling spy drama.—Mayfair, 6th week.

★★ Union Pacific. Barbara Stanwyck, Joel McCrea in grand action drama.—Prince Edward, 2nd week.

wistful quality. "Heart-tugging" is the word to describe it.

The sincere, straightforward acting of Tyrone Power as the small-time crook who can't run straight, and of Alice Faye as the girl who loves and forgives, is responsible.

So, too, are familiar songs of yesteryear generously interwoven into the story.

For it is backstage drama of Rose (Alice Faye), humble singer off post-war years, who becomes a great Ziegfeld star, and is almost brought to disgrace by a weakling husband (Tyrone Power).

She is aided by the blackface singer, and her loyal friend, Al Jolson, who, too, later finds fame. Jolson and Alice share the songs, with Jolson giving a spirited ren-

Our Film Gradings

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average

No stars — below average.

dering of his popular old favorite, "Mammy."

There are some spectacular stage settings, and some fine adagio dancing.

But it is the romance between Power and Alice that will hold your interest rather than such trimmings.—Plaza; showing.

★ MAN OF CONQUEST

Richard Dix, Gail Patrick. (Republic.)

THIS vigorous and imposing picture touches on a refreshingly new side of American history.

Its hero is Sam Houston, conqueror of Texas. Indeed, the film is a biography of this man's life.

Houston is painted as a kind of American Robin Hood, who worked for freedom in politics, in the Indian territory—he was adopted by a Cherokee tribe—and in the Texan war.

Richard Dix, that old-time star, swings right back to popularity with this role. He is commanding—and he is believable.

There was romance in Sam Houston's life, too.

Joan Fontaine appears as the hero's flighty first wife, from whom he separated; Gail Patrick is the serious pioneer girl with whom Houston finally found happiness.

As for action of the flag-waving kind—the film has plenty of it.—Lyceum; showing.

★ IT'S A WONDERFUL WORLD

Claudette Colbert, James Stewart. (MGM.)

IF you're not in a critical mood you will find mild entertainment in this comedy thriller.

The trouble is that the film can't make up its mind whether to be drama or comedy.

James Stewart, as the private detective, who is escaping from the police and a year in Sing Sing for harboring a murderer, is all for drama.

Claudette Colbert as the romantically-minded poet who attaches herself to Stewart and helps him to find the real murderer is all for comedy—and Claudette is not too successful.

She becomes a nuisance, not only to James, intent on following up important clues, but to the audience as well.

There are certainly some very bright patches in the film.

James' disguise of himself as a Boy Scout is a lovely touch. So is the scene in which Claudette throws the police off their trail by pretending to an elopement.—Liberty; showing.

★ THE KID FROM TEXAS

Dennis O'Keefe, Florence Rice. (MGM.)

A COWBOY who yearns to become a great polo player—that is "The Kid From Texas," and lighthearted comedy, too.

I have my suspicions that the film would not have been half so entertaining without Dennis O'Keefe in the cast.

But young Mr. O'Keefe, tall, cocky, and attractive without being too good-looking, is a most heart-warming young man.

Does he become a great polo player? He does—after falling in love with a Long Island heiress.

General note of "The Kid From Texas" is bolsterous.

Florence Rice, as the Long Island heiress, falls into rivers, is dragged by a lariat, and generally mused. But the pleasure of watching both

SCREEN ODDITIES ★ By CHARLES BRUNO



A PHOTOGRAPH OF SARA HADEN (THE AUNT MILLY OF 'THE HARDY FAMILY' SERIES) DRESSED IN SLACKS CAUSED SO MANY PROTESTS FROM FANS SHE HAD TO GIVE UP WEARING THEM!



THERE ARE MORE STATION WAGONS IN HOLLYWOOD THAN ANYWHERE ELSE... BUT NO RAILROAD STATION!



A FALLING SHELF WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR LYNN BART'S UPSWEPT HAIR-DO IN 'HOTEL FOR WOMEN'—THE ENORMOUS BUMP IT RAISED ON HER HEAD COULD BE DISGUISED IN NO OTHER WAY!

By Bruno

Here's hot news from all studios!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; and JUDY BAILEY, London.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN is considering three different comedienne for an important role in "The Dictator." The coveted role will fall to Beatrice Lillie, Fannie Brice, or Patsy Kelly. Charlie is working hard on his own voice recording. Since this is the first picture in which he will talk, he wants to make sure that his voice registers satisfactorily.

One of Charlie's most attractive traits, off-screen, is his charming voice.

CONEY ISLAND, New York's famous amusement centre, will be the locale of a Warner's picture featuring Pat O'Brien, Claude Rains, Humphrey Bogart, Gloria Dickson, and comedienne Marie Wilson. A camera crew will be sent to New

Mr. O'Keefe and some galloping polo play should compensate Florence for this.

And I nearly forgot an added cause for laughter—the brusque humor of old Jessie Ralph as Florence's managing aunt.—Liberty; showing.

★ THE HOUSE OF FEAR

William Gargan, Irene Hervey, Dorothy Arnold. (Universal.)

THIS exciting murder mystery will send shivers up and down your spine.

But don't worry. There is some gasping comedy relief from El Brendel and Tom Dugan.

The murder itself takes place during the performance of a new play on Broadway.

Victim is the leading man—and then the corpse disappears.

Detective William Gargan comes on to the scene after the theatre has been closed for several weeks—and insists on reconstructing the play again, in order to "reconstruct the crime."

Weird and strange experiences befall the terrified cast during these rehearsals, and the mystery thickens to screaming point.—Capitol; showing.

York to shoot authentic backgrounds while the Island is at the height of its noisy, crowded summer season.

DOROTHY LAMOUR can afford to eat caviar, but her favorite dish, which she orders in the swankiest restaurants, is Irish stew.

IT looks as if George Brent and Bette Davis will retire to the woods when they get married, for Brent has just purchased a 160-acre redwood grove and is building a cabin there.

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND has applied for her American citizenship papers. She was born in Tokyo of British parents 23 years ago. Her father is still a resident of Japan, but Olivia has been living in the United States since she was 21 years old. Marlene Dietrich, Luba Rainer and Gregory Ratoff are other stars who have recently turned American.

FOX are planning Jane Withers' career very carefully. She has no intention of keeping her in outgrown baby roles. Her stories will keep pace with her years.

Next autumn when she enters high school, she will start a picture about a 13-year-old high school girl, and each year she will play parts a year older. So you will be following on the screen the life history of Jane Withers.

MARGARET SULLIVAN will co-star with Hedy Lamarr in "Ziegfeld Girl."

DAVID WARFIELD, veteran actor of the Broadway stage, has agreed to make his movie debut at the ripe age of 70. "The Mortal Storm," by Phyllis Bottome, is the story which has finally lured him into motion pictures. Years ago he was offered a large sum to film "The Music Master," his most famous stage role.

"The Mortal Storm" is set in Nazi Germany. Margaret Sullivan will play the daughter to Warfield's old professor who goes to a concentration camp.

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2.30 and
8 p.m.

The Movie World

August 12, 1939

The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

First Page

Dawn in the life of a Hollywood glamor girl...

MUST RISE AT 5.30 TO GET READY FOR THE MOVIE CAMERAS

From John B. Davies, in New York

EARLY to bed, early to rise, is the well-known routine for beauty.

But Hollywood's glamor girls just have to follow it to get through the day's work.

The first three hours in the working day of lovely Lucille Ball will show you just why a screen star is more likely to become acquainted with milkmen than midnight revelers.

Lucille is the heroine of RKO's jungle drama, "Five Came Back," and she has to be on the set, ready for "shooting," sharp at nine every morning.

11.30 a.m. she wakes. An alarm clock, her pet black and tan terrier, Toy, and a helpful mother see to this.

Lucille then has a brisk shower, a glass of fruit juice, slips into slacks and shirt, and at 6.15 drives off to the studio.

Make-up men and beauty special-



• Still sleepy, dishevelled, Lucille Ball, RKO starlet, steps into her car at 6.15 a.m. to drive to the studio. . . . And so begins a day's work on her new film, "Five Came Back."



• 8.57: The finished product. After three hours' grooming, Lucille is ready to face the cameras.

ing have already arrived, and at seven o'clock she begins her real movie day.

First, the actress' hair is shampooed, dried, and brushed. This is a daily routine, to keep the coiffure fluffy and soft before the cameras.

Then the hair-set, the operator being careful to see that the waves fall just as they did the day before.

At 7.30 breakfast is brought in to Lucille on a tray—not the best occasion for a meal, but it's her only chance; and she eats in snatches while her hair is still being done.

At 8 o'clock she is ready for the make-up man. He spends forty-five minutes, or even longer, moulding her film face!

Lucille next slips across to her private dressing-room, where a maid has her "lost in the jungle" outfit ready, and hands her clothes out to her one by one.

Dressing takes her just thirty seconds. By 8.55 a.m. fluffy and beautiful, she is practically ready for the film.

But wait. Lucille's legs and face have now to be daubed with thick, black mud to give her that correct "lost in the jungle" air. This messy operation takes two minutes. At 9 o'clock, with not one wasted second behind her, Lucille is ready on the set, with the rest of the cast.

With three busy hours already behind her, Lucille then begins the real work of the day.

"Shooting" may last from eight to twelve hours, according to the director's desires.

After that Lucille Ball, as other working stars, shuns night spots, and goes straight home to bed to prepare for another day's labor.



JOAN FONTAINE
appearing in
R.K.O. Production
"Gunga Din."

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	Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Grey <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Oily <input type="checkbox"/>
CITY	Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE	Normal <input type="checkbox"/>
	Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	
STATE	Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE	LIPS
	Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Moist <input type="checkbox"/>
	Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES	REDHEAD	Dry <input type="checkbox"/>
	Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE
		Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	

Portrait of a badly spoiled young SIREN

GERMAN LYA LYS LOST HER TEMPER TO WIN A CAREER

From BARBARA BOURCHIER
in Hollywood

WHEN an intriguing beauty opens her deep blue eyes at you, and laughingly exclaims, "I am a very spoiled young woman!" what can you do but gasp?

But Lya Lys, alluring recruit to Hollywood from the Continental studios, is fond of making people gasp.

She is a very disconcerting young woman.

Like the rest of Hollywood, I could not get a good look at Miss Lys until Warner Bros' "Confessions of a Nazi Spy" was finished, for she had been working in strict seclusion.

But now the picture is released all over the world, and Miss Lys, happy in a long-term contract with Warner Bros., is free to give Press interviews.

I had been told in advance that Lya was a mixture of Hedy Lamarr, Marlene Dietrich, and Ann Sheridan.

I found a charming and vivacious girl, with startlingly blonde hair—real blonde hair, so rare in the studios—those deep blue eyes, and a beauty which gleams even through her playtime uniform of shirt and slacks.

And why is Lya "a very spoiled young woman"?

Because a fit of screaming temper got her into films.

Lya had none of those childhood ambitions of becoming a big film star.

She was going to be a big lawyer instead.

Indeed, she was a student at the Sorbonne in Paris, with her pretty head full of deep study.

Then Lya went on a holiday to Monte Carlo.

She embarked on the train to come back from this holiday—and was astonished when a group of American tourists came up to her.

"May we have your autograph?" said they.

"But why?" demanded an astonished student.

"Aren't you a motion picture actress?" was the reply. "We'd like to take your autograph back to America with us."

Lya simply could not make them believe that she was a University undergraduate.

In the end she had to sign her name.

For the rest of the way back to Paris Lya thought over this curious incident. "If I look enough like an actress to be asked for autographs—I shall become one!"

Screamed for job

INSTEAD of going back to the Sorbonne, Lya went to one of the French film studios, and asked for a job. Naturally, she was told that there was none available. So Lya began to scream!

"I put on a terrible scene. Didn't I tell you I was a terribly spoiled young woman? You see, my mother, Dr. Ina Lys, who practised in Paris, had pampered me for years—and I was accustomed to having my own way."

"I screamed until finally the casting director put his head through a door and asked the cause of all the commotion."

"I explained to him that they would not give me a job."

"Give her a job, for goodness sake," he said. He was very cross. But that is how I became a film actress."

Lya has worked in France, and in Germany, and made two American films before—"Jimmy and Sally," back in 1933, and "The Great Gambini" in 1937.

But she regards this visit to Hollywood as the beginning of her true career in English-speaking films. "I speak English so well now," she said—and so she does.

Lya does not mind what type of role she plays—although she is sure to play the enticing siren in most of her films, she likes a sparkle of comedy as well.



• The siren with a sense of humor: two beautiful studies of German-born Lya Lys, who is America's latest star

UPS AND DOWNS FOR KELLAWAY

Three big roles offered to him at once

POPULARITY in Hollywood has its disappointing side, as Australian favorite Cecil Kellaway is finding out.

He has just had a headache of a time trying to juggle several film roles.

It all began the morning after the preview of "Wuthering Heights," in which Kellaway had a small but important role.

Every studio rang up to find if Kellaway were available for big pictures.

Among the offers was an excellent role in the Bette Davis picture, "Elizabeth and Essex," which meant five weeks' work.

Kellaway was committed to this picture when along came director William Wyler, of "Wuthering Heights," who had promised the actor a really good part in his next film—the film was decided upon, its name was "Intermezzo," and was Kellaway free?

Delighted at the opportunity of working again with Mr. Wyler, the actor secured a release from his Warners' commitment.

Things were moving fast. Along came MGM and offered Mr. Kellaway two months' work in "Balalaika," with Nelson Eddy. Cecil began to feel rather dizzy.

But he had been so impressed with William Wyler's direction that he was determined to make "Intermezzo." MGM's proposition was turned down, and an agreement with Wyler's chief, David O. Selznick, was signed.

Then the blow fell. With "Intermezzo" ready to start, Wyler was summoned by another studio, and had to turn the direction over to Gregory Ratoff.

Cecil consoled himself with the fact that at least he still had a fine role—at least, so he thought. But he hadn't counted on Hollywood's strange working methods.

At that point someone decided to rewrite the last half of the "Intermezzo" story—with the result that one-third of Kellaway's choice part was cut out.

And there the matter rests at this moment, with Kellaway musing on that old cynical phrase—"So this is Hollywood!"

They don't want their children in pictures

PATH TO MOVIE SUCCESS MADE DIFFICULT FOR THE OFFSPRING OF THE FILM STARS

By JOAN McLEOD
in Hollywood

MOVIE stars to-day are doing all they can to keep their ambitious offspring away from the screen.

It's not because they jealously guard their privileges and hard-won status.

They want to spare their children all the heartaches which they experienced in reaching movie success.

Many stars are fond—very fond—parents. But you won't find many of them proudly displaying their offspring round the film colony.

These movie children are kept well out of reach of Hollywood's persuasive influence from their earliest days—even before they are old enough to know just what is happening.

Kept out of studio

SPENCER TRACY'S two youngsters, Johnny and Susie, have grown out of the toddler stage, and the studio sees less and less of them. In fact, it's only on rare occasions that they enter the movie city at all.

Wallace Beery also sees to it that his attractive little adopted daughter, Carol Ann, spends most of her time on his South Californian ranch.

Marlene Dietrich's fourteen-year-old daughter Mavia isn't even in America. Her mother has her in school in Europe.

Movie parents are apt to get very indignant if anyone suggests that their young hopefuls have talent which would be useful to the screen.

"What, my child?" they mutter, and, bundling him up, get him well out of sight, and as quickly as possible.

You may remember the hectic battle Charlie Chaplin fought some years ago to prevent his former wife, Lita Grey Chaplin, from making movie actors of his two young sons, Charles, jun., and Edward.

He said that he allowed Lita quite sufficient money to keep the boys in comfort, and he couldn't see any

reason why they should have their childhood days spoiled.

He won the case.

Actually very few child stars have even a theatrical tradition behind their success. Shirley Temple is the first of her family to essay acting as a career. Her father is a prosperous bank manager.

The same applies to Jane Withers. Her father was, and still is, an executive of a tyre company in Atlanta.

Mickey Rooney of course is an exception. He was a veteran before he ever came into pictures, the son of a well-known stage vaudeville artist, Joe Jule.

It's easy enough to keep one's child off the screen when the child is too young to have much say in the matter.

But what happens when the child grows too old for parental jurisdiction? When he decides to carve out a career for himself, and discovers that he'd like to be a movie actor—like his father, or his mother?

Most sons and daughters of famous film stars, past and present, achieve success on the screen entirely on their merits.

Sometimes they do so in the face of parental opposition. Rarely do they receive assistance from their influential elders.

This suits the youngsters nicely. They much prefer to launch their careers for themselves.

Frank Morgan's niece

MAXINE MARX, Chico Marx's brunette daughter, recently made her film debut in "Dramatic School," and not even the director knew that she was the famous comedian's daughter.

She had taken the screen name of Robin Page, and got the part all by herself.

Now she's won over her eccentric father and uncles, and she's appearing in their next film, "A Day at the Circus."

Claudia Morgan is the daughter of Ralph and niece of Frank.

● Parental influence did nothing for cheery Jane Withers, Fox star, shown above in a rare tranquil moment. She has achieved success through her own bright personality.



She's steadily forging ahead in small roles, quite without help from father or uncle.

Gloria Wood, daughter of the well-known Hollywood director, Sam Wood, is making a name for herself on the stage. She goes by the name of Katherine Stevens, and few people know her real name.

Recently, Gloria won the leading part of Alice in the road company of "You Can't Take It With You" entirely on her own merits.

Sam is not lifting a hand to help his daughter get into the movies—not yet, anyway.

"Frankly, the film studio is the wrong place to obtain dramatic training," says Sam.

"The most important single attribute for an actor is a fine voice, and the best place to learn to use one's voice is in the theatre, where you must be able to project it to the back row of the balcony."

"A movie actor rarely gets the opportunity to play a variety of roles," says Sam. "But the stage actor in a stock company might do something different at every performance."

Actors have always been most reluctant for their sons and daughters to follow in their footsteps—if those steps lead to Hollywood.

Father was furious

DOUG FAIRBANKS, jun., took up acting as a career in the face of violent opposition from his father, Doug, sen.

After a few roles in American pictures, he went to London, to act on stage and screen, and to produce films of his own—to learn all he could about the movie business.

He also proved to the world that he could make a success of acting without any help from his father.

Strange as it may seem, even the younger stars, who might be expected to be blinded by swift fame and good fortune, don't encourage their

brothers, sisters, or cousins to dip into the Hollywood lucky bag.

They advise them to get stage experience, to learn about acting before they tackle the screen.

When Maureen O'Sullivan's 19-year-old sister, Sheila, recently announced her intention of coming to Hollywood, Maureen telephoned to her home in Ireland to dissuade her.

Maureen wanted her to have stage experience first, so Sheila finally agreed to enrol at the famous Abbey Players' School in Dublin before attempting a screen career.

Sisters are helped

SHEILA made good with the Abbey Players, so Maureen withdrew her opposition, and arranged for her to make a screen test.

Now she's under contract to MGM, Maureen's studio.

Rosalind Russell, attractive MGM player, also has a sister with screen aspirations—Lee is that attractive young person whom Hollywood is tipping will be the next Mrs. Herbert Marshall.

Rosalind is letting her get radio and stage experience before she lends a helping hand into movies.

Not every sister has the same idea about Hollywood. Bette Davis believes in giving the youngsters their chance.

Her young sister Barbara is now in Hollywood, and had a small part in Bette's film, "Dark Victory."

Ray Milland is bringing his 18-year-old cousin from London, and will keep her here till she makes the acting grade.

Her name is for your future reference, Enid Maxwell.

And Loretta Young is doing all she can to push the career of her kid sister, 15-year-old Georgiana.

But whether they help them or not, the same rule applies in Hollywood as all over the world. If you haven't the ability, you just can't keep your place.

BEARDS AND WHISKERS TO ORDER

TO beard, or not to beard, that is the question that is facing the screen hero of to-day. He is being called upon to act in increasing numbers of biographies and adventure tales, and the characters in these stories usually wore some form of beard.

● Hollywood producers are in a quandary. They don't know how the public will like their favorite romantic hero with whiskers. Spencer Tracy and Robert Taylor have to wear beards in MGM's screen version of "Northwest Passage." They play rangers who, while campaigning against the Indians, have to go for weeks at a time without shaving. Neither of the stars has ever appeared on the screen with more than a slight stubble.

● So MGM has ordered its make-up department to make a series of different sorts of beards just to see what type becomes them

best. These trial beards range from a quarter of an inch to three inches in depth, and, when they're all finished, they're to be tried and screen-tested on the actors themselves.

● Incidentally, Taylor and Tracy are vastly relieved about the whole situation. Now they don't have to go through the bitter business of growing beards for themselves. For the stars come in for a lot of derisive comment from their fellows when they attempt anything out of the way in facial growth.

● Clark Gable, Brian Aherne, Johnny Weissmuller, and other screen notables have been seen slinking round Hollywood to hide an embryo beard or turning their collars up to disguise over-long locks. But Tracy and Taylor will escape all such embarrassment—and still have their bewhiskered glory.

1 **WAITRESS** Joan Blondell tells Melvyn Douglas her plans for getting rich quickly.



2 **ELOPING** with Stanley Brown, she becomes involved in a car smash, and is rescued by Douglas.



3 **AFTER** a wild evening with Curtis, Douglas' future brother-in-law, she sees him home.



4 **SHE BECOMES** a favorite with his family, including irascible Walter Connolly.



5 **JOAN** learns that Joan Perry, engaged to Douglas, loves another, and determines to help her.



6 **ALAN CURTIS** wants to marry her, but Joan, though tempted by his wealth, refuses.

does a man....



SHIRLEY ROSS
Paramount
Player

..notice his wife's Hair?

Make no mistake—there are two times at least every day when you can be sure he DOES notice your hair... if it has a youthful healthy gloss; if it is silky-clean—or if it's dull or "dandruffy"!

YOU can't be too careful in washing your hair if you want it always to look its best!... and that's why thousands of girls never, never use skin soap on their hair! For the chemical effect of soap "alkali" deadens and dries delicate hair, and makes it brittle and hard-to-manage.

Wash soft, lustrous beauty into your hair—keep it wavy with extra "life"—with Colinated, pure, natural, quick-rinsing Shampoo that everyone's talking about!

BLONDES—This new-style Colinated Shampoo preserves sparkling gold brilliance—prevents "alkali patches."

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Make your very next shampoo a real "beauty wash" with Colinated—and watch its magic coconut bubbles take away every trace of dust, oily-film, and dandruff scurf... Give new, thrilling sheen... Help waves... Leave hair silky-clean... and easier to dress!

Colinated Shampoo

* A bottle lasts months
Any Chemist or Store.

Farce for Blondell and Douglas

Brown. Instead, she gets involved with Alan Curtis, whose sister, Joan Perry, is to marry the professor. Joan Blondell becomes prime favorite with this family, and sets to work to iron out their troubles.

Now meet the...

REAL MYRNA LOY

ENGLISH INTERVIEW WITH SCREEN'S
"PERFECT WIFE," ON HOLIDAY TOUR
WITH HUSBAND ARTHUR HORNBLow

By ZOE FARMAR, from London

MYRNA LOY and her English husband, Arthur Hornblow, jun., have been over in Europe for two weeks on one of those sightseeing marathons they call holidays.

On Sunday they came down to spend the day with us, and take in Kent. While I, feeling the curiosity we all have about the Ideal Screen Wife, took in Myrna!

Did she, for a start, look like Myrna Loy?

Yes, there were the tiny, all-over freckles (she says she used to hate them but has got over it—and that they come of having one skin-layer less than average), the pale brown hair with a reddish flavor to it, that endearing impertinent nose and the very red mouth that suggests a laugh is coming.

The perfectly plain black knitted suit with a spray of "costume jewellery" (the kind of jewellery that doesn't pretend to be precious but which is well designed to suit its outfit) over the breast-pocket suited the picture.

But what did surprise me was to find that Mrs. Arthur Hornblow

isn't at all like the screen Mrs. Powell. She is much more like you and me.

She is a picture of the good little wife who lets her husband do most of the talking (at which he is good, witty), never interrupts him, and obeys without murmur such suggestions as "go and put a coat on."

And, since they have been married for three years, I think that presents an ideal that takes a little living up to.

Even in the kitchen department it seems Mrs. Hornblow sets a standard.

They both like food, take back from Europe crates of wine and loads of catalogues which of a quiet home evening they study, and make lists of some of the good-to-eats they can get only by sending to London.

I think of all the qualities Myrna Loy possesses the one most useful in the average home is repose.

I have seldom met a star who doesn't act a little "ham" in real life.

Myrna Loy is not like that.

As Mrs. Hornblow she is a very nice, easy-to-get-on-with woman whom you'd all like to know—with-out any stardust to throw in your eyes.

• "GOOD GIRLS GO TO PARIS," from Columbia studios, presents Joan Blondell in hilarious farce about a gold-digger with a conscience. On the advice of shocked young professor Melvyn Douglas she abandons her plans for ensnaring wealthy Stanley

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Nourish Starving Skin

Starving Skin needs Vitamin... Le Charme Vita Cucumber Cream... the vitamin-hungry cells through the pores of the skin... Wrinkles and lines fade away as the new healthy skin grows lovelier and younger.

FIRST APPLICATION, remarkable benefits are noticed.

ONE WEEK, skininess and even skin texture disappear.

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DRY OR OILY SKIN? Le Charme Foundation Cream, and protective for dry and delicate skin causes powder to adhere, tans and softens the skin to give it a new youthful charm. For oily skin use Le Charme Vanishing Cream.

Le Charme Powder... it's new! It's air-refined and super-silky... gives that unforgettable charm and allure that has attracted men the world over.

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HOLIDAYS

Anywhere—Any Place—Any Time

★

AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY TRAVEL BUREAU

St. James Bldg., Elizabeth St., Sydney.

THE HOMEMAKER

August 12, 1939

The Australian Women's Weekly

First Page



ROMANCE in a moonlit garden perfumed with spring blossoms. A stage setting certainly—for Margaret Lindsay and John Payne, Warner Bros. stars—but it captures the atmosphere of a warm spring night, the time for youth and beauty, for beautiful frocks and dancing.

I'LL be a dancing spring. For everybody is dancing more—both young and old. The young things, of course, have never stopped dancing.

But the not-so-yongs—like you and me perhaps—who, for one reason or another, have let their dancing lapses are now wishing they hadn't.

The other day a woman walked into a beauty shop and said, "Please teach me to dance. For years I've been just playing bridge and getting along all right, but all of a sudden I find myself with an inferiority complex. I haven't danced in ten years—and suddenly everybody else seems to be dancing and I don't dare try!"

The beauty shop couldn't teach her to dance, but they told her where she could learn.

In New York so many women want to learn dancing that many beauty salons have now started giving dancing lessons, not only because their clients have asked for them, but because the physical director in each case believes that dancing is an agreeable combination of beauty-making and fun.

It brings back a spirit of youth, and is a pleasant way of taking exercise which you probably wouldn't bother to take otherwise.

Whatever style of dancing you go in for, you can depend upon its improving your poise and your posture.

As a matter of fact the thing works both ways. Better posture makes for easier dancing, and learning to dance correctly definitely improves your carriage.

So your first dancing lesson starts with instruction in posture and learning to walk correctly to music.

If you have often wondered just

what it was that made some women look like floating goddesses in the dance, you might like to check yourself with this posture pattern:

Your head should be high. Your chest lifted. Your shoulders relaxed. Your tail tucked in. And your abdomen flat.

As you move forward, remember to carry your pelvic bones just over your feet, neither ahead of nor behind them. And, above all, try for the uplifted feeling of having your ear lobes as far away as possible from your shoulders.

There is, I might say, a little more than this to good dancing. But in general good posture plus rhythm plus a good dance tune is a pretty good recipe for this beauty-making and very agreeable form of exercise.

Your looks will improve for other reasons, too. Dancing means wearing your loveliest frock. A lovely frock means a perfect hair-do, a glamorous make-up, which will all lead you to take greater care of your appearance and to experiment with new hair styles and cosmetics.

"Little girl" look

WHICH reminds me to tell you that it will also be a pretty spring—that is, as far as femininity is concerned. Remember your pretty little girl days—complexion peaches and cream, eyes starry, mouth red like a ripe wild strawberry? Then you were unconsciously pretty.

To-day you must recapture that "little girl" look through make-up's artful wiles.

For that's the make-up trend to go with fashion's new styles—frills and laces, Old-World vogues and curls a-top of your head.

Shun the "painted" look and strive for a "color-harmonised" one, and you'll come close to the mark. Apart from the fact that the "painted" look is in discord with the new season's clothes, heavy make-up

and contrasted colors age. Reason enough.

But since make-up must be attractive rather than conspicuous, have several sets. Tweeds, sports clothes, and day wear demand different combinations from the make-up for evening wear. It's up to you to experiment.

Suppose you are feeling dreamy in billowy chiffon in turquoise, pink, or mauve-blue. Then add to your youthful look with clover-pink lipstick and rouge, blue-lavender eye-shadow, black mascara, and two powders to give a soft matt finish.

If your choice is old rose, dark leaf-green, grey or navy, then try rosy-peach powder, rose lipstick and rouge, grey shadow, and blue mascara.

With brighter tones, like bright leaf-green, hyacinth-blue, yellow, or bon-bon-pink, use natural red lipstick and rouge, have dark blue tipped lashes, and eyelids tinted with a faint blend of azure-blue mascara.

Those holdover costumes and frocks from last year will look better if accented by smart new make-ups. You'll feel smarter in them, too, if you wear them with a younger face—make-up can do it. So give it a free rein to try its best.

Don't be afraid to experiment. You may find that a mere change of lipstick will take years from your appearance.

It's a trick of lipsticks—they either make you look older or younger, and it's for you to discover those that flatter. Better to use a subdued tone than a too bright color that makes you appear hard and old.

DANCE your way into SPRING!

DANCE — because it brings grace and beauty and poise. It improves your figure, brings a shine to your eyes, and a glow to your cheeks. So swing your way into the warming nights of spring to the rhythm of a lilting band. Romantic nights just made for youth and beauty... fun, adventure, and excitement... for moonlight, perfumed gardens, and wearing your loveliest frock.

By JANETTE...

Now try

POND'S NEW LIPSTICK

as alluring by NIGHT

as it is by DAY



NOW you can use the one lipstick, Pond's new Lipstick, to make your lips look glamorous always... in the bright daylight, or in the glare of electric lights. Pond's new Lipstick shades are blended scientifically to keep their rich color by night or day. And Pond's is really indelible. Stays fresh and dewy on your lips for hours. Six smart shades. 1/- and 2/6 at all stores and chemists.

DAY AND NIGHT USE

pond's lipstick





IN THE DINING-ROOM the outstanding feature is a tapestry panel set in a recess in the wall over the fireplace. Walls are white plaster. Door is walnut.



BATHROOM WALLS are finished with gay tiles. RIGHT: Corner treatment in hall, showing entrance to bathroom and strip wall lighting.

Some glimpses of new ENGLISH ARCHITECTURE

AIR mail pictures from London of a home just completed.

New and interesting features are incorporated in the design.

White plaster walls, plain panelled doors, barrel ceilings, simple fireplaces, polished wood floors provide an austere but attractive background for informal old-world furnishings.



(Above): LIVING ROOM, showing fireplace treatment, parquet floor with Persian rugs and high-back lounge chairs with loose covers of old-world chintz.



(Above): ANOTHER VIEW of living-room, showing glass doors leading to sun terrace. The simple window drapes contrast with patterned chair-covers and floor rugs.

(Right): MAIN ENTRANCE to house with shrubs growing in tubs at either side of door. The easily accessible garage has doors at either end.



(Right): FIRST FLOOR HALL, in austere design, white plaster walls, barrel ceiling, polished wood floors, plain centre carpet and plain walnut doors.



Everybody Knew . . . what she meant by "Headache"

NEW FACTS ABOUT PERIOD PAIN

Specialist Tells about Amazing New
—Relaxing—Way to Relieve Pain—
You Can't "Explain" . . .

"I wish that every woman in this country could realize just how much they cheat themselves when they allow unnecessary, weakening Pain and sickening headache to rob them of that calm poise which is so essential to charm!

When your poor back feels it is being drawn in—when you want to sit down and cry with the Pain, and that terrible feeling of weakness and "blues"—let Myzone bring you wonderful comfort—better than anything you've ever known!

New Freedom for Women

Scientists have discovered new facts about Pain—and with them has been found a new—safe—way to relieve Pain, by relaxing nervous and muscular tension—(instead of by "doping").



Already five out of every nine women are blessing this marvellous new relief. For Myzone's special *acteyin* (anti-spasm) compound brings instant ease from most severe period pain, headache or sick-feeling.

TWO Tablets

Yes!—Just two tiny Myzone tablets, with drink of water, or cup of tea, at the first sign of pain. How comforting! And in a few minutes you feel Pain fading away—you look brighter—and feel better.

The Myzone box is neat and inconspicuous. The price is 2/- for three months' supply at your chemist or pharmacy counter. Let Myzone help you to look your best at all times.



DYNAMEL THAT TABLE!



YOU'LL get a mirror-smooth gloss first time. Dynamel any old piece of furniture. It's easy. It's fascinating. Dynamel is better than enamel because:—

- (1) Dynamel dries twice as fast. Twice as hard.
- (2) No brushmarks. (3) You can scrub that mirror-smooth gloss. (4) Anybody can do a good job with Dynamel.

Choose from thirty-four lovelier colors on Taubmans Dynamel Color Chart at paint shops everywhere.

TIME FOR BLANKETS

WINTER IS HERE



A huge purchase of White BRITISH BLANKETS makes it possible for us to make you this astounding offer! A Sale containing:

- 2 Heavy White full-size Single Bed BLANKETS, 72 x 94.
- 2 SHEETS, Snow White Bleached and seamless. Hemmed ready for use and guaranteed made by the famous Hollins Mills of Manchester, Eng.
- 2 Genuine "Ansmill" large size thick Multi-colored Bath Towels.
- 2 PILLOW CASES, Snow White Bleached, linen finish, with envelope ends.
- 1 Beautiful brocaded Silken BED-Spread in glorious shades of Blue, Ivory, Green, Gold, or Pink. Choose a colour to match your room.

THIS SPECIAL SALE

26/6

POST FREE.

FREE: To Every Customer mentioned in the "Women's Weekly" we will give absolutely FREE 2 Extra Large Eng-Sub Glass Cloths.

Sydney Wholesale
Linen Co.
3 YORK STREET, SYDNEY.



AFRICAN MARIGOLDS are colorful for garden and for indoor use. Young plants stand up well to cold weather, but should be protected from frost at night for a few weeks yet.

It's SOWING TIME..

ALTHOUGH the nights and early mornings are still very chilly, and frosts are frequent, there is no reason why the gardener who wants a gay spring garden should not sow seeds or set out seedlings or hardy annuals.

—Says THE OLD GARDENER.

AND just a word in passing. Buy only the best seed and the strongest, healthiest seedlings, for blind buying is dangerous—and expensive.

With such a surfeit of riches to select from, one hesitates or finds it difficult to start.

For instance, now that August is here, the seed boxes and beds should be put in order. Soil for the boxes should be mixed up well, sterilised by placing on a sheet of iron over a good slow fire, and everything prepared for sowing time.

This done, the seeds should be on hand, and let us try to make our gardens brighter, better, gay than ever this year.

We shall all be buying seedlings or seeds of the old-time favorites such as snapdragons, clarkias, larkspurs, lupins, godetias, nigellas, and pansies, but they can be mixed with something new, something brighter.

Take the new hybrid petunias, and the gorgeous venidium, for instance.

They bloom over a long period, and are very useful for home decoration as well as providing a splash of color in the garden.

When the stocks die down and the soil is nice and rich and free, and a lot warmer than it is now, their place can be taken by dahlias, flowered zinnias.

In past years I have found that zinnias thrived on new manure, and made tremendous growth on this coarse food.

One must always avoid, however, putting their tender roots where they touch the manure, but if it is buried deeply where the roots can get it a month or two after it has fermented no harm will be done.

The picotee-edged zinnias are some of the choicest, and I always look for a packet or two of seed of the cactus-flowering types, for their quilled petals make a good show.

No spring bed would be complete without phlox drummondii, that colorful annual type that flourishes so well in most districts of the Commonwealth.

Only old manure or well-decayed compost should be used in the soil for phlox, for their rooting system is rather fastidious as to food.

African marigolds: Guinea Gold and all-double lemon and orange are three of the best varieties to sow now. They stand up fairly well to cold weather, although Jack Frost in a bad mood might wipe them out.

Still they can be sown in a box that is covered with glass and protected from frost at night, and in a few weeks, when the winter has passed, the seedlings can be safely transplanted.

I also want to make an appeal to gardeners who love the garden when it is touched by the moon to sow a massed bed of matthiola, or night-scented stock.

Only about 8 inches tall, the flowers are mostly small and pale-colored, but the fragrance at night is something to remember.

Sow the seed where the plants have to spend their lives and thin out to about 3 inches apart.

Mignonette is another old favorite that has been sadly neglected by gardeners in recent years.

Soil that is well limed is ideal for this fragrant flower. If you have any old building mortar, crush it up and add to the soil—the plants will thrive in it.

Planting mignonette

SOW the seed fairly thickly and then thin out to about 6 inches apart, for mignonette does not always transplant satisfactorily.

Lunaria (variety Fairy Bouquet) is another bright plant for spring blossom. It needs massing in a big bed for best results—and the colors will delight you.

The annual gypsophila are also useful for home decoration, and should be sown where the plants are to remain, for this plant is also a bad shifter.

Didiscus coeruleus, a dainty little lavender and lace lady from West Australia, is another that every Australian gardener should grow.

Lavender and lace describes its common name, for it is known as the Lavender-Lace flower, which is very apt.

Sow a packet now and you will never regret its inclusion in the spring bed.

Celosias and their first cousins the cockscombs can also be sown any time now in a warm, well-protected position.

Refresh your skin
to new beauty



with Pears'
Tonic Action

Wake up the beauty that already lies in your skin . . . with Pears' Tonic Action. Thrill to the exhilarating pink-checked glow that a refreshing wash with Pears' gives! That means new beauty for you! With every little cell and tissue stimulated by Pears', your skin takes on a glowing new loveliness—radiantly clear and fresh. Pears' is really unique. A century-old maturing process makes it unmatched in purity and mildness.

ECONOMY NOTE

There is no waste with Pears' Soap. It stays firm till it is worn to wafer thinness. The wafer, moistened, fits snugly into the hollow in a new cake and becomes part of it.

Pears'
ORIGINAL
TRANSPARENT SOAP

A. & P. PEAR'S LIMITED



10-184-28



SHE STANDS OUT
FROM THE CROWD

Ever notice how men's eyes gravitate toward one woman in a crowd? Ever long to change places with her? Of course you have! If you would attract as she does, learn her make-up secrets. Learn to touch your lips with appealing beauty—with MICHEL LIPSTICK. Let Michel give glowing color to your lips—keep them soft and young. Try Michel and see how truly lovely your lips can be.



Price
2/-
each

Michel

6 BEAUTIFYING SHADES
BLONDE CHERRY VIVID
CAPUCINE RASPBERRY SCARLET

THE FASHIONABLE LIPSTICK - ALL CHEMISTS & STORES

Eating Is No Pleasure If FALSE TEETH No Longer "Stay Put"



You cannot eat, talk or laugh with real enjoyment, comfort or confidence unless your dental plate is held firmly in place at all times. If shrinking gums (the condition shown in the illustration) have caused your plate to become loose and wobbly, have your dentist re-adjust it to gum tissue changes. And until your dentist does this, sprinkle your plate daily with PEARSTETH, the original alkaline (non-acid) powder, so that you can eat and talk with greater confidence. PEARSTETH holds plates more firmly and comfortably. Helps safeguard your public appearance from embarrassment of a loose plate or dropping, clicking or rocking at just the wrong time. Mildly alkaline PEARSTETH also soothes gums made tender by chafing of a loose plate or excessive acid mouth. Does not sour. Checks plate from any chemist. Get PEARSTETH today from any chemist and enjoy the ease and confidence of a more firmly held dental plate.



ORIGINAL ALKALINE PLATE POWDER

BACKACHE, LEG PAINS MAY BE DANGER SIGN

Of Tired Kidneys — How to Get Happy Relief.

If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don't just complain and do nothing about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need flushing out.

The kidneys are the great filters of the blood. All day long the blood is passing through the 15 miles of kidney tubes to be rid of acids and wastes. Healthy persons should pass 2 pints a day and so get rid of more than 3 pounds of waste matter.

When the kidney tubes become clogged, waste passages are scanty, burning and stinging. The acids and wastes that should be passed out of the body stay in the blood and become poisonous. This condition causes nagging backaches, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, lumbago, swollen feet and ankles, puffiness under the eyes, rheumatic pains and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your chemist for DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS. . . used successfully the world over by millions of people suffering with backache and other kidney disorders. They give quick relief and will flush out the 15 miles of kidney tubes. Be sure you get DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS.

DOAN'S are Australia's Best Immigrants. So many homes Baby does not appear, the disappointment of husband and wife, the lack of this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies Free if 3d. for postage to Depart. "A" Mrs. J. H. Doan, 45 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne.

DO YOU KNOW ?



KNIGHT with TEETH
of **IVORY**

IN 1585 IT WAS RECORDED IN BELGRAVES "MATHEMATICAL JEWEL" THAT THE AUTHOR'S NEPHEW WAS SIR JOHN BELGRAVE — "who caused his Teethe to be drawne oute and after did sell IVORY TEETHE in agayne!"

TEETH MORE VALUABLE THAN JEWELS
says SCRIPTURE!

THE MIDRASH — part of Jewish Scripture — SAYS: "THE WOMAN WHO GOES BEJEWELLED INTO THE STREET IS LIKE A BEJEWELLED BEAR! A WISE MAN DOES NOT LOOK AT WHAT IS ON HER, but at HER TEETH!"

"MILLIONS OF SWIRLING BUBBLES CLEANSE BACTERIAL MOUTH". AUTHORITIES AGREE THAT DECAY IS CAUSED BY BACTERIAL MOUTH. KOLYNOS BURSTS INTO A SOOTHING FOAM OF ANTISEPTIC BUBBLES WHICH ENTER EVERY CREVICE BETWEEN YOUR TEETH AND REMOVES ROOD DEPOSITS WHICH CAUSE "BACTERIAL MOUTH". KOLYNOS LEAVES THEM SURGICALLY CLEAN. KOLYNOS IS TWICE AS ECONOMICAL TOO. ONE TUBE OF KOLYNOS LASTS TWICE AS LONG AS ORDINARY TOOTH PASTE. GOLD AT ALL CHEMISTS & STORES.

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM
1/3 AND 2/4

As supplied to the Canadian Government and to the Canadian Mounted Police.

[8 million bottles sold]

A Single Sip Proves It

**BEFORE
BEDTIME
START DRIVING
OUT**

BRONCHITIS

SLEEP SOUND ALL NIGHT

Enjoy a coughless night—sleep sound and awake refreshed—just be wise enough to take 2 or 3 doses of Buckley's CANADIOL Mixture (triple-acting) before you go to bed—it's safe for the kids, also.

For bronchial coughs—for tough, old, persistent coughs, take a few doses of Buckley's—by far the largest-selling cough medicine in all of blizzardily cold Canada—and feel as good as ever again.

It "acts like a flash"—and it's 2/3 at all chemists and stores.

Buckley's CANADIOL MIXTURE

WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME . . .

BY A DOCTOR



FILM PLAYERS like pretty Pauline Moore (20th Century-Fox), above, know how much depends on good teeth and make a point of visiting a dentist every three months.

Care for your TEETH

—for they affect both health and looks

MRS. HARRISON, I must admit I'm puzzled. You appear to be perfectly fit in every way, and yet you tell me you have no energy, and never feel completely well.

That's it, doctor. I can't say definitely what is wrong. I only know that there is something. And I was in such good health until a little while ago!

Then we must try to find the root of the trouble. You say you had your eyes tested yesterday and they were passed as faultless.

Yes, doctor. The specialist said my eyes were abnormally strong for a woman of my age.

That rules out your eyes, then. How about your teeth? Have you been to the dentist lately?

Well, doctor, as a matter of fact, I haven't been for about two years. You know how it is—you put it off and put it off . . .

Yes, Mrs. Harrison, I know. It's always "next week." And don't people welcome any excuse for postponing the visit!

I have been on the verge of going a couple of times lately. I've even got as far as going to the telephone to make an appointment.

And just stopped with your hand on the receiver, eh, Mrs. Harrison? Tell me, was there any special reason on those occasions?

Well, yes, doctor. There was. I had been having slight twinges of

toothache for some time, and they got rather bad once or twice. But they seem to have worn off lately, so I somehow didn't bother.

It's easy to delude yourself into thinking everything is all right then, isn't it, Mrs. Harrison?

But, believe me, that is a dangerous policy. And I'll be vastly surprised if it is not tooth decay that has been lowering your health.

Do you really think so, doctor? But I haven't had toothache for some time now.

Perhaps not, Mrs. Harrison. But that may be because the nerve in the tooth has died. They have a habit of doing that, you know. They give you warning first, but if you ignore that and still do not visit your dentist the nerve is quite likely to die.

And then, one fine day, or probably night, all the little demons that inhabit that tooth will get together with their picks and buzzsaws and give you a terrible time.

But I don't see how that can happen if the nerve is dead, doctor.

See a dentist

INDEED, it can. The nerve may be quite defunct, but its mortal remains stay inside the tooth, and in time become quite offensive. They generate large quantities of pus and gas and cause an abscess.

Is that so, doctor? Then perhaps the sooner I see a dentist the better.

Definitely, Mrs. Harrison. And you'll probably find that several of your teeth need attention.

Extensive tooth decay is quite enough to affect your health and probably when that trouble has been fixed up you'll feel quite yourself again.

I hope so. But I'm not looking forward to those sessions with the dentist. Why do teeth decay, doctor? Goodness knows I clean mine often enough.

That is not an easy question to answer. For years dentists were under the impression that cleanliness was the all-important factor in preventing tooth-decay. But then they found that clean teeth did decay, and for a time they were at a loss. With the growth of the science of nutrition has come the discovery that what is eaten has a lot to do with tooth decay.

But how could it?

In two ways. The average civilized diet nowadays mainly consists of soft, over-refined foods which give the teeth neither exercise nor the elements necessary for making and keeping them sound and healthy.

And what sort of diet should one have, doctor?

One that is based on fresh natural foods, like milk, meat, eggs, butter, cheese, fruit and salad vegetables and wholemeal bread.

Milk is particularly important for the teeth as it supplies the lime they need.

In the prime of life . . . yet not feeling prime

Are you middle aged . . . yet feeling really old? No vigour . . . no "get up and go" . . . just lackadaisical . . . worn out? Then you need a tonic . . . no pain killing drugs which lower the whole system . . . but a tonic which will rally you at once . . . BUILD UP health quickly and surely. In other words . . . WINCARNIS . . . the waiting tonic! There is no waiting! A long course is unnecessary . . . you feel better after the first glass . . . for WINCARNIS strengthens the blood the same minute that you drink it! And more important still—it gives you the will to go on getting better!

Read this:—

"I was wasting away to a shadow—my nerves were in bits. I couldn't eat or sleep for worry. A doctor prescribed Wincarnis. I felt better at once. In 3 weeks I was well again."

These words are typical of thousands of letters received by Wincarnis.

Little wonder WINCARNIS has induced over 25,000 recommendations from medical men. Start a bottle today . . . you'll feel a different person within 24 hours. From all Chemists.

Catarrhal Deafness and Head Noises

TELLS SAFE, SIMPLE WAY TO TREAT AND RELIEVE AT HOME

If you have catarrh, catarrhal deafness or head noises caused by catarrh, or if phlegm drops in your throat and has caused catarrh of the stomach or bowels you will be glad to know that these distressing symptoms may be entirely overcome by the following treatment, which you may easily prepare in your own home at little cost. Secure from your chemist 1 ounce of Parment (Dental Strength). Take this home and add to it 4 pint of hot water and a little sugar, stir until dissolved. Take 2 tablespoonful four times a day. Improvement is usually noted after the first day's treatment. Breathing becomes easy, while the distressing head noises, headaches, dizziness, cloudy thinking, etc., gradually disappear under the tonic action of the treatment. Loss of smell, loss of active hearing and mucus droppings in the back of the throat are other symptoms which suggest the presence of catarrh and which are overcome by this efficacious treatment. It is said that nearly ninety per cent of all ear troubles are caused by catarrh and there must, therefore, be many people whose hearing should be restored by this simple, harmless home treatment.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR ended in 3 MINUTES



WITHOUT RAZORS or smelly depilatories

Apply New "VEET" straight from the tube. Wash off with water and you wash away every trace of hair. No more unpleasant smell. No mess or bother. Skin is left soft, white and velvety smooth. No ugly stubble like the razor leaves. Never use a razor. It only makes the hair grow faster and coarser. The modern, fast, quick and easy way to get rid of unwanted hair is with New "VEET" (At all chemists and stores, 2/6 and 4/-). Successful results guaranteed with New "VEET" or money refunded.

New White VEET Removes HAIR

Your spring furbishing . . . with Little Miss Precious Minutes

GIVE your winter-tired rooms and furnishings a spring tonic the Little Miss Precious Minutes way. She knows all the tricks about cleaning and refurbishing quickly and simply. It's her big mission in life to save you time and trouble.

LITTLE Miss Precious Minutes says:

Work to a plan in this spring furbishing business. For instance, do a bedroom this way. Collect all ornaments, powder bowls, brushes, combs and mirrors and remove them to another room.

NOW take down curtains and send to be dry cleaned or laundered. If these can be replaced with fresh summer curtains when the room is quite clean, so much the better. Not only will your room look new again, but you won't have to put up with bare windows while the winter curtains are being cleaned.

PUT the bedding out on the clothes line or verandah in the sun for a thorough airing and the rugs face down on the lawn, ready for a good beating. Put dust sheets over the furniture and then brush down walls and ceiling.

NEXT wash down all paint work with hot water, soap flakes, a soft brush and two cloths—one for drying, the other for polishing.

IF you have fitted carpets, give them a thorough vacuum cleaning. If you have linoleum and rugs, wash and polish the lino while the rugs are on the lawn.

WASH all the ornaments in warm, soapy water and dry thoroughly. Now try the furniture in new positions and see if you don't enjoy a change.

The A. B. C. of COOKERY

Roquefort Cheese: Good French cheese. Somewhat like Gruyere, which is green when ripe. Sold by the pound from large round cheeses and coated with silver paper.

Roti Roast. A roast joint (Fr.).

Roulade: A roll. Usually of meat (Fr.).

Rice: A cereal, but the word also means to put through a ricer potatoes or other food to decorate salads, hors-d'oeuvre, etc.

It's a . . . GOOD RULE

IF you are spring cleaning the house don't try to get through it all in a day or so to the complete upset of the family.

Take a week or more over it, doing one room thoroughly each day. Make it a rule to stop for a good lunch and to finish for the day at afternoon teatime. You'll hardly notice spring cleaning that way and, in addition, the family won't even be aware that it's going on.

tions and see if you don't enjoy a change.

BRING in the clean rugs, rub over mirrors and pictures with methylated spirit, put up your summer curtains, put out fresh bed covers to match curtains, and bring in the ornaments.

TO stop scratches from appearing on your stained or polished floor surfaces, glue little discs of felt underneath the legs of the chairs. These also eliminate any jarring noises.

AMERICAN cloth makes smart and inexpensive kitchen curtains. Try blue-and-white checks or some other design—there are oceans of them. So easy to make up, too—simply gum down the hem and side edges. You don't have to wash it; curtains of American cloth are just wiped down with a damp cloth.

BEFORE you dye curtains or chair-covers test the piece of the material cut from a part that will not be missed. Wear rubber gloves to save your hands. And to ensure an exact match for sewing up or repairing, dye a reel of white silk or cotton with the material.

EQUAL parts of linseed oil and vinegar make a good floor stain. A second coat will deepen the hue.

LITTLE Miss Precious Minutes sings her spring song as she gives a lively new coat of paint to an old garden stool.



LASTLY collect winter clothes that won't be worn again and put away in moth-proof bags or cupboards.

TO protect that spot of wallpaper around the light switch which gets so soiled from fingers searching for the light in the dark, paint a line of luminous paint round the switch so that it is clearly visible in the dark.

DON'T discard your shabby rain-coat. It can help you in your spring polishing. Make it into a square bag, fill it with sawdust and you'll have an excellent knee-pad. This will be useful in the garden, too, when weeding or transplanting.

YOUR glass ornaments will glint and wink in the spring sunshine if you moisten a piece of flannel with methylated spirit and polish briskly. For cut glass use a soft paint brush dipped in the spirit.

SO you are going to paper the spare room, but it is such a LITTLE room and you want to make it look bigger. Choose a perfectly plain paper or one with the tiniest floral pattern you can find. For an added sense of space hang one or two mirrors on the walls.

FOR floor rugs that roll back at the edges cut up an old bicycle tyre into squares, punch holes into the rubber and sew a square at each underneath corner of the rug. This will also stop rugs from slipping on a wooden floor.

ROLLER BLINDS when drawn at night do spoil the effect of net and voile curtains. Glazed chintz in a floral design cut to the exact size of the blinds and stitched over them gives a really lovely effect. You could have a lampshade hand-painted to repeat the chintz design.

HERE'S NEW VITALITY AND PEP



Illustration shows Mr. Fred Astaire, R.R.O.'s famous tap-dancing and Trans-Playing Star—one of the most energetic men ever seen on the screen.

The truly amazing value of CREAM OF YEAST as a Lightning Tonic, Pick-me-up, and Restorer is everywhere known. Film Stars praise it. Newspaper men say it keeps them going over rush periods—when heavy smoking, little sleep and perhaps bad weather combine to undermine energy. Airmen acclaim it. Business men and girls rely on it. Doctors and Chemists say its active medicinal agents are of great and undeniable value. The womenfolk at home, the men and girls in shops and factories—all say what a wonderful remedy, help and health-giver this modern medicine is.

ENDS SKIN DISORDERS WEAKNESS AFTER TLU, ETC.

Start a course of Cream of Yeast today. You will be amazed at the swiftness with which it gives you new pep, clearer skin, brighter eyes, new lasting vitality. It stops Aches and Pains, Colds, Sleeplessness, Digestive Upset, Blood Troubles, and many ills that might, but for its valuable antiseptic, anti-acid, anti-periodic and restorative properties, lead to serious illness. Obtainable from all chemists and stores, 1/3 2/-, 1/6 and 3/6. Or if you have any difficulty, write direct to Amalgamated Laboratories, Shell House, Carrington St., Sydney. Money Back if you are not absolutely satisfied.

Cream of Yeast
is LIFE!

CV980-925



THE ADMIRAL WAS AS PROUD AS PUNCH OF 'H.M.S. DISDAIN'



HE WAS SO FUSSY HOW SHE LOOKED IT DROVE THE CREW INSANE



HE LINED THE RATINGS UP ON DECK
"WHAT? GRIMY HANDS! DISGRACEFUL!"



"NO RUM FOR YOU TO-DAY!" HE ROARED
"BUT SOLVOL - BY THE CAREFUL!"



SOLVOL CLEANS HANDS IN 30 SECONDS!

SAILORS DON'T CARE IF THEY DO GET GRIMY HANDS . . . BECAUSE THEY ALWAYS KEEP SOLVOL IN THEIR KIT. THERE'S NOTHING LIKE THE PENETRATING SOLVOL LATHER FOR SHIFTING GREASE AND GRIME, YET SOLVOL'S AS EASY ON THE HANDS AS FINE TOILET SOAP!
A NECESSITY IN EVERY HOME . . . SOLVOL

J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.

33-373-19



DO YOUR CHILDREN SHOW SIGNS OF after-school FATIGUE

Long hours of study for exams take their toll in loss of nerve energy and a general weakening of a child's powers of resistance to prevalent epidemics.

Guard health and build up reserves of strength with Cornwell's Extract of Malt. This revitalising Tonic Food is energy-creating, enriches the blood, and fortifies the system.

In CORNWELL'S EXTRACT OF MALT WITH COD LIVER OIL, and Pure Orange Juice, are essential Vitamins A, B, C and D.

CORNWELL'S
Extract of
MALT

THE FAMILY TONIC FOOD . . . FAMOUS FOR NEARLY 50 YEARS

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

Why not try to win a PRIZE for your RECIPE?

THAT dish you make which everyone likes so much—send the recipe in to this competition. It might win one of the cash prizes given every week.

IT'S not much trouble to write out a recipe, is it? Pen and paper, five minutes, and it's done.

Write the ingredients clearly first, and then the method of making. Attach name and address.

Each week £1 is given for the best recipe, and 2/6 for every other one published. This week's prize goes to a recipe for a Kentish Cake—a reader's favorite mixture.

KENTISH CAKE

Quarter pound butter, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup self-raising flour, 2 tablespoons coconut, 2 tablespoons cocoa, 2 eggs well beaten, 1 cup chopped nuts, cherries, sultanas, 1 cup milk, vanilla to taste.

Beat butter and sugar to a cream, add eggs, then cocoa and coconut, essence and milk last. Add flour and bake in a moderate oven.

Ice with chocolate icing and sprinkle with browned coconut.

First Prize of £1 to Miss E. Beaumont, Doolein View, Rannes, Qld.

MARSHMALLOW PUDDING

One tablespoon gelatine, 1 cup hot water, 1 cup fruit juice, whites two eggs, 1 cup sugar.

Dissolve gelatine in hot water and add fruit juice. Cool and add unbeaten whites of eggs and beat for 10 minutes. Slowly add sugar and beat for another 10 minutes. Sprinkle with coconut and serve with jelly and custard.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss D. Sinclair, 145 Cheapside St., Maryborough, Qld.

SARDINES AND CELERY

Two heads young celery, 1 table-

spoon sugar, 1 teaspoon mustard, pinch of salt and cayenne, 1 tablespoon melted butter, 1 tablespoon cream, 1 beaten egg, 5 tablespoons milk, 2 tablespoons vinegar or lemon juice, a little salad oil, 1 tin of sardines, thin bread and butter.

Clean celery. In a saucepan mix sugar, mustard, salt and cayenne. Add melted butter and cream, beaten egg and milk. Heat over slow fire. Stir in vinegar, lemon juice and salad oil. Stir until mixture coats the spoon, then cool.

Drain oil from a tin of sardines, remove the tails and centre bones and mash well. Stir fish into the cold mixture and heap on lengths of prepared celery, filling up the grooves. Sprinkle some lemon juice over, roll each length in thin bread and butter and serve on lettuce leaves, accompanied by tomato slices and a few olives.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. C. M. Richards, 91 Carrington St., Adelaide.

SPANISH STEAK

Thick steak, flour, 1 cup bacon fat, half-tin tomatoes, 2 medium-sized onions, green pepper, seasoning.

Cover steak with flour, pound with hammer. Melt fat in pan and brown steak well on both sides. Pour over it a cup of water, tomatoes, finely chopped onions, pepper and seasoning. Simmer gently until tender or bake in moderate oven.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. L. E. Anthony, Kojenup, W.A.

CURRIED SPAGHETTI

One medium-sized carrot, 1 parsnip, 1 onion, 1 piece of pumpkin, pepper, salt, 1 cup milk, butter, 1 teaspoon curry powder, cooked spaghetti, cornflour.

Cook spaghetti. Cut vegetables into small pieces and cook until tender. Strain off water, and add milk, a piece of butter, pepper and salt, and curry powder. Then put spaghetti on top and shake saucepan to mix. When milk boils thicken with cornflour.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. M. M. Waite, Box 54, P.O., Coolamon, N.S.W.

TRIPLE ROLLS

One and a half pounds tripe, slices of ham, onion, seasoned flour, carrots, milk, butter.

Cut tripe into 4-inch pieces. Cover each with a thin slice of ham, then sprinkle with finely-minced onion. Roll up and tie with thread. Dip in seasoned flour and fry in a little dripping. Arrange a layer of sliced onion and a layer of sliced carrot in a saucepan and place the rolls on top. Add a cupful of water to make a steam and cook gently over a small jet until tender but unbroken. Take the rolls out, pour in milk, then a piece of butter and flour to make a sauce. Turn this out over the rolls and serve with mashed potatoes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Maynard, 84 Oatley Ave., Oatley, N.S.W.

HAWAIIAN MEAT LOAF

Three-quarter pound finely-minced steak, 1 lb. finely-minced sheep or ox kidneys, 2 chopped onions, 4 crumbed crackers, 1 cup seeded raisins, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon pepper, 3 eggs, shredded coconut and 1 cup grated cheese, 6 bacon slices.

Combine steak, kidney, onion, crackers, raisins, salt, pepper, and

HERE is the Kentish Cake which won first prize in this week's recipe competition. It is iced and decorated with walnuts.



MOTHER—don't let her go to bed



The morning rush! The hurried lunch! The day's work! The evening out! The week-end sport! This whirl of modern life brings tired digestion and under-nourishment.

She will sleep well if you give her a quickly made cup of Benger's Food before she goes to bed. Benger's is more than comforting—it differs from all other foods in its ability to give complete nourishment while the tired digestion rests.

This is because Benger's Food, and Benger's Food only, contains in itself the enzymes of natural digestion. When you add the hot milk to Benger's Food, these enzymes become active and partly digest both the Food and the milk before you take it. This is why the system is able to assimilate the exceptional nourishment of Benger's Food without digestive strain. The good work of Benger's Food begins with the very first cup.

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the self-digestive Food



MIXED AND MADE IN HALF A MINUTE.

Whilst half a pint of milk is coming to the boil, take one level tablespoonful of Benger's Food; stir into a smooth cream with 4 tablespoonfuls of cold water. Take the boiling milk and immediately it starts to settle in the pan, pour it slowly on to the cold mixture. Drink as soon as cool enough. Sugar to taste. Both Food and milk are partially self-digested.

For invalids and infant feeding, follow the directions contained in the pamphlet enclosed with each tin.

FREE Write for the Benger's Booklet to Benger's Food, Ltd. (Inc. in England), 300, George Street, Sydney.

ALMOND AND CINNAMON WAFERS

Quarter pound almond meal 1 dessertspoon coconut, 1oz. ground rice, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 4 egg-whites, 8oz. castor sugar, rice paper.

Mix thoroughly the almond meal and the whites of 2 eggs. Add castor sugar, cinnamon, rice flour, and the remaining egg-whites. Mix well for about 5 minutes.

Put into a piping bag and pipe on to rice paper on a cold oven slide. Bake in a slow oven for about 15-20 minutes. When cold, join together with a little icing.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. C. Goldsworthy, 18 Jackson St., Melbourne, Launceston, Tas.

LADIES' FINGERS

Quarter pound butter, 2 cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 egg, 1lb. sugar.

Beat butter and sugar to a cream. Add well-beaten egg, vanilla, then sifted flour and baking powder. Mix into a fairly dry dough. Take small pieces and roll in sugar to the shape of a cigar. Place on cold oven slide and cook in quick oven until golden brown.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to G. Vernon, 66 Maude St., Goulburn, N.S.W.



"Lace or plain things,
Robin'll make anything
look twice as good, Mum,
and do it as quick and easy
as mortal 'ands can."

FREE! Rockies have just published an interesting little Booklet, "A Little Bird Told Me." It tells how easy and economical starching can be. You should have it. Write now for your copy to Rockies (Over Sea) Limited, Dept. A, 145 Bourke St., Redfern, Sydney.

ROBIN

Starch

GIVES WINGS TO YOUR IRON

slightly-beaten eggs. Grease a deep dish. Put shredded coconut in bottom and press half mixture in dish. Sprinkle with cheese and press in remainder of meat.

Bake in moderate oven 1 hour. When half-cooked, arrange bacon across loaf. When ready to serve, turn on hot dish coconut side up and garnish with parsley. Serve with tomato sauce.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. L. Knight, 60B Westbury St., East St. Kilda, Vic.

PINEAPPLE STUFFED FISH FILLETS

One cup cooked rice, 1 cup bread-crumbs, 2 cups drained crushed pineapple, 1 small minced onion, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch herbs, and pepper.

Combine all ingredients and spread on fish fillets and place in baking pan. Add juice from tin of pineapple and bake 40 minutes, basting often. Serve with potato chips.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. M. Kaye, 16th St., c/o Mildura P.O., Vic.

CELERY PICKLE

Five large heads of celery, 1lb. tomatoes, 1lb. sugar, 1 pint vinegar, 2 tablespoons salt, 1 teaspoon each of allspice, ground cinnamon, cloves (ground), mustard seed, celery seed.

Wash the celery. Remove the leaves and chop it up. Skin tomatoes and cut them into quarters. Boil all ingredients together very slowly for 11 hours. Turn into jars and tie down while hot.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to W. Millington, Sackville St., Balmoral, Brisbane.

MUSTARD PICKLES

Four quarts of vegetables (cauliflower, beans, onions, cucumber and tomatoes), 1 small cup flour, 1 large cup brown sugar, 4 tablespoons mustard, 1 tablespoon turmeric, 1 teaspoon curry powder, 1 teaspoon cayenne pepper.

Make a brine of 4 quarts water, 2 cups of salt. Cut up vegetables, cover with brine and leave standing all night. Next day put on to boil till tender, then turn into colander to drain.

Into quart of vinegar mix all ingredients and bring to the boil, stirring all the while, then add vegetables and cook well.

Bottle when cold.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Hyndes, 25 Hamilton St., Arncliffe, N.S.W.

CINNAMON TEACAKE

One tablespoon butter, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg (well beaten), 1 cup milk, essence vanilla, 1 cup self-raising flour, pinch of salt, 1 teaspoon each ground cinnamon, sugar, and coconut.

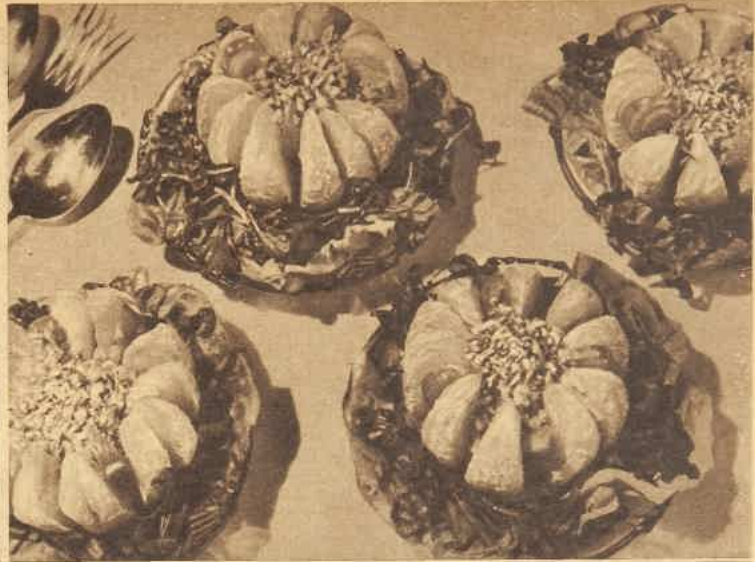
Beat butter and sugar to cream. Add egg, then milk and vanilla, then flour and salt. Bake in large sandwich tin in moderate oven. While cake is cooking mix cinnamon, sugar and coconut. When cake is cooked and still hot spread top with butter and sprinkle with cinnamon, sugar, and coconut which have been mixed together.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. W. D. Hall, 15 Patterson St., Auchincloss, Qld.



TOMATO JELLY SALAD, a delicious dish for warm spring days. The jelly moulds are served on a bed of lettuce over which dressing has been poured. Pieces of fresh tomato are placed between the jelly moulds. Recipe for making is given on this page.

BY MARY FORBES
● Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.



INDIVIDUAL ORANGE SALADS. These will be relished by all the family, for their eye appeal is as attractive as their palate appeal. The whole oranges are arranged to look like opening flowers, and finished with a garnishing of nuts and cheese.

SALUTE for SPRING SALADS

● FOR THEY ARE THE SUBTLEST, FINEST-FLAVORED DISHES OF THE YEAR AND PROVIDE THE MENU WAY TO BEAUTY AS WELL.

IT'S not surprising that the salad bowl is being hailed as the modern fountain of youth by scientists and dietitians.

Filled with such delicate greenery as lettuce, endive, watercress, young cabbage and even a few tender spinach leaves—all tossed together in a sharp, spicy dressing—a salad bowl contains more vital, youth-giving vitamins than almost any other dish.

Fresh, uncooked salad ingredients are rich sources of vitamins A, C, and E—important elements to vital liveliness. So look to your salads for the most delectable and effective beauty treatment.

MAYONNAISE DRESSING

One egg-yolk, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 pint olive oil, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, pinch of pepper.

Put yolk of egg, mustard, salt and pepper in a small basin. Beat well together with a wooden spoon until smooth. Add oil drop by drop, stirring all the time. When thick enough to hold a mustard spoon upright, add vinegar gradually, then continue adding oil until all is mixed in. It should be quite smooth and the consistency of thick cream.

FRENCH DRESSING

Two tablespoons salad oil, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 teaspoon made mustard, pepper and salt.

Mix together the oil and seasonings, and add vinegar gradually. Mix well with a wooden spoon until thick. Use to dress any green salad.

HEALTH SALAD

One lettuce, 4 slices pineapple, 1 grapefruit, 1 bunch cress, few Brazil nuts, salad dressing.

Clean and trim lettuce and cut into four, keeping the sections whole. Peel grapefruit and divide into sections. Dice two slices of pineapple and chop nuts into rough pieces. Place lettuce with heart of cress in a glass dish and fill with diced pineapple and chopped cress. Pour over a spoonful of dressing and decorate top with a butterflied pineapple. Arrange sections of grapefruit round the dish with small bunches of cress between.

AMERICAN SALAD

Two cabbage lettuces, 2 eating apples, 2 bananas, 1 lb. grapes, 2oz. dried walnuts, juice of 1 lemon, mayonnaise.

Remove hearts of lettuces, cut in halves and wash well. Drain upside down to remove any water clinging to leaves. Slice bananas, peel, core and dice apples, and squeeze lemon



juice over them to keep a good color.

Skin and stone grapes, and break nuts up roughly with fingers. Arrange lettuce hearts in a bowl and place a tablespoon of the prepared fruit on each. Pile remainder of fruit in centre of the bowl, mixed with a little mayonnaise. Sprinkle top with crushed walnuts.

MIXED SALAD VERMUTH

Arrange in a wooden salad bowl a choice selection of spring greens—crisp lettuce, watercress, or any greens preferred. Serve with the following dressing:

Four tablespoons olive oil; 2 teaspoons lemon juice; 2½ tablespoons dry vermouth; 1 teaspoon salt; 1 teaspoon paprika; dash of cayenne pepper.

Combine ingredients in a small bowl and beat thoroughly, either with a rotary egg-beater, or pour into a bottle, cover and shake until the ingredients are well blended. Makes a full-flavored dressing with a tang. For fruit salads, make this same dressing with sweet Italian vermouth, instead of dry vermouth.

ORANGE HAM SALAD

Eight medium-sized oranges, 1 cup cooked, diced ham, 1 cup celery pieces, 2 hard-boiled eggs, French dressing.

With a sharp knife cut off tops and remove meat from oranges. Combine orange segments with remaining ingredients, mixing with French dressing to taste. Return mixture to orange shells and serve on crisp lettuce. Serves 8.

TOMATO JELLY SALAD

One pound tomatoes, 1 onion, 1 teaspoon sugar, 2 cloves, 1 bayleaf, celery salt, 1 pint hot water, 1oz. gelatine, 1 lettuce, mayonnaise, pepper and salt to taste.

Skin and slice all but two of the tomatoes and chop onion finely. Stew tomatoes, onion, sugar and flavorings for 20 minutes in one pint

HEALTH SALAD, a mixture of salad greens, fruits and nuts served with dressing. It makes an ideal luncheon dish.

of water. Rub through a sieve or pass through a strainer and add gelatine dissolved in the 1 pint of hot water. Stir well, and when almost cold pour mixture into small wet moulds. When set, turn out and arrange on lettuce leaves. Pour mayonnaise over lettuce. Cut remaining tomatoes into quarters and arrange between tomato moulds.

LORENZO DRESSING

One tablespoon honey; 1 cup lemon juice; 1 cup salad oil; 1 teaspoon salt; 1 teaspoon paprika. Shake well and add 2 tablespoons chopped watercress; 2 teaspoons chili sauce; 2 tablespoons currant jelly; 2 tablespoons small pieces of tinned pear, chopped.

Mix ingredients well, chill and serve over salad made with fruit.

FRUIT SALAD PLATE

Use four fruits for this refresh-in plate—6 orange slices, 8 cherries (fresh or tinned), 5 halves of apricots, 9 ripe strawberries. Arrange on crisp lettuce leaves in separate piles for decorative arrangement. Serve with Lorenzo Dressing.

FISH MAYONNAISE

One small lettuce, 1 lb. cooked fish, 1 tin anchovy fillets, mayonnaise, 2 tomatoes, beetroot.

Wash and prepare lettuce, putting some aside for garnish, cut rest up into fine shreds. Remove skin and bone from fish, and divide it into neat pieces. Toss shredded lettuce, fish and dressing lightly together, and pile in centre of a salad bowl. Garnish with strips of anchovy. Arrange leaves from the heart of lettuce round the dish, and decorate with slices of beetroot and quarters of tomato.

I'm a
"Smile-
a-Minute"
Girl now



—And those smiles start with my two delicious cups of "OLD GOLD" Cocoa a day

"Three or four smiles a day used to be my limit. My popularity was at zero and that's really what made me resolve to do something about it. I couldn't look at tonics, so hit on the idea of two cups of cocoa a day — 'Old Gold' because it's so deliciously smooth. The first cup of the

day makes me enjoy breakfast so much that it really sets me up for the day. And the last cup at night makes me sleep like a baby. So now I'm fit as a fiddle and they tell me I smile all the while. So if anyone wants more smiles in their life, I tell them that's easy! —have more 'Old Gold' Cocoa in your life!"

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OLD GOLD
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ONLY 6^d ¼ LB. TIN

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Harlequin House

Australian Women's
Weekly NOVEL,
August 12, 1939.



By
**MARGERY
SHARPE**

SUPPLEMENT —
MUST NOT
BE SOLD
SEPARATELY.

HARLEQUIN HOUSE

By MARGER Y SHARP



THE refining influence of natural beauty, particularly upon members of the Anglo-Saxon race, is a fact universally admitted, particularly by Anglo-Saxons. It provides their moral justification for taking the week-end off. Every Friday afternoon all over the globe iron-browed, pro-consuls, bleak-eyed captains of industry write a last memorandum—"Marital Law," or "Call in strike-breakers"—and rise wearily from their desks. On Monday they return, changed men, and tear the memos up. Or such is the theory. If true, it accounts for much. But it does not account for Mr. Arthur Alfred Partridge.

Mr. Partridge inhabited—not at week-ends only, but all the year round—Dormouth Bay; and he could have chosen no spot on earth more morally beneficial.

Within its boundaries the white cliffs of Albion lived up to their name. The walk along their top was bounded on one side by a row of equally white palings, on the other by a stretch of perfectly-kept lawn adorned with moon or star-shaped flower-beds. The beds made patterns in the lawn, the flowers made patterns in the beds, geometry and horticulture clasped hands. Upon all these things the sun, as Mr. Partridge sallied forth on the second afternoon in July, shone brightly down. The sea lapped gently in a neat blue crescent. A passing schoolchild stopped to pick up a paper-bag and deposit it in a box marked "Litter." Every object in sight conformed unhesitatingly to either natural or municipal orders. Only Mr. Partridge was lawless.

His very presence on these lawns, at that hour, was a scandal. Already three infuriated subscribers had clamored in vain at the door of his twopenny library in Cliff Street: already two widows and a maid were facing the prospect of a lonely evening unalleviated by literature. One of them rattled the knob with such violence that the "Back Shortly" notice fell to the ground. This would have annoyed Mr. Partridge had he known, for he considered the phrase "Back Shortly" to be the commercial equivalent of the social "Not at Home"—something to be accepted without question, and with a good grace. In this, as in so much else, he was of course wrong. It was part of his lawlessness.

He did not look lawless. In height he was five foot four, in shape oval. His attire was inconspicuous—pepper-and-salt trousers, black alpaca jacket, panama hat—except about the feet. Mr. Partridge wore brown-and-white shoes, the white brilliantly pure, the brown chocolate-dark, and scarlet socks; and these added a peculiar touch of frivolity to his whole appearance.

Mr. Partridge strolled across the grass and approached one of the star-shaped parterres. From its margin sprouted three notice-boards. Two were municipal, bearing the injunctions, "Please do not pick," "Please keep off the beds"; on the third,

donated by the Dormouth Bay Rose-Growers' Association, it said, "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet. Shakespeare, 'Romeo and Juliet,' Act II, Scene II, 143. D. B. R.—G. A." Mr. Partridge read all three took out his penknife, and stepped between the bushes to cut a buttonhole. In the centre of the bed he paused indeed, but it was memory, not conscience, that suspended his hand upon a Scarlet Glory. He had just remembered that it was the tenth anniversary of his wife's death. Regretfully but firmly Mr. Partridge spared the bud and selected a white Frau Karl Druschki instead. He then took a look round, noted that there would be some fine Daily Mails open by next morning, and stepped back on to the grass.

Since he was standing at the extreme eastern end of the lawns their full extent stretched away on the right. On the left the ground rose sharply to Dormouth Head, a small promontory almost entirely monopolised by the Dormouth Towers Hotel. Its two square miles of pleasure grounds were screened from the public gaze by walls and shrubberies; behind which (or so the rumor went) many a celebrity exclusively sported.

Mr. Partridge, who had a very lively imagination, often wondered what they were up to. There was, of course, no real reason why he should not have actually entered the place to see for himself. But a deep, sane instinct warned him that the pleasures of the imagination are rarely equalled by the reality. Mr. Partridge therefore contented himself with gazing from without, and there was indeed plenty to gaze on, for the building had originally been constructed, in 1890, to the orders of a railroad millionaire with a taste for foreign travel but a weak stomach. He had crossed the Channel twice, the first time because he did not know what it would be like, the second because there was at that time no other means of returning to his native shore; but the lure of the Continent persisted, and to assuage it he incorporated in his new home all the features which had most impressed him abroad.

From where he stood Mr. Partridge could distinguish the Bridge of Sighs, a minaret, and a portion of the Alhambra. The dome of the minaret was of colored glass, inset with medallion portraits of the Victorian novelists. These Mr. Partridge of course could not see, which was a pity, for he would have appreciated them; and he would also have appreciated, as a student of human nature, the scene on which they looked down.

Under the eyes of Mr. Dickens, Mr. Scott, Mr. Thackeray and Mr. Trollope, Lisbeth Campion was engaged, as usual, in resisting advances.

She was resisting them without harshness. That was the trouble. The earnest young man at her side meant so little to her that she could not even remember his name; she knew only that for the past two days, ever since he arrived, he had been following at her heel with a gun-dog's perseverance and a gun-dog's good manners.

"It was wonderful of you," said the

young man, "to think of coming up here."

"I didn't mean you to come, too," said Lisbeth, with truth; for she had climbed up into the minaret specially to be alone.

"Of course you didn't. That's what's so adorable about you. You're just like a child."

Lisbeth backed away. Unfortunately she backed into a shaft of sunlight. The young man drew a quivering breath.

"Don't move," he said huskily. "You look wonderful. You look like an angel. Lisbeth, you don't quite hate me, do you?"

Lisbeth sighed.

In another moment his devotion would have been let loose and Lisbeth would have found herself, as so often before, being embraced under a misapprehension. But the catastrophe was this time averted. A footstep sounded at the head of the winding stair.

The pointed doorway was just over six feet high; Charles Lambert had to stoop to enter.

"Tennis, Lisbeth?" he asked quietly. "There's a court free now, but they're all booked again at four."

Lisbeth nodded, and pointed one toe to display for his inspection the white rubber-soled shoe and short white sock.

"If you'll tell me where your racquet is," said Mr. Lambert pleasantly, "I'll fetch it and meet you on the court."

Immediately the young man was beside him in the doorway.

"I'll get Miss Campion's racquet," he announced. "It's in my press."

He shouldered by, clumsy as a schoolboy. Mr. Lambert, on the contrary, was not clumsy at all. He followed, and left Lisbeth alone.

Mr. Partridge turned and strolled on. His objective was a defective slot-machine at the end of the pier, from which, by a certain manipulation of the handle, he had for some days been extracting two packets of cigarettes for the price of one.

The band on the lawns started at three o'clock, and Mr. Partridge knew of two seats from either of which, according to the wind, one could enjoy the programme without paying to enter the enclosure. He was approaching the first of these now, and the overture to "William Tell" was distinctly audible. Mr. Partridge hesitated; he had plenty of cigarettes to go on with, and though the bench was already occupied by a lady, her presence was an additional attraction. Mr. Partridge was in the mood for converse.

He turned aside. The lady was elderly, of pleasant, though strait, demeanor. She wore a grey coat and skirt, black shoes and stockings, and a black straw hat embroidered with white raffia flowers. "All her own work," thought Mr. Partridge, looking at this last; and was not surprised, on sitting down, to find the bench strewn with more raffia and the material for a sewing-bag.

But the lady was not working. She appeared to be lost in thought, and as this

was no good to Mr. Partridge, who wanted conversation, he unobtrusively knocked a hank of raffia to the ground, and with more ostentation picked up.

"Oh, thank you," said the lady, in exactly the voice he had expected.

"Fine day," observed Mr. Partridge.

"Delightful," agreed Miss Pickering, with a touch of reserve. She was always cautious about talking to strangers; but the old man beside her, sitting with his hands folded in his lap and his feet tucked under the seat, looked most harmless. And he was wearing one of the finest roses she had ever seen.

"What a beautiful bloom!" said Miss Pickering. "Did you grow it yourself?"

"No," said Mr. Partridge with a chuckle. "I have 'em grown for me."

Miss Pickering felt herself slightly disconcerted—not by the statement, for many of the most unlikely people employed gardeners—but by the sound which accompanied it.

"Frau Karl Druschki," chuckled Mr. Partridge, cocking his head and snuffing at the petals. "Good old-fashioned sort. Plenty of body to 'em. So had she, poor soul."

"So had who?"

"The late Mrs. Partridge. I'm a widower. I've been a widower ten years to the dot."

Miss Pickering looked sympathetic. She had a natural feeling for anniversaries, particularly of deaths; moreover, the introduction of a funeral note somehow put the conversation on a more respectable plane.

"It must have been a great blow," she suggested.

"Like concussion," agreed Mr. Partridge enthusiastically. "For days and days I couldn't believe it was true."

He sat up; a change came over his appearance; he had extended his feet. The brown-and-white leather twinkled in the sun, the scarlet of his socks irresistibly drew the eye.

"Do you always wear red socks?" asked Miss Pickering impulsively.

"Always," replied Mr. Partridge. "I find them warming to the blood. You ought to try a pair yourself."

He spoke so earnestly, so reasonably, that for a moment Miss Pickering could not decide whether it was she or her companion who was mad. "I ought to get up at once!" she thought; and was on the point of doing so when Mr. Partridge, as though sensing her discomfort, suddenly embarked on a new topic.

"If there's one thing I'm partial to," said Mr. Partridge, "it's Human Nature."

"He is mad," thought Miss Pickering. "He's mad, and I mustn't annoy him."

"What I like about 'em particularly," continued Mr. Partridge, "is that you never can tell. You can live with 'em, and study 'em, until you think you know all; but you never do. You can live with a man from boyhood up and then just by chance—by chance, mark you—find out that he once pushed his wife over a cliff and passed it off as a fainting-fit."

For one moment an awful, a breath-taking suspicion blanched Miss Pickering's cheek. She did not voice it—they were very near the cliff's edge at that instant—but Mr. Partridge read her thought.

"Nay, that wasn't me!" he reassured her. "That was a friend of mine in the stationery trade. I'm just giving him an example. Take another. Take yourself, for instance"—he fixed her with a bright, inquisitive eye—"you look all right, most respectable, a perfect lady; but for all I know you may

be a Queen of the Dope Ganga. There's no telling."

"But indeed there is!" cried Miss Pickering vigorously.

"Or I might—" began Mr. Partridge.

Miss Pickering began rather nervously to gather up her work. She did not really believe Mr. Partridge to be insane, she did not seriously suspect him of crime, but she had an obscure feeling that he was not quite safe.

"Don't mistake me," said Mr. Partridge hastily. "I've never peddled snow in my life. I wouldn't think of it. At least—I might think of it—work out the ways and means, you know—but that's only natural."

"It isn't natural at all," retorted Miss Pickering with innocence. "It's wrong. As we think, so we become."

Mr. Partridge nodded.

"Gospel truth, every word of it."

"That makes it worse," said Miss Pickering unhappily. "You see, there's a person staying at the Towers who looks as though he might be anything; and now you've made me think perhaps he is."

Mr. Partridge disentangled this sentence with a brightening eye.

"What does he give himself out to be?"

"Nothing at all. And that's what's so odd, because we've really got to know him quite well, and yet he never seems reticent at the time. And of course he's very much attracted by Lisbeth—so many people are—and the child naturally likes attention. In fact, I do feel it such a pity that her fiancé has to be abroad . . ."

"Ah," said Mr. Partridge, shaking his head. "Long engagements, they're trying to all parties."

"Oh, but this won't be long," explained Miss Pickering. "Only another six months. And he's such an excellent young man—in the Army, with everything one could wish for—that's the one thing that's consoled us. In fact—"

She broke off, conscious that her tongue was outrunning her discretion. A faint color stained her cheeks. Mr. Partridge tactfully changed the subject. The question with which he did so, however, was prompted by genuine curiosity.

"What's it like up there?" he asked. "Up at the Towers?"

"Oh, quite delightful!" said Miss Pickering, responding gratefully to the social note. "Positively luxurious! In fact, so luxurious that I quite enjoy getting out for an hour while my niece plays tennis. And the expense!"

She broke off again. The eager interest of her companion had led her farther than she meant to go. She once more collected her belongings, and this time succeeded in putting herself in motion. Mr. Partridge rose politely, and politely raised his hat. He did not sit down again but strolled on till he came to a vacant deck-chair by the side of which lay a discarded but still valid ticket. Mr. Partridge picked it up and established himself upon the superior comfort of canvas. But it was only his body that sat there; his mind had already checked in at the Dormouth Towers Hotel.

"Lisbeth," said Mr. Partridge aloud. "Pretty sort of name. Soft."

The passers-by were no longer interesting to him. They were dull.

"Even with shrimps," thought Mr. Partridge, "it can't cost a quid for tea . . ."

Under a lemon-and-white sunshade, in a long lemon-and-white striped chair, Lisbeth Campion lay flat on her back eating cucumber sandwiches.

"More tea, dear?" asked Miss Pickering.

Lisbeth shook her head. Her mouth full of sandwich, she reached out and pawed vaguely in the direction of the plate. The young man hastened to supply her. Lisbeth took two sandwiches at once and held them over her open mouth, retaining the bread-and-butter and allowing the cucumber to drop out.

"Oh, curse it!" said the young man suddenly.

Miss Pickering looked round and saw Charles Lambert. He was wearing tennis shoes, which was no doubt why she had not heard him approach.

"I believe there's going to be a thunder-storm," observed Miss Pickering; and instantly wondered why she had made such a foolish remark. Fortunately, no one seemed to have heard. The two men were looking at Lisbeth, and Lisbeth was looking at the sky.

It was thus Mr. Partridge found them; and since he had no false bashfulness he at once approached Miss Pickering with a friendly smile.

"We meet again," said Mr. Partridge.

Lisbeth, her eyes suddenly innocent and her mouth curved, looked like an angel who has seen a joke. The young man frankly stared. But it was the expression of Charles Lambert—cool, inquiring, tinged with mockery—that spurred Miss Pickering to social action.

"Won't you join us?" she said.

Mr. Partridge at once did so.

There were no shrimps, but he made a very good tea nevertheless, and after the first embarrassment Miss Pickering quite warmed towards him. For he chatted very pleasantly and entertainingly, on just the sort of topics she liked: local history, current fiction (about which he naturally knew a great deal) and the activities of the Royal Family.

Lisbeth sat up, tucked her legs under her, and listened with just the right friendliness: the young man Gerald, reflecting her mood, forgot to sulk. Even Mr. Lambert asked a question or two about the life of Dormouth Bay. He had rather the air, however, of investigating the customs of a savage tribe, or the economy of an anthill. Mr. Partridge set out to dazzle him.

But Lisbeth was suddenly staring, fascinated, at Mr. Partridge's feet.

"What lovely socks!" she exclaimed. "Do you always wear red?"

"Always," affirmed Mr. Partridge. "They're warming to the blood. But as I was saying—"

"Aren't they hard to get?" persisted Lisbeth.

"Not to me," he explained complacently. "I bought up two gross off a bankrupt the year of Cameronian's Derby. If any lady or gentleman here would like to try a pair, I'd be very pleased to fix them up."

His glance, travelling benevolently round the group, lingered on Miss Pickering, who blushed.

"Nearly three hundred pairs!" she exclaimed hastily. "Wherever do you put them?"

"Under the mattress. Keeps 'em alread. I had quite a job at first, climbing into bed; but they're going down nicely. Got any actresses here?" asked Mr. Partridge.

"Oh, yes!" replied Miss Pickering eagerly; and she mentioned a very famous name indeed.

The young man Gerald grinned.

"She came the same day as Lambert," he said, "and there was only one garage left, so Lambert had to tool out again and park his bus in the town. Fame has its privileges."

"So," pointed out Charles Lambert smoothly, "has age."

Lisbeth suddenly yawned. "My dear!" rebuked Miss Pickering. But she looked worried. She turned to Mr. Partridge. "The air here is bracing, isn't it? And yet Lisbeth goes to bed early every night, and—"

The talk dropped. Lisbeth was frankly withdrawing into sleep: caricaturing (with one eye on her aunt) the limpness of extreme fatigue. No one spoke for fear of disturbing her. Miss Pickering disapproved. Mr. Lambert looked bored, the young man was restive; but no one spoke. Mr. Partridge felt he was wasting time.

"I believe," he said, "I'll take a stroll round. See you all later, praps."

He rose, bowed, and took himself off. First of all he sought out and paid his waiter. The bill came to three shillings, or twice what it would have been at the Pier Cafe; but then it covered more than tea. In Mr. Partridge's estimation its payment gave him full (though temporary) rights in the entire hotel.

It was nearly seven o'clock when Mr. Partridge left the hotel, and he went straight to the Three Doves public-house, and had some drinks, and dined off a cold sausage or two, and spent the rest of the evening playing darts.

He walked home with a buoyant step. He did not feel tired, but rather stimulated. He wanted more things to happen. Dormouth Bay, however, felt otherwise; it had gone firmly and snugly to bed.

Mr. Partridge let himself in and switched on the light. Beneath its untempered glare every detail of the shop was startlingly distinct: he could have counted, from the threshold, every single one of the three thousand odd books whose rental, at two-pence a week, furnished in a sense his livelihood. Mr. Partridge did not own the library; he was employed by its proprietors (who ran a chain of about fifty more such establishments) at a modest salary, with use of premises.

The whole place, so small and bright and familiar, might almost have been called cozy: Mr. Partridge considered these adjectives in turn, and indignantly repudiated them. He did not want to be cozy. The place was too small, too familiar. He yearned not for brightness, but for the dark immensities of the unilluminated night.

Without even crossing the threshold he automatically replaced the "Back Shortly" card, switched off the light, stepped out again, and shut and locked the door.

Then he strolled on towards the front. A cat slipped into the lamplight, paused long enough to show that it wore a neat collar, and hurried on. It wasn't going on the tiles: it was going home. It was a Dormouth Bay cat.

About fifty yards farther on the row of shops was split by a narrow lane: a mouth of blackness. But it was also the mouth of a garage, and as Mr. Partridge came up, that pocket of dark was riddled by light—by headlights, in fact, of the most powerful kind. Mr. Partridge drew back and waited for the car to come out.

It was a two-seater coupe, but so wantonly long in the bonnet that the negotiation of the exit took some time. Mr. Partridge could see its two occupants quite clearly. The driver was the long dark fellow called Lambert, and beside him, looking smaller than usual, sat Lisbeth Campion.

Mr. Partridge's first thought was purely instinctive.

For all he knew Miss Campion and Mr. Lambert were simply going for a run along the cliff. If he had stopped to consider, some such innocent explanation would at once have presented itself. But he did not stop. The car had almost drawn clear. Its rumble, open to accommodate an up-ended suitcase, was already all of it that Mr. Partridge could see. He had no time to consider, he had time only to jump forward and grip and scramble over the smooth side. He had certainly no time to settle himself. The car, leaping from first to second gear, did all the settling for him. It wasn't going along the cliff. It was going to London. It wasn't a Dormouth Bay car.

"This," thought Mr. Partridge, "is the Goods."

Physically he was suffering considerable discomfort; but his spirit carolled like a lark. He felt partly like Sherlock Holmes and partly like a knight-errant. All the ingredients of romance were present—a moonlit night, a swiftly-moving vehicle, a damsel in distress; for if Miss Campion were not in distress already, Mr. Partridge had little doubt that she pretty soon would be.

He raised himself on his knees and peered through the window in the hood. What he saw surprised him. Lisbeth was apparently asleep, her head tucked down against the man's shoulder; to which contact Charles Lambert seemed perfectly indifferent. He kept his eyes on the road, and both hands on the wheel.

Mr. Partridge sank back, puzzled. He remained puzzled. At frequent intervals he heaved himself up again, each time a little more stiffly, and took another look; Miss Campion never stirred; her companion continued to devote his attention exclusively to his driving. He drove extremely well, and they made good time; at twelve-fifteen they were approaching Hammersmith, a quarter of an hour later they were in Trafalgar Square; and there, for the first time, they stopped.

The door opened and Lisbeth got out. She got out alone. In her hand she carried a small dark hat, which she now pulled on. She was wearing a plain dress and jacket. "Thanks," said Lisbeth. "Three-thirty."

"Three-thirty," replied the voice of Charles Lambert; and Mr. Partridge had only just time to heave himself out before the car moved off.

Lisbeth Campion was walking slowly towards the centre of the square. It she felt the lack, at that dubious hour, of male protection she did not show it. She circled the base of Nelson's column, until she reached the angle facing Pall Mall East; and there she halted, almost invisible against the dark plinth, and dwarfed to insignificance by the great impassive Victorian bulk of the lion couchant above.

Mr. Partridge approached. She continued to stare straight before her.

"Good-evening," said Mr. Partridge.

Her face in the lamplight was a mask of scorn, and like a mask it was blind.

And then Mr. Partridge did an absurd yet highly imaginative thing. He stooped, hitched up his trousers, and revealed his socks.

"Oh!" said Lisbeth; and the mask dropped.

"You're—"

"Mr. Partridge," said Mr. Partridge.

"Oh!" said Lisbeth again. "Then how did you get here?"

"The same way as you did," explained Mr. Partridge. "I been sitting in the back."

Rather to his disappointment, she showed no further curiosity. She simply accepted

his presence as the most natural thing in the world.

"If you'll tell me who you're looking for," he suggested, "I'll help watch out for 'em."

Miss Campion gave him a long, searching look.

"I'm reliable," said Mr. Partridge earnestly. "Whatever you're up to, it's all right with me. But you oughtn't to stand here alone."

That made her smile.

"I've stood here every night this week," she said.

"You mean—you've been coming up from Dormouth Bay regular?"

She nodded. Mr. Partridge was entranced. By day the innocent pleasures of Dormouth Bay, by night this solitary, dangerous vigil—the contrast was superb, unsurpassable!

"And he—that Lambert fellow—has brought you up every time?" asked Mr. Partridge at last.

Lisbeth nodded again.

"Three times. Before it was—oh, other men. But Charles was the best, because he didn't ask questions. With the others I had to pretend to be going to a night-club, or they wouldn't have put me down. But Charles—"

"It's my belief," put in Mr. Partridge, "he's on the same side of the wall too."

"The—out-of-bounds side? How did you know that about me?"

"Stands to reason," said Mr. Partridge. "Otherwise you wouldn't be here. Nor me. We'd both be safe in our beds. Mark you, I'm not always outside; it's only when civilisation gets a bit too much for me. For what," demanded Mr. Partridge (warming up to his favorite theme), "is civilisation? It's—"

Lisbeth stepped away from the plinth and tilted her head toward the huge stolid beast above.

"It's that," she said. "Can't you see?"

Mr. Partridge nodded appreciatively.

"Law and order," he agreed.

Lisbeth continued to stare up.

"Ronny and I used to laugh at him," she stated sombrely, "and now I'm frightened. I'm afraid he'll get back at us."

"He does look a bit broody, since you mention it," agreed Mr. Partridge, "but I dare say that's the light. I've seen him by day as mild as a pussy-cat. Who's Ronny?"

There was a long pause; but the answer, when it came, was explicit.

"Ronny," said Miss Campion, in a very distinct tone, "is my young brother; who has just done six months for peddling cocaine."

The career of the two young Campions, up to the time of the catastrophe, can best be summarised as the triumph of charm over chattels. It was also a phenomenon such as is possible only in a very large city.

They had no money beyond what they earned, and their earnings were erratic. They had no connections beyond two aunts (of whom Miss Pickering was one) who lived in Sussex, and a third aunt, who had indeed married well, but in Australia. The late Mr. Campion had been a schoolmaster, his wife a teacher of music. Both had died young, and in the same year; Lisbeth (aged ten) and Ronny (aged nine) were taken over by the Misses Pickering and passed the rest of their childhood in the pleasant though circumscribed ways of a very modest country household. In nine years they never went farther afield than Worthing. In London they went everywhere.

They frequented first nights, and were seen at the Savoy afterwards. They danced at

whatever club had swung momentarily into fashion, and dined at all the most expensive restaurants. When they returned, in the small hours of the morning, to their two rooms in a Soho almshouse, it was probable that neither of them ever noticed the contrast between the luxury they had just left and the meanness they came home to. They took it for granted.

Lisbeth, who had a genuine talent for design and who had insisted on spending the last of her patrimony at a London art school, slipped into an apprenticeship with a firm of theatrical designers. The firm—a very famous firm indeed—gave large stage-queen-society parties, to which apprentices were not usually invited; but Lisbeth was smuggled in, because she was so charming. She charmed, in particular, an elderly actor-manager who needed a secretary, and who was presently surprised to find that he had acquired for that post not Miss Campion but Miss Campion's brother.

Ronny didn't do badly; and he quite effortlessly kept the actor-manager's wife in a good humor. It was Lisbeth, oddly enough, who lost him the job, by refusing to let him be taken by that lady to the Riviera.

She got him taken on by her own firm instead, chiefly to answer the telephone; but he was also very good at soothing temperamental actresses whose costumes weren't ready. He earned thirty shillings a week, and Lisbeth was soon earning five pounds, and if they had no home comforts they didn't miss them.

They didn't miss them till first Ronny, and then Lisbeth, went down with influenza. Lisbeth fortunately held out until Ronny was convalescent, but Ronny was not a very good nurse. Their many friends (most of whom did not know their address) made a few inquiries at the firm, and then forgot them. One of the great points about the young Campions was that they were never sick or sorry; sickness and sorrow were things one simply didn't associate with them, and an impression arose that they had gone to Paris. They always fell on their feet.

And they did fall on their feet. Just when things were worst, when Lisbeth was delirious and Ronny at his wits' end, there arrived in London the aunt from Australia. Mrs. Maule got their address from Miss Pickering in Sussex (with whom Ronny had never thought of communicating) and depended on them like a goddess in a sumptuous car. She was a woman with a strong sense of duty, and within two hours of her appearance Lisbeth had been transferred to the spare bedroom of a house in Wilton Place. Ronny naturally came along and unobtrusively accommodated himself with a bed in his uncle's dressing-room.

And now began for the young Campions a new and prosperous phase. They had been prosperous, in a sense, before, but this new prosperity was of the solid and respectable sort. The Maules had money. They had come to London to spend it, but they meant to get value; and as soon as Lisbeth had recovered it became obvious that her company would greatly heighten their enjoyment of the town. She knew where to go, she introduced them to all sorts of interesting people, above all, she enjoyed herself so. She was grateful. "We look upon her," said Mrs. Maule, "quite as our own daughter"; and indeed after two months both uncle and aunt were fully prepared for a legal adoption. But from this Lisbeth for some reason held back; and before the situation grew uncomfortable settled everything

by becoming engaged to a captain in the Black Watch.

The Maules were delighted. They felt so amply repaid. For Hugh Brocard was more than eligible; he was a catch.

And what of Ronny during this halcyon period?

Ronny was quietly "peddling snow."

His position, it must be admitted, was a difficult one. He was not turned out; to do so (as he had foreseen) would have been extremely difficult; but the warm winds of approval, which blew so continuously upon Lisbeth, turned in his quarter to icy blasts. Ronny was puzzled rather than resentful. His uncle had apparently a great idea that he should work, and Ronny, who had long since lost his job with the theatrical firm, showed his goodwill by going cheerfully off to a succession of interviews arranged for him by Mr. Maule with persons in the wool trade. On each occasion he very frankly admitted that he knew nothing about wool, that he had no business experience, and that he could not conscientiously describe himself as either punctual or efficient. There were no offers, but that was obviously not Ronny's fault. The winds blew colder. The Maules tacitly agreed that he was to be given food and shelter; but they refused either to lend or to give him a penny in cash. If he wanted money, he must earn it.

So he peddled cocaine. He thought it was baking-powder. He wanted to think it was baking-powder; but no one can be tried for what goes on in the subconscious. The magistrate simply disbelieved him; Ronny's customers had been chiefly very young girls; and Ronny got six months.

In Wilton Place it was as though a thunderbolt had fallen. The outraged Maules reeled under the blow—their bitterness being increased by the knowledge that they themselves were partly to blame. For they ought to have got rid of Ronny earlier.

They suffered severely, but even so it is probable that Captain Brocard suffered more. To a man of his temperament and upbringing Ronny's crime, with its mingling of the sordid and the flashy, was peculiarly horrible. But he behaved perfectly. He had been just about to carry Lisbeth North on a visit to his family, and underwent silent agonies until she herself suggested postponing it. He uttered not a word of reproach to her, and so handled the Maules that they were silent also.

Lisbeth alone behaved badly. She was forbidden to go to the trial, and she went. Worse still, she was disorderly in court. As soon as the sentence was pronounced she stood up and called across to Ronny in a loud clear voice, "I'll be there when you come out, darling!"

The incident was reported in several papers, but Captain Brocard never flinched. At heart he was one with the Maules; but he never uttered a word against Ronny in Lisbeth's presence.

He took her about as much as ever—though showing a preference for the quieter restaurants—and urged her to advance the day of their marriage. But Lisbeth held back; and once more fate intervened. Captain Brocard was appointed Military Attaché to a Parliamentary Commission for a nine months' tour of the Far East.

Before he went he had a long private conversation with Mr. Maule. They understood each other perfectly. Then he marched away (he left the house actually by car, but there was a general impression of bugles), leaving Lisbeth in Wilton Place.

He wrote twice a week, and three dozen roses arrived every Saturday from the Army and Navy Stores.

Lisbeth passed her time, as a fiancée should, in hand-sewing her trousseau. She had suggested returning to business, but both the Maules and Captain Brocard frowned on this idea. Nothing happened till the day of Ronny's release, when, as she was preparing to go to meet him, her uncle and aunt very kindly explained that since the remission of sentence for good conduct amounted to six weeks, and since Ronny's conduct had been up to standard, his liberation had taken place over a month earlier.

"Who did meet him, then?" asked Lisbeth.

They told her that no one had met him. They added that it was their earnest desire, and the earnest desire of Captain Brocard, that Ronny should be wiped, as far as his relations were concerned, from the human register.

A week later it was discovered that Lisbeth was not occupying her bed at night. The Maules asked no questions, but summoned the surviving Miss Pickering from Sussex to chaperon her niece during a month's holiday at the famous Dormouth Towers Hotel. Lisbeth submitted, but her resolve was unweakened. So slight an obstacle as sixty miles of good road could not prevent her from spending her nights, as usual, in Trafalgar Square.

"But why," asked Mr. Partridge, when he had received an outline of the foregoing facts, "Trafalgar Square?"

"Because we used to come here," said Lisbeth. "Almost every night, after a party, Ronny and I used to run down here and laugh at the lions."

She shivered. Mr. Partridge moved close, and patted her clumsily on the back, and felt her shoulders stiffen. Then she took a quick step forward: she had seen, across the square, the figure of a man in evening dress. She began to run.

The man wasn't Ronny. He was too old. But Lisbeth knew him, and he knew Lisbeth. He was not exactly intoxicated, but his state was such that her sudden appearance, at that hour and in that place, caused him no surprise.

"Hallo, darling!" he said casually. "I've just seen your brother."

"Where?"

"Angel," said the young man reproachfully, "how can I possibly remember? My only sister got married this afternoon."

He began to render, in a pleasing baritone, the march from Lohengrin. Lisbeth stepped up to him and slapped him sharply on the cheek.

"Where," she asked, "did you leave Ronny?"

"At the Blue Shoe," said the young man, suddenly sober. "But all the same—"

Lisbeth did not wait. There was a taxi drifting by; she stopped it and got in.

So did Mr. Partridge.

The Blue Shoe was very much like all other night clubs, but since Mr. Partridge had never been in one, he looked about with great attention. The band was not playing. On each occupied table stood a bottle of champagne, but most of the clients were drinking lager beer.

At one of the tables alone sat Ronny Campion. Mr. Partridge knew him at once because he was so like his sister.

She did not, as Mr. Partridge expected, rush to fling herself upon his neck. In-

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

stead she lounged across and leaned over the table and touched his arm. She said: "Hallo, Ronny."

He jerked up. For a moment he had the exact look of a lost child who finds itself on familiar ground. Then he deliberately composed his features into an expression of dignified resentment. He did not speak.

"I've been," said Lisbeth steadily, "the stupidest fool on earth, and if you never speak to me again I'll deserve it. But I didn't know, darling, you'd be let out early. I—"

"That's right," his voice was like Lisbeth's, too, even when, as now, he was making it bitter. "That's right, darling. Spread it abroad. Shout it from the roof tops. I've been let out."

Lisbeth glanced round and did one of her tricks. Or so Mr. Partridge was always to think of them. What Lisbeth did was to produce music, and she got it by smiling at the leader of the band. Instantly the latest rumba filled the air, blanketing all conversation with its raucous strains.

"I'm glad I've found you," said Lisbeth, sitting down. Mr. Partridge sat down, too. His utility was now at an end, but he was too much interested to go away; and neither of the Campions appeared to object to his presence.

"Why?" asked Ronny pointedly. "Because I'm alone in London, darling, and you've got to protect me."

He looked at her with suspicion.

"Why didn't you ever write?"

"But I did! Why didn't you? Wasn't it allowed?"

"It was," said Ronny, "and I did. I wrote to you each time. But you didn't answer."

Lisbeth's eyes narrowed. She looked suddenly dangerous.

"The letter-box," she said, "Ronny, you know. You know it was always kept locked, and uncle had the key. So I never got anything you sent. And my letters to you—I just put them with the rest on the hall table. I wouldn't have believed that people could be such beasts. I'll never speak to them again as long as I live."

"Aren't you living with them now?"

"Not now," said Lisbeth. "I'm through with them. That's why you've got to come and look after me again."

There was a short silence. Ronny's next remark was unexpected.

"They had awfully good food," he said wistfully. "Are you sure you don't want to go back?"

Lisbeth shook her head. Ronny opened his mouth again, but did not speak. He let out his breath in a long sigh, and the two of them sat looking at each other in silence so long that Mr. Partridge lost patience.

"Now then!" he said firmly. "Pull yourselves together. What's to do next?"

For the first time Ronny turned and looked at him.

"Who's that?" he asked with interest. "Another dick?"

"Ronny!" Lisbeth leaned urgently across the table. "Do you mean the police have put detectives on to you again?"

"Not the police, darling. Your fiancé, Hugh. His other emissary tracked me down this afternoon, but I gave him the slip. He hadn't nearly such a good moustache."

"But Hugh," said Lisbeth, "is at Basra!"

"He's not. He's here in London, at his flat. Armed, no doubt, with a horse-whip and a tract. I can be horse-whipped, if I care, to call round, any time up to three—"

It took a quarter of an hour, and a good deal of both moral and physical force, to get Ronny into a taxi. Lisbeth was radiant. She did not stop to inquire why her fiancé had not let her know of his return; it was enough that he was there, at hand, obviously willing and competent to take all responsibility from her shoulders.

The flat occupied by Captain Brocard was one of a fine set of apartments in St. James' Street; but there was at that hour no porter on duty, and the progress of Ronny up to the first floor was therefore unobserved. At the door of Number 3, Lisbeth stopped and rang—one hand on the bell, the other sleeking her hair; her eyes were bright, her mouth tender, and Mr. Partridge (Ronny leaning heavily on his shoulder) fervently hoped (not for the first time) that the captain would prove worthy. Mr. Partridge had thought about the captain a good deal, and now as the door opened he involuntarily drew a deep breath.

For Hugh Brocard was admirable, splendidly tall, and splendidly built. "A tower of strength," thought Mr. Partridge; and as the phrase rang in his mind Lisbeth seemed to drop forward and disappear into those tremendous arms.

"Darling," she said, "when did you get back?"

"Day before yesterday, flying," said Captain Brocard. His voice matched with the rest of him, being at once strong and perfectly controlled. "I rang you up from Basra, and your aunt told me—"

He broke off; over her head his bright blue eyes took in first Ronny, then Mr. Partridge. Lisbeth became aware of his steady gaze and half turned.

"This," she explained, "is Mr. Partridge. He's been . . . helping."

Captain Brocard nodded, and with one arm still round Lisbeth reached out and opened a door.

"Wait in there, will you?" he directed; and Mr. Partridge, with prompt obedience, conducted Ronny through.

The room in which they found themselves was evidently a study, not large, but very comfortably furnished with a desk, bookcases, two easy chairs, and a couch. Upon this last Ronny immediately flung himself down and apparently went to sleep. Mr. Partridge took one of the chairs, and there they waited for the best part of an hour.

Then Captain Brocard came in, gave a quick look at the dormant Ronny, and with an air of relief addressed himself to Mr. Partridge.

"Miss Campion tells me," he stated, "that you've been very good to her brother."

Mr. Partridge tried hard to look like an ex-butler, and waited for what was to come next.

"May I take it," continued the captain, "that if a permanent arrangement is made for Mr. Campion, you would be willing to—er—keep an eye on him for the next few days?"

"You may," said Mr. Partridge.

The permanent arrangement, as outlined by Captain Brocard, was simple but water-tight. It was also traditional: the black sheep was to be transformed into a remittance man. An adequate income (payable weekly and so tied up that it could be neither anticipated nor borrowed upon), awaited him in Canada, where each Saturday for the rest of his life Ronny would be able to enter the Bank at Woodville, Ont., and confidently demand the sum of ten dollars.

"And very handsome, too," said Mr. Par-

tridge. "And if you'll pardon the liberty it will be a great weight off Miss Lisbeth's mind."

"That's just it," said Captain Brocard, unbending slightly. "And now it's absolutely essential that she should have nothing more to do with him. . . . I don't say the Maules have behaved well, but on that point I thoroughly agree with them. Campion must get out of the country, and stay out. He ought to be able to leave the day after to-morrow. You can keep him till then?"

"With pleasure," said Mr. Partridge. ("Ex-butler it is," he thought. "Ex-butler keeping lodgings . . .")

"Any expenses you've already incurred, of course—"

"Call it two pound ten," said Mr. Partridge moderately.

The captain took out a pigskin wallet and from it produced a five pound note. Mr. Partridge accepted it with dignified gratitude, and next found himself charged with an envelope bearing the address of a firm of solicitors in Lincoln's Inn.

"Take him along there," said Captain Brocard, "and Mr. Treweeke will make all arrangements."

The mantelpiece clock struck three. Captain Brocard swung round, alert and mildly.

"I've got to go," he said. "I can't even drive Miss Campion back. She'll stay here the night and go down in the morning. I'd like you to get him off the premises as soon as you can. If you want to communicate with me, write care of the address on that letter. And I'm much obliged to you."

Having thus given his orders like a soldier, and expressed his gratitude like a gentleman, Captain Brocard turned on his heel and marched out to bid his fiancée farewell. To do so he no doubt adopted a softer style, but he did not linger. Duty called. Mr. Partridge had hardly resumed his own non-buttling personality when a door slammed, a door opened, and Lisbeth Campion came quietly in.

"Isn't he splendid?" she demanded. "He's thought of everything," praised Mr. Partridge. "By the way, who did you tell him I was?"

Lisbeth giggled. "I said you'd married our old nurse and kept lodgings in Baker Street—and that that was where Ronny went when he came out. To lie low and look for work. I thought it would show he was trying to turn over a new leaf."

"So it would," agreed Mr. Partridge dubiously. "If he had."

"And so he would have," retorted Lisbeth. "If he'd thought of it. So it wasn't really a lie. And anyway, I had to tell it, because I wanted Hugh to get a good impression. He never thought much of his poor lamb, even before—and that's what makes it all so wonderful, because Hugh hated the whole business worse than anyone. He was afraid it might upset his colonel. And now to do all this for us!"

"We're to see Mr. Treweeke to-morrow," said Mr. Partridge, with importance. "To get the tickets, I expect, and so on."

"Oh!" said Lisbeth, suddenly frowning. "I wonder if they're bought already? Would the steamship people take them back?"

"They take 'em back on the boat," explained Mr. Partridge.

"But Ronny," said Lisbeth, "won't be on any boat . . ."

Mr. Partridge looked puzzled.

"Then how's he going to get to Canada?"

"Ronny isn't going to Canada," said Lisbeth, patiently.

Mr. Partridge gaped.

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"Ronny's weak," stated Lisbeth. "I've no illusions about him. If he goes to Canada he'll be ruined. He'll hate it, he'll be bored, he'll have two pounds a week to drink on. If it was wicked to sell cocaine, it would be just as wicked to send Ronny like that to Canada. Ronny couldn't imagine, and Hugh can't imagine either. Of course I pretended to be pleased—I was pleased, terrifically, because Hugh had—had gone to his limit for me, but as for doing what he says, that's just nonsense."

"And what isn't nonsense?" inquired Mr. Partridge sceptically.

"Keeping Ronny here with me. I can get him on his feet again. I've six months to do it in, and then Ronny will be all right and I can marry Hugh."

She spoke with such earnestness of conviction that Mr. Partridge nearly groaned. "How do you think you'll live?"

"Ronny shall support me," said Lisbeth lightly. "It will be very good for him."

"Your auntie and uncle—" he began.

"I'm through with them," said Lisbeth promptly. "And they'll be through with me. But I'm writing to Aunt Mildred—Miss Pickering—at the Dormouth Towers. Are you going back now?"

"Yes," said Mr. Partridge. He had no idea how the journey, at that hour, was to be accomplished; he knew only that if Miss Campion wanted him to get back he would.

Lisbeth was twenty-four, Ronny a year younger; they both slept soundly and peacefully for ten hours. Even at one o'clock they did not wake, but were aroused by a prolonged ringing at the door of Captain Brocard's flat.

Lisbeth opened her eyes, automatically reached for her vanity-case, and within fifty seconds was alert and presentable.

"Who is it?" whispered Ronny.

Lisbeth stepped forward and raised a hand to the lock.

"It's probably the manager come to turn us out," she said firmly. "Do something to your hair, darling, you look like the morning after the week before."

She opened the door. It wasn't the manager. It was Mr. Partridge.

He carried a small suitcase. At his feet lay a large bundle done up in a tablecloth, a cuckoo-clock and an elephant's tusk. He had the air of being surrounded by all his worldly goods; as indeed he was.

"Good-morning," said Mr. Partridge. "I'm glad to find you still here. I thought perhaps you might be gone."

"We've only just woken up," explained Lisbeth. "Come in and sit down."

Mr. Partridge stood his ground. His manner lacked its usual aplomb. Even his shoes were slightly dusty.

"I delivered your letter all right," he continued.

Lisbeth thanked him warmly. It was difficult to keep up a social conversation whilst minutely ignoring a large bundle, a cuckoo-clock and an elephant's tusk; but since their owner persisted in treating them as valuable, politeness constrained her to follow suit. Ronny, however, gazing over her shoulder, was less punctilious.

"What on earth's all that?" he demanded simply.

Mr. Partridge fixed his eyes on Lisbeth. "There's been," he said heavily, "a bit of trouble. Mind that clock, young man; the cuckoo's loose."

"Trouble?" prompted Lisbeth sympathetically.

"At the library," went on Mr. Partridge,

evidently struggling with a sense of grievance.

The fact finally emerged that, on the previous day an agent of the library's owners had called three times. On each occasion Mr. Partridge was of course absent; on each occasion (by a series of most unlucky coincidences) a baffled subscriber had been actually clamoring on the steps; and when, that morning, the agent paid his last and successful call, it was merely to give Mr. Partridge the sack.

"So we're all in the same boat," said Lisbeth lightly.

Mr. Partridge nodded. He picked up his bundle, Lisbeth (taking care) picked up the cuckoo-clock. Ronny picked up the elephant's tusk and by common consent they all moved back into the study. There was no need for speech. As simply and casually as children acquire a stray dog, so the young Campions had acquired Mr. Partridge.

"Breakfast," said Lisbeth practically.

She picked up the telephone, and from her conversation it was apparent that the person at the other end, though considerably surprised, remembered Miss Campion, and was willing to supply her with three breakfasts at one o'clock in Captain Brocard's rooms.

"What will you have?" asked Lisbeth over her shoulder.

"Everything," said Ronny. "Lord knows when we'll eat again."

Lisbeth ordered bacon and eggs, bacon and sausages, bacon and kidneys, toast, rolls, coffee, honey and marmalade. Mr. Partridge was pleased to see that she had proper ideas about food; from her appearance she might have been living on one of those diets he read about in the papers—grapes and a rusk, varied by orange juice or steamed fish. With the breakfast arrived the manager, a middle-aged Scot who greeted Lisbeth with great cordiality, but who remarked that the sub-letting of Captain Brocard's flat had already been arranged, and that the new tenant was expected on either that or the following day. Lisbeth said she quite understood, and Ronny rather unnecessarily added that the Captain seemed to have left a good many personal possessions still in evidence.

He looked, as he spoke, at the row of silver cups; and the manager, following his glance, at once replied that an inventory had already been made. He then produced a telegram addressed to Captain Brocard, and asked Lisbeth whether she would take the responsibility of dealing with it. Lisbeth replied in the affirmative, and the slightly constrained little interview then came to an end.

Lisbeth opened the telegram. Inquisitively.

"What's it about?" asked Mr. Partridge.

She passed it over. It had been handed in at Dormouth Bay, and neatly epitomised the mingled simplicity and wariness of Miss Pickering's character. "Is Lisbeth with you?" that lady had wired. "Please confirm if boxes really required. Trust in your good sense but do Maules know kindest regards Mildred Pickering."

Now Mr. Partridge had received only two telegrams in all his life—one informing him that his wife had not been involved in a railway accident, the other announcing the arrest of his mother-in-law for assaulting a policeman—and naturally regarded them with great respect; he was therefore much surprised when Lisbeth, after but a moment's consideration, picked up the telephone and quite calmly dictated a reply.

"Pickering, Dormouth Towers Hotel, Dormouth Bay," said Lisbeth. "Send luggage here leave all to me wish us luck love both Brocard."

"You never can tell," thought Mr. Partridge. He took a large helping of bacon and egg. You couldn't always tell even about eggs; but these happened to be excellent.

"The first thing to do," began Lisbeth briskly, as soon as the meal was over, "is to find somewhere to live."

"Ah," said Mr. Partridge.

Ronny said nothing, but gazed wistfully about the room. It was all very handsome. The couch and chairs were of the best quality, deeply sprung and upholstered in solid leather. One of the bookcases incorporated a wireless-gramophone, the other a cabinet which probably contained cigars.

"No, darling," said Lisbeth gently.

"Why not? It's all rot about its being let."

"That's what I mean, darling."

There was a moment's silence, during which the two young Campions appeared to read each other's thoughts with extreme clarity. Then Lisbeth turned to Mr. Partridge.

"Do you know London?" she asked.

"Do I know London?" repeated Mr. Partridge. "Why, I lived here man and boy, bar four years in France, till the day I was married. If you're thinking about lodgings, there's places round the Edgeware Road—"

"Or Bloomsbury," put in Ronny, recovering his spirits.

"Or Notting Hill—" added Lisbeth.

They looked at each other with sudden pleasure.

"We'll house-hunt this afternoon," said Lisbeth, "and send round here for my stuff afterwards. Because I think they'll be glad to see us go."

As though to confirm her words, there entered at that moment a porter in uniform carrying a large canvas bag and a handful of chamels leather. Without a word, and with some ostentation, he wrapped up and bore off all the silver cups, the silver pen-tray, and the silver calendar.

The district in which the Campions (and Mr. Partridge) found a home was not disreputable. It was simply broadminded. It lived and let live. It was also peculiarly urbane. Landladies (who required a week's money in advance, but who never asked for references) and tenants (who locked up their correspondence but always passed the time of day) ceased, within its purlieus, to be natural enemies, and worked in alliance against such common foes as duns and gas-inspectors.

The apartment for which Lisbeth and Mr. Partridge paid down their pound advance (Mr. Partridge generously produced his five-pound note without mentioning how he came by it) consisted of the top floor of No. 7 Marsham Street, in the neighborhood of Paddington Station.

The ground floor was occupied by a small grocer (T. Cubitt) who lived in the one above, the second by a family of well-to-do but slightly Bohemian pastrycooks. The three Walkers—a father and two sons—were at the top of their profession; they were employed in one of the great Park Lane hotels, and could toss off a basket of marmalade fruit, or an ice-putting in the shape of an aeroplane, as easily and casually as the average confectioner tosses off a doughnut.

The proximity of three such characters naturally threw T. Cubitt (grocer) somewhat in the shade, and it was long before Lisbeth and Mr. Partridge found out, for example, that he had been an ex-Rehabite since the age of ten. In the meantime his chief attraction was his telephone.

Both the Campions appeared to consider this extremely important; from the way they talked (thought Mr. Partridge) one would have imagined that a telephone was as essential to life as drinking-water.

"We ought to have one ourselves," said Ronny seriously. "It's the one thing worth paying money for. And even if we can use T. Cubitt's, it means twopence a time—in cash."

"But we get incoming calls free," pointed out Lisbeth. "He can easily shout up the stairs."

The top-floor suite consisted of three rooms, one medium sized, one smaller, and one little more than a cupboard. Divan-beds were the great feature of the place, and the main reason why Lisbeth and Mr. Partridge had rented it. It was decided that Ronny should have the one in the kitchen, Mr. Partridge the one in the cupboard, and Lisbeth the one in the sitting-room.

The sitting-room wasn't bad at all, and when that evening they all three sat down to supper in it the scene struck Mr. Partridge as not only intimate, but gay. He and Lisbeth had spent half an hour buying bright blue china, pots and pans, and a variety of hooks, rails, and other household gadgets which Mr. Partridge proposed to put up next day. Lisbeth had also laid out seven shillings on a dozen yards of checked cotton, for tablecloths, curtains, and bedcovers.

The curtains were as yet merely tacked over the windows, the covers as yet unhemmed; but it was abundantly clear that the completed effect would be very colorful indeed. Mr. Partridge, looking about, felt rather as though he were living in a harlequin's house.

"You must have spent," observed Ronny, "a dickens of a lot."

"Only a pound," said Lisbeth quickly, "with the sausages. A cheerful home keeps up the morale. And we'll all look for jobs to-morrow."

"I suppose you'll try your theatrical show again?"

"No, darling. They got someone else ages ago."

"But you were such a roaring success there—"

"No, darling," said Lisbeth.

There was a slightly awkward pause. Mr. Partridge again received the impression that the young Campions were carrying on their conversations in silence.

"I know what I'd like to do," he said, "and that's start a night-club. I've been thinking about it ever since we went to that Shoes place, and I've some very good ideas."

"Such as?" inquired Ronny.

"Ratting," said Mr. Partridge unexpectedly. "There's nothing livelier than ratting. There must be old warehouses down by the docks just as full of rats as they can stand—and I dare say we could get the use of one for almost naught. We'd provide the terriers, d'you see, the customers hire them by the evening—"

"I don't think," said Lisbeth gently, "that the women would really care for it. Not in evening-dress. And it's the women who keep night-clubs going."

"In any case," said Ronny blandly, "you haven't taken Lisbeth's point. I'm to be

kept away from the old crowd and the gay lights. Isn't that so, darling?"

"Yes," said Lisbeth.

"Honest toll," declaimed Ronny, "is now our watchword. All right, I'm reformed already, but anything you say goes."

Mr. Partridge passed a bad night. This was due neither to the liver-sausage he had eaten for supper, nor (as would have been quite reasonable) to any fears for the future, but simply to the badness of his bed.

It was a shocking bed. It creaked loudly at the least movement. The mattress was also bad: it had previously been slept on (decided Mr. Partridge, after consideration) by two large dogs; for there was a deep circular hollow at either end and a ridge in the middle.

Mr. Partridge rolled over again and sat up. He knew what he wanted; he wanted his socks. They made a splendid padding, and judiciously arranged would bring the surface of the bed to a uniform level. But he had left the whole pile in the sitting-room, now Miss Campion's bed-chamber, and his sense of decorum prevented him going after them. Mr. Partridge coiled himself down in the upper hollow and resolutely began to count sheep.

He had, or so it seemed to him, but just dozed off when he was reawakened by a loud tapping. He did not answer, but the next moment someone came in.

"Tea," said Ronny.

He had a cup of tea in his hand. He was fully dressed. The tea was for Mr. Partridge. He had already, he explained, taken tea to Lisbeth. He had also prepared the bathroom. He had been up very nearly an hour.

"What time is it now?" asked Mr. Partridge.

"Seven o'clock," replied Ronny pointedly. "Shall I tell Lisbeth you'll have the bath before her, or after?"

"After," said Mr. Partridge.

And here it may be recorded that his association with the young Campions produced on Mr. Partridge one lasting and irrelevant result. He formed, under their influence, the habit of bathing every day; thus showing his freedom from prejudice, his adaptability, and the strength (or so he believed) of his constitution. "It's a great change," he used to say at first. "For a man of my years, I'm not sure it isn't dangerous. It thins the blood." But he persisted nevertheless.

The day, which was to inaugurate the reformation of Ronny by turning him into a sister-supporting world's worker, produced one outstanding event. Lisbeth got a job.

The name of the firm which was to employ her struck Mr. Partridge as very curious indeed. It was called Wanted Women.

Under Victoria the Good, even under Edward the Peacemaker, it would have been unthinkable; for in those days there was still an adequate supply of active single women ready to run about and perform extra tasks for the more fortunate married. (Miss Pickering, taking charge of her sister's two children, and being despatched with Lisbeth to Dormouth Bay, was a good example.) But since then times had changed; the ranks of these useful creatures had been thinned; some had entered the professions, some preferred to work for (and be paid by) strangers, some had simply not been born. Wanted Women stepped into the breach.

It would supply, on the shortest notice, a competent gentlewoman to supervise spring cleaning, take children to school, show country cousins the town, meet trains, exercise dogs. The shades of a thousand Victorian aunts must have been constantly wringing their hands at this intrusion of hired help into the family circle; but Wanted Women was also shrewd, and busy. Its Principal was also shrewd. She was so shrewd that when Lisbeth, in answer to the usual request for a clergyman's reference, frankly detailed Ronny's exploits, she did two things. She took down Lisbeth's address (and T. Cubitt's telephone number) without further ado, and added in the adjoining column a couple of cryptic signs. They stood, translated, for "Good in emergencies—no male employers . . ."

Mr. Partridge (a Victorian himself) was both startled and impressed. Ronny was merely startled.

"You'll hate it," he prophesied, "You'll do nothing but look after sick brats."

"Not sick, only convalescent," retorted Lisbeth. "That's one of the rules. And I get ten shillings a day, or two bob an hour, and extra at night. And I've got one job for to-morrow already—reading French to an old lady in Bayswater. It's money for jam."

"Money for bread, more like," said Mr. Partridge uneasily. He and Ronny, after scrutinising the advertisement columns of the daily papers, had also been out trying their luck. Ronny had applied for one post (as secretary to a Bridge Club), Mr. Partridge for six—as house-porter (twice), baker's roundsman, boot-and-shoe salesman (twice), and store detective. He tried for this last mainly because Ronny had taken him for a detective, and because hope springs eternal in the human breast, and his failure, owing to complete lack of qualifications, did not depress him. His five other failures did. He had been told in each case simply that he was too old.

That evening he went downstairs and privately looked through T. Cubitt's telephone book to see if there were anything called Wanted Men. There was not.

On the three succeeding days he was told that he was too old seventeen times.

Ronny, on the other hand, seemed to be too young; at any rate, he was equally unsuccessful. But Lisbeth was apparently just the right age, and was soon almost fully employed.

The Bayswater lady had asked for her regularly, three afternoons a week; she made quite a corner in packing—Wanted Women, receiving after each of her expeditions in this line a complimentary phone call, thought it due to the expertness with which Miss Campion packed; but it was not; it was due to her practice of warily admiring each garment put in—and she had spent two most profitable evenings sitting with a small boy while his parents went to the theatre.

In her spare moments she enslaved T. Cubitt, with the result that he readily took messages for her on the grocery telephone. She also enslaved Mr. Partridge, though he did not recognise the process as such, by requiring him to conduct her every morning to either the bus stop or the station. Mr. Partridge liked going to the tube station best: it took five minutes longer.

He had cast off Dormouth Bay, and without regret. But he was not happy.

He had begun to fret. He did what he could; he kept the flat in order, went out

shopping, and made Ronny take his fair turn at washing up. He and Ronny were seeing too much of each other—or at any rate, Mr. Partridge was seeing too much of Ronny. They were not precisely on bad terms, but their conversations as a rule were limited to a series of detached remarks from the one acknowledged by a series of snorts from the other. It was, therefore, all the more surprising that the one exception proved of great interest to both.

It occurred on a Saturday afternoon. Lisbeth and Mr. Partridge had lunched early, the former being engaged to meet two children on the one-thirty to Victoria, and Ronny did not appear till she had left. He was in very good spirits; he announced himself by tapping on the door.

"Who's there?" called Mr. Partridge.

"Obadiah," replied Ronny, entering with a cheerful smile.

"Obadiah?" repeated Mr. Partridge.

"Obadiah'd love to," said Ronny.

Mr. Partridge turned the witticism over in his mind, grasped the point, and didn't think much of it. It was simply a leg-pull, and he resented having his leg pulled by whippersnappers. At that moment, in fact, his resentment against Ronny altogether—against his smile, his amiability, his general air of being sure of a welcome—came suddenly to a head.

"Back for your dinner?" inquired Mr. Partridge sardonically. "We've left all the best bits."

"Good," said Ronny, with simple pleasure. Then he looked at Mr. Partridge again, and appeared to be struck by a surprising notion.

"I say!"

"Well?"

"Don't you like me?"

It was a hot day, and Mr. Partridge, in the midst of his morning's shopping, had turned aside to apply for a post as fish-monger's assistant; only to be told, as usual, that he was too old. At lunch with Lisbeth he had unobtrusively eaten as little as possible, and now felt hungry. He could see no reason for concealing the truth.

"No," said Mr. Partridge.

Ronny put a piece of corned beef in his mouth and chewed it thoughtfully.

"Why not?"

"Because you're a good-for-naught," said Mr. Partridge, with conviction. "You have to be kept and cosseted and looked after as though you were a pet dog. You let your sister work for you, and never do a hand's turn, and sit there eating corned beef like a blooming duke. You make me tired."

Ronny continued to munch, and to fix Mr. Partridge with his extraordinarily candid gaze. He was not abashed, but neither was he annoyed.

"It wasn't I," he pointed out, "who came and looked on to Lisbeth. It was Lisbeth who came and looked on to me."

"I know," admitted Mr. Partridge. Impatiently. "That was her foolishness. That's what women are like. That's why they want protecting, so to speak, from themselves. And it's the man's place to protect 'em. You ought never to have let her do it."

Ronny shook his head.

"You don't know Lisbeth. Once she got on my trail she'd have followed me to the North Pole. If I were to go out into the night this minute she'd be after me again."

There was so much truth in this that Mr. Partridge could not answer it. Ronny present was a nuisance; Ronny absent would be an even greater one. He was a fair problem...

"The fact is," continued Ronny, as though following this thought, "I'm superfluous. I'm not one of those great hefty fellows who

can mend roads, I haven't much brain, and I'm not particularly well educated; and now I've got a sort of tin can tied to my tail as well. It's no wonder I can't get a job, with all this unemployment about. I oughtn't to get a job. I ought to be tucked into a nice lethal chamber. Or—making it a private matter—I could just put my head in the gas oven and turn on the tap. But that would upset Lisbeth."

"You're right there," agreed Mr. Partridge. "And I must say I shouldn't care for it myself."

This concession appeared to cheer Ronny up. He reached for a piece of bread and butter, spread an excessive quantity of jam on it, and made himself a sandwich.

"You ought to have been a bull," said Mr. Partridge thoughtfully. "Or some kind of a vegetable."

"A forked radish," agreed Ronny. "But what can I do?"

"You can at least make yourself useful," said Mr. Partridge. "You can wash up."

Ronny at once began to clear the table. He moved very neatly and handily.

"You could do that every day," continued Mr. Partridge. "You could do the whole work of this place easy."

And then from the mouth of the forked radish fell a shattering home-truth.

"And leave you without an occupation?" said Ronny cheerfully. "The fact is, we're overstaffed."

Mr. Partridge put on his hat and went out. He hurried, but his step was not light. One of the Walkers on the stairs, and T. Cubitt from the shop, greeted him affably. Mr. Partridge did not reply.

"Overstaffed," he repeated aloud. It was a phrase of doom. It meant, in nine cases out of ten, the loss of one's job; and though it did not carry, in his own case, exactly that significance, it carried one very near it. It meant that he wasn't wanted. He was useful, indeed, but his utility simply left Ronny idle.

He had reached, he did not quite know how, an island in the middle of Oxford Street.

Since it was Saturday afternoon, all the large shops were shut, and the pavements were unusually clear. Mr. Partridge loitered along, looking automatically at the windows, but without really taking in anything he saw. It was the merest chance (or else it was fate) that made him pause outside the Bonnie Scotland Tea Rooms; for the place was not particularly attractive. But Mr. Partridge paused, looked, and there in the window, propped against a plate of scones, saw a small notice. The Bonnie Scotland wanted a commissionaire.

He went in.

The lady who received him was spare, elderly and bore a vague resemblance to Miss Pickering.

"Good-afternoon," said Mr. Partridge. "I see you're wanting a commissionaire."

The lady looked slightly embarrassed.

"Not exactly," she explained. "At least, I'm not sure that's the right description. I just want someone to stand outside and hold that."

She indicated, leaning against the wall, a sort of banner consisting of a two-dimensional wooden thistle on the end of a long pole. The thistle was painted in its natural coloring, with the addition of the words: "Bonnie Scotland, Lunch 1/6, Teas and Light Refreshments." Mr. Partridge looked at the thing without enthusiasm.

"How much?" he asked.

"One and six a day—with your meals, Lunch and tea, and a snack in the evening."

Mr. Partridge thought. Such a job, and

he knew it, was the rock-bottom of respectable employment. It was like being a sandwich-man. But he would get his food, and the money was clear, which meant nearly ten bob a week towards the rent. He would be able to give Lisbeth ten bob every Friday, and cost next to nothing for keep...

"And uniform," added the lady persuasively.

Mr. Partridge flinched.

"What uniform?"

"Kilts," said the lady.

There was a long mirror at the back of the room. Mr. Partridge gazed at his oval reflection and tried to imagine himself in the garb of a Highland chief.

"I'm sure," said the lady, "you'd look very nice." She sounded quite anxious to engage him, as indeed she was; he was by far the most respectable applicant she had yet had. "You could wear your own jacket, and there's a tam-o'-shanter and stockings."

"What color stockings?" asked Mr. Partridge.

"Red," said the lady.

That settled it. The finger of fate, unmistakably pointed. Mr. Partridge could have wished it pointed in some other direction, but after his experiences of last week, after his conversation with Ronny, he dared not ignore it.

It was an anxious moment for Mr. Partridge when he first issued from the door of Number 7 Marsham Street clad in his Highland regalia. The kilt (or so Lisbeth assured him) was by no means unbecoming; but it felt uncommonly draughty, though Mr. Partridge had so far departed from Highland tradition as to put on a pair of pants.

Through the grocery window he could see T. Cubitt, and T. Cubitt's assistant, and the young lady in the Cash, all turning their heads to take a look at him; from his rear came a sudden sound of bagpipes, proceeding, he suspected, from T. Cubitt's boy.

His self-consciousness, while it lasted, was acute; but it did not last long. He turned two corners, reached Edgware Road, and at once became anonymous. The soothing indifference of London going about its business was a shelter and a balm.

Few people so much as glanced at him, and as his confidence returned an unexpected change came over his demeanor. Mr. Partridge stepped out; it might almost be said that he swaggered. The swing of his kilt put a swing into his stride; he thrust out his chest, and by a firm compression of the lips made his moustache bristle. He felt fine.

It may be said at once that as standard-bearer-cum-commissionaire Mr. Partridge made good. He had at first considerable trouble with his feet, which by the end of the day became so swollen that he could hardly hobble home; but this was only until he got his shooting-stick. He got it for a shilling in the Caledonian Market, and sat upon it proudly during business hours.

There were a few difficulties: a policeman objected to his being seated on the pavement; Mr. Partridge pointed out that he was not sitting, but leaning, and demanded to know by what law a man was forbidden to lean on his stick in the public street. The policeman very wisely decided that the use of shooting-sticks in Oxford Street was not likely to become widespread, and that the matter might be dropped.

Miss Macbeth (his employer) also objected, on aesthetic grounds: she thought it didn't look well. Mr. Partridge explained that he had bought the stick with one eye indeed to his own benefit, but with the

either to hers; he hoped by means of his shooting-stick to remind passers-by so forcibly of the Scottish moors—so to fill their ears, as it were, with the cry of the bonnie grouse—that they would feel an overwhelming desire for a cup of bonnie Scottish tea. Miss Macbeth gave in. One didn't really see much of the stick, since Mr. Partridge always draped his kilt neatly over it.

The strain on his feet thus relieved, he began actually to enjoy himself. There was always plenty to look at: people often asked him the way, and he got into some very interesting conversations. He gave ladies advice on the best place to shop, and was always ready to look after their dogs for them while they did so. Dog-tending, in fact, developed into quite a sideline: he sometimes had as many as three or four leashed about his standard, and made as much as a shilling a day in tips.

Miss Macbeth at first looked askance, but Mr. Partridge argued very plausibly that since many of the dogs were Scotch terriers, they served as additional publicity; and he swore never to have any truck with either French bulldogs or Irish wolfhounds. (The district, so far as he knew, contained none; but the promise showed good feeling.) Miss Macbeth gave in. She even acquired, under her employee's persuasions, a small enamel trough marked "Drink, puppy, drink." Mr. Partridge was establishing himself, and though the Bonnie Scotland was by no means a night-club, for the moment at least his ambition slept.

The household in Marsham Street was now on a fairly sure footing; it did not for that reason become dull. Indeed, Mr. Partridge was sometimes puzzled: he and Lisbeth were undoubtedly engaged on a work of reformation—a process which in Mr. Partridge's experience usually entailed an atmosphere of strenuous gloom; the atmosphere of the Marsham Street flat was light, casual and frivolous.

There were evenings when the high spirits of its inhabitants overflowed in song; social evenings when an off-duty Walker and T. Cubitt's assistant, came up for a game of rummy, or simply for conversation. As companions they were rather fascinating than gay, but they were also such thorough men of the world that Mr. Partridge never ceased to take pleasure in their company.

Ronny enjoyed these parties, too. In fact, Mr. Partridge often wondered whether, for a reformer, he weren't enjoying himself too much all round. The work of the flat was now supposed to be entirely his, but as usual he had ducked out of it. T. Cubitt's Cash, a young lady of amiable and domestic temperament, having formed the habit of slipping up in her lunch-hour to sweep, dust and wash the breakfast things. (Mr. Partridge found this out one pouring wet day when Miss Macbeth humbly dismissed him at half-past twelve: on reaching Marsham Street he found the Cash engaged at the sink while Ronny entertained her with stories of high life. Her demeanor was that of a person completely at home; and Ronny, under the subsequent cross-examination, freely admitted that she came up every day.) Something, felt Mr. Partridge, had gone wrong.

Lisbeth's avowed plan had been to awaken Ronny's sense of responsibility by throwing upon him the entire burden of her support: and what had happened? Lisbeth was working on an average nine hours a day, and Ronny was still as irresponsible as a canary.

But Mr. Partridge was enjoying life, in these days, very much indeed.

He had a job—humble, but by no means unpleasant. The society of Lisbeth was a constant delight. The impromptu quality of Ronny's housekeeping did not offend him.

He was getting two good meals a day at the Bonnie Scotland, and the meals he took in the flat, on Sundays, were equally satisfying though in a different way. The first course was always so homely, the second, supplied by the Walkers, so exotic. The Walker standards were very high, and they evidently took a large view of their perquisites: an unsuccessful bombe (carried home in an ice-pail swathed in newspaper), the wing of a sugar swan, half a marzipan flower-basket—such and suchlike were the delicacies involuntarily supplied to the Campion table by the hotel in Park Lane.

The Walkers would take no denial; they had always (explained Sidney casually) plenty for themselves; and Mr. Partridge for some time attributed their generosity partly to temperamental open-handedness. There presently occurred, however, an incident which, upsetting all these preconceptions, also upset Mr. Partridge.

Returning one night from his post outside the Bonnie Scotland, he observed T. Cubitt coming down the top flight of stairs. This was highly unusual. The grocer as a rule kept strictly to his own territory; not even Lisbeth had been able to break down his reserve, and though he was most punctilious and neighborly about delivering her phone messages, he always sent them up either by the assistant or the errand-boy.

"Evening," said Mr. Partridge.

"Evening," replied T. Cubitt.

"I expect there's no one in," said Mr. Partridge.

"Ah," said T. Cubitt.

"But if you'd care to come back and wait—"

The grocer merely shook his head (though courteously) and without any explanation of his presence passed straight on. Mr. Partridge continued up, and outside the door found a small parcel wrapped in white paper. On the top was written "With Compliments" and inside was a jar of calves-foot jelly.

It was this incident which led Mr. Partridge, that evening, to a careful observation of Lisbeth's appearance. He had not noticed it before, but she had undoubtedly changed very much since leaving Dormouth Bay. In the first place, she had lost her tan; her skin was no longer honey-colored, but creamy, so that her fine soft hair looked darker, a deep instead of a pale gold.

"What's the matter?" asked Lisbeth, pausing hat in hand before the mirror.

"You feeling quite well?" asked Mr. Partridge anxiously.

"Of course I'm quite well. I'm always well. Why?"

Mr. Partridge produced the jar.

"From old Cubitt," he said. "Left outside the door. Like leaving, as you might say, crumbs for the birds. And there's all that sweet stuff we get from the Walkers. It's my belief they think you don't get enough to eat through supporting a fat old man like me."

Lisbeth spun round and stared at him.

"Darling! What an insane idea!"

"It's not," said Mr. Partridge unhappily. All his old misgivings were back in force; the happiness of the last weeks, he felt, had been but a hollow thing. "It's not," he repeated. "You keep this place going—"

"I don't! You pay half the rent, and you have all your meals at that awful little place and you stick to that awful job and never complain, and you clean my shoes

for me, and what I should do without you I can't imagine!"

Her fury, as much as her affection, was grateful. Mr. Partridge felt slightly better. He sat down. Lisbeth came and stood over him and took him by the shoulders.

"Mr. Cubitt is an admirer. The jelly's probably the most expensive thing in his shop, and that's why he sent it. If it had been roses, you wouldn't have thought there was anything queer in that?"

"Yes, I should," said Mr. Partridge. "A chap of his age—"

"And Mr. Walker is an admirer, too," went on Lisbeth shamelessly. "All the Walkers. But I can't put marzipan fruit under my pillow, so we have to eat it."

She was smiling now, she was at once demure and impertinent, and Mr. Partridge knew that he had only to grin back, and they would be in for one of their rich hilarious evenings; but Mr. Partridge had been too thoroughly put out. There was something else on his mind, something about which he had too long kept silence.

"And then," he began heavily, "there's Ronny."

At once Lisbeth's expression changed again. It became one of polite but slightly bored attention.

"What about him?"

"I'm not sure, my dear, you're doing the right thing," Mr. Partridge hesitated; he was on dangerous ground. "We started out, if you remember, with the idea of making him work for his living and yours too. He does a bit up here, I'll admit, but what's the good of it? It's not giving him regular habits even. He needs a hard, steady job—with a task-master. He needs someone who'll ball him out when he does wrong, and dock his pay when he's late. That, mark you—Mr. Partridge was getting into quite a rhetorical stride—"is what he needs; but if you tell me he'd never stick it, I'll agree. It's no use asking pigs to fly. But what I do say is this: till he gets a proper something to do—by which I mean something he's got to finish before he's paid for it—there's no hope. Now I've said my say, and I hope you'll take it as meant."

There was a short silence. Mr. Partridge watched Lisbeth's face anxiously. But she did not seem angry, only thoughtful.

"You're right, of course," she said at last. "And I've never forgotten, really, about Ronny's job. It's simply that I haven't had time to get round to it."

"There you are!" exclaimed Mr. Partridge. "And so long as someone else works hard enough to keep him in smokes, Ronny won't bother. If you ask my opinion of him—"

"I know it already," said Lisbeth calmly. "It's also the opinion of Mr. Cubitt and the Walkers and Hugh and—and I suppose every man who's ever met him."

This declaration startled Mr. Partridge as much that he simply ignored it altogether and stuck to the immediate point.

"Anyway, you'll never find him a job," he said.

"I shall," said Lisbeth.

The next day she did.

She practically invented it. There was in the main street at the end of the road a drapery establishment, large, cheap and thriving, but whose old-fashioned name—the London Bazaar—was matched by the old-fashioned character of its window-dressing. Each article bore a card with the price and one uninspired adjective—"Smart," "Hard-wearing," or—more rarely—"Chic."

On this stronghold of conservatism Lisbeth, after a morning's preparation, launched her attack. She penetrated as far as the junior partner (aged no more than

fifty-five) and proposed to supply him with a new type of showcard at the moderate rate of two shillings per dozen. The examples she brought with her illustrated ladies' underwear, and the junior partner could not deny that they would prove a great attraction. Lisbeth further pointed out that, unlike those supplied (in insufficient quantity) by the manufacturers, her cards all bore in a prominent position the name of the London Bazaar.

The junior partner, who knew a good thing when he saw it, and who had prolonged the interview merely for the pleasure of conversing with Miss Campion, allowed himself to be convinced, and even agreed to supply the materials. He then offered Lisbeth a cup of tea, and showed no objection to walking as far as Oxford Street, where she knew, she told him, a very good place called the Bonnie Scotland.

There they had two cups of tea apiece, and complimented the proprietress—or rather Lisbeth did—on the picturesque appearance of her commissionaire. Time flew so fast that the junior partner was forced to take a taxi back; and it had flown so pleasantly that he gave the commissionaire's attention. It had been from everyone's point of view, a most successful afternoon.

"What have you been up to?" demanded Mr. Partridge, suspiciously.

Lisbeth stood on the kerb beside him, and brought out her cards, and explained that Ronny was going to earn at least twenty-five shillings a week in the service of the London Bazaar.

"But can he," asked Mr. Partridge, "draw?"

"He can shade," replied Lisbeth. "He can go over the outlines with ink, and blob them in with wash. It's quite easy."

"But who'll draw 'em first?" persisted Mr. Partridge.

"I shall," said Lisbeth.

Ronny took to his new occupation with great docility. He even enjoyed it, he said, and when Mr. Partridge came home the following night produced no fewer than a dozen completed cards—six displaying each a pair of stockinged legs, crossed at the knee, one toe pointed, the other kicking in the air, and six showing more intimate garments still. Mr. Partridge was quite struck.

"You've got a real gift for it," he said. "Not up to your sisters, of course; but some of that shading's very neat."

Ronny pushed back a lock of hair—his hair didn't usually fall in his eyes, but his whole appearance, since that morning, had taken on a subtly artistic character.

For the next few evenings Lisbeth was in, as but Thursday brought one of her sitting-with-a-child jobs, so Ronny and Mr. Partridge had the flat to themselves.

It was very quiet, for the former was working at his cards, and did not care even to have pieces read out of the paper to him. There was an interesting bit of news, too, about a jewel robbery at the Dormouth Towers Hotel, where a famous actress had been robbed of her famous emeralds, and Mr. Partridge would have liked to expiate, and marvel, and propound theories; but Ronny, who did not know the place, refused to take an interest. Mr. Partridge finished the sports page, fidgeted round the room a bit, and came to a halt by the littered table.

Ronny worked on; he dipped his brush in the wash, and twirled it neatly to a fine point, and drew a beautiful florid curve that was a lady's calf. More lightly, he indicated the shin, and put in a bit of fancy-work round the toes. It was fascinating. For some moments longer Mr. Partridge watched intently, while a second pair of

legs sprang to elegant life; and then he made his great mistake.

"Let me have a go," said Mr. Partridge. Ronny hesitated.

"It's pretty tricky, . . ."

"I'll take care," promised Mr. Partridge.

He drew up another chair, and seized the brush. He screwed up his eyes, and breathed heavily. The wash proved more unmanageable than one would expect, but by going over the first stroke a good many times he achieved at last a properly clean edge.

"How's that?" he demanded.

"A bit boxom," said Ronny critically.

"And that's what's wanted," retorted Mr. Partridge. "The ones you do may be very neat, but they're too skinny. Pass me another card."

The second card took longer, for in spite of his warm defence Mr. Partridge had not been altogether satisfied; but this time Ronny was lavish in his praise.

"You do 'em almost as well as me," he said enthusiastically. "I bet you've studied drawing?"

"It just comes natural," said Mr. Partridge.

He bent over the table again, completely absorbed. It was now Ronny's turn to fidget. As Mr. Partridge had done, he wandered round the room, came back to the table; but he did not stay there.

"I'm out of cigarettes," he said. "I'll just go along and get some."

"Ah," said Mr. Partridge; and worked on.

On the next Tuesday night Lisbeth and Mr. Partridge went to a ball.

The experience was novel to both of them; to Mr. Partridge because he had never been to such a thing before, to Lisbeth because she was not going as a guest. She was going to earn fifteen shillings as a substitute palmist, and she got the job—so strangely are human affairs interwoven—owing to the illness of one of His Majesty's Judges.

Lord Morecombe, in Switzerland, took a turn for the worse; his daughter, the Honorable Mrs. Cory, was summoned to his side; and Wanted Women received an urgent call for a fortune-teller—"Someone," explained Mrs. Cory over the phone, "who has an evening-dress." The ball, in aid of charity, was being held at one of the great semi-country houses still to be found near Regent's Park; in its garden side-shows of all kinds would provide extra amusement for the guests and extra receipts for the funds.

Wanted Women had no fortune-teller on their books, but since a hasty inquiry assured them that all side-shows, save the roundabout, were to be in amateur hands, they had no hesitation in sending Miss Campion. They felt she could get away with it.

Mr. Partridge went to take care of Lisbeth. He never liked the idea of her going out at night alone, and they both felt it was as yet too early to expose Ronny to any social excitement. They didn't tell him about it; he was suffering from a slight cold, and willingly let Lisbeth send him to bed with a hot-water bottle and a detective story. (Lisbeth encouraged detective stories; they all had such moral endings.)

"We'll be catching colds ourselves, like as not," commented Mr. Partridge gloomily. The sky promised rain, and he had taken the unusual step of setting out for a ball with a spare pair of socks in his mackintosh pocket. Lisbeth, on the other hand, wore no more than a velvet tippet over her long pale frock; she was doing her best to look inconspicuous, but Mr. Partridge's heart swelled with pride as he helped her on to the bus.

The conductor also assisted; Lisbeth was handed in with as much ceremony as is accorded to duchesses entering their limousines. She was enjoying herself already; the bus lurched, tipping her into the lap of an elderly butcher, and at once the butcher began to enjoy himself also. He made room for her beside him, an ex-stoker moved up and made room for Mr. Partridge, and Lisbeth's wide skirts fanned out over their laps, and every male passenger looked at Mr. Partridge and envied him his luck.

"Buckingham Palace?" inquired the conductor humorously; and Mr. Partridge, not to be outdone, replied that they would have two tuppences to Windsor Castle. This simple exchange gave general pleasure.

The company congratulated them warmly. Bonhomie prevailed. When Mr. Partridge and Lisbeth got out it was like breaking up a party.

They found the house, and were directed straight through to the grounds, where Lisbeth's tent inconspicuously lurked at the back of a coconut-shed. Mr. Partridge regarded it with disfavor. He considered it a bad pitch, and said so.

"We shan't take five bob," he complained. "We're right off the track. Like me to stand out in front and do a bit of barking for you?"

Lisbeth thought not. She had acquired that afternoon a sixpenny book on palmistry, but was still liable to lose her way between the mount of Venus and the mount of Jupiter. Mr. Partridge, who considered palmistry silly, wanted her to cut out the whole thing and give spirit messages instead; he was perfectly willing to be a spirit voice himself, speaking hollowly from the other side of the canvas.

They were still arguing this point when the first client appeared in the shape of a fashionable young lady who demanded Mrs. Cory, and who, when Lisbeth explained that Mrs. Cory was not coming, at once turned to go out again. But Mr. Partridge was having no nonsense; he blocked the doorway and fixed her with a menacing eye while Lisbeth hastily prophesied a sea voyage and a handsome stranger.

"But I don't want my fortune told!" protested the young lady. "I just wanted to speak to Marion!"

"It'll be half a crown all the same," retorted Mr. Partridge. "Don't argue." He was wearing his cap over one eye, and a muffler twisted tightly round his throat; the lady cast him a slightly nervous glance, handed over the half-crown, and hurried out.

Her report could not have been favorable; no other clients followed. And yet the grounds were filling up; from the coconut-sheds, from the rifle ranges came sounds of gaiety, the blaring music of the roundabout was answered by softer strains from the house. At first Lisbeth sat inside the tent, and Mr. Partridge (regretful for his shooting stick) stood sentry at the door; but after a while he came in and they had a quiet game of two-handed rummy. It wasn't very exciting. All the excitement was outside.

"After all," said Lisbeth cheerfully, "we're not here to enjoy ourselves."

Mr. Partridge looked dubious. She was right in a way, but they weren't taking a penny, and there were evidently grand goings-on all about. He felt he was missing something, and it was a feeling he could not bear.

"Tell you what," he said, "we'll just nip out and have a peek."

Lisbeth hesitated; and Mr. Partridge,

watching her, jumped to the wrong conclusion.

"If you're afraid of being recognised," he admitted, "perhaps we'd better not."

"Oh, not!" said Lisbeth. "None of our crowd ever came to this sort of thing. Only suppose someone wants to have their fortune told?"

That was an easy one. Mr. Partridge took out a pencil and wrote in bold black strokes across the centre of the tablecloth. They would be back shortly.

There were fairy lamps in the trees, there were lights before all the booths, light streamed from the windows of the house; and the combined effect was of the foot-lights of a theatre. The garden was now thronged, but to Mr. Partridge he and Lisbeth were the only real people there.

"Look!" cried Lisbeth. "See there!" responded Mr. Partridge; they clung arm in arm, and went where the drift took them, but always they moved in a narrowing circle, for the gale had a heart, whose beats made brazen music; and the voice of Calliope drew them to the roundabout.

"Oh, see!" cried Lisbeth.

It was a fantastic and an enchanting sight; for as the horses leapt by in an endless cavalcade the skirts of their lady riders made waves of silk, of thin muslin, of shining brocade; and the riders themselves, sweeping high through the air, were translated by light and motion into the bright inhuman creatures of a dream. They were Valkyries, they were queens out-a-hawking; some reclined along their mounts like sea nymphs on the horses of Neptune; there was a woman—or a flower—whose stiff pale satin skirt blew out in the shape of a convolvulus.

For perhaps two minutes the vision lasted; then the horses came to rest, the nymphs, the queens slid down into the arms of their squires, and at that human contact lost their immortality.

"That was worth crossing the road for," said Mr. Partridge, with satisfaction.

"It was—beautiful," stated Lisbeth softly. Something in her tone made him feel in his pocket.

"How much does it cost?"

Lisbeth sighed.

"A shilling . . ."

"What, just for one ride?" demanded Mr. Partridge, dropping the coins back. "You could get six for that up on Hampstead Heath." Then he looked at her again, and felt for a milled edge, and pulled the shilling out. It meant three half-pints, and one ride lasted only about four minutes. Three half-pints would last nearly three hours; you could spend a whole evening, in a nice pub, on three half-pints . . .

"Nip up," said Mr. Partridge.

In his hot-water bottle warmed bed Ronny Campion, who had gone to sleep in the middle of his detective story, woke up and heard the cuckoo cry twelve. He was feeling much better. He felt practically cured. He wanted company, and shouted for Lisbeth to come and talk to him.

When there was no response, he got up and went to investigate. The unmade-up couch of his sister, the empty bed of Mr. Partridge, explained their silence only by their absence. Ronny sat down on the edge of the table and lit one of Mr. Partridge's cigarettes. A pile of cards lay ready for the morning; he toyed for a moment with the idea of setting to work there and then, and astounding Lisbeth on her return by a picture of midnight industry. Then he thought it might look rather ostentatious. Besides, if she were out, as he supposed, on

one of her infant-tending jobs, she might not come home till three or four, and as he had only just recovered from a cold he felt he ought not to sit up so late.

On the other hand, he was by no means sleepy enough to go back to bed, and though there was the detective story to finish, he remembered having heard that to read in a supine position was very bad for the eyes. He had to take care of his eyesight, because of all those cards waiting to be done in the morning.

The flat was so still that he could hear the ticking of the clock. It was also chilly, and when he tried to light the fire there wasn't any gas. Ronny began to feel worried—not so much on his own account as on Lisbeth's; she had looked after his cold so carefully, it would be terribly hard on her if he had a relapse. And yet there was nothing that brought on a relapse (after a cold) so much as depression, and he was beginning to feel very depressed indeed. The silence, the low temperature, even the smallness of the room, were getting him down.

In the end, the most sensible plan seemed to be to get into his evening clothes, and borrow ten shillings rent-money, and make a bee-line for the West End.

The rain that beat down on Ronny's taxi beat down with equal force, and with more resonance, upon the roof of Mr. Partridge's tent. It had been beating down for an hour, during which time Mr. Partridge had taken but one half-crown, from a middle-aged lady to whom he gave a spirit message from William Shakespeare. She did not seem convinced by it; she happened to be a London University Don; and Mr. Partridge, sensing a lack of response, determined to stick in future to dark strangers and overseas travel. But no other customers appeared; it had set in for a thoroughly wet night. Not a sound came from any of the booths, only the roundabout music (unanswered now by any music from the house) still played on, and only the roundabout lights, when Mr. Partridge peered out, showed strong enough to thrust back the dark.

He began to feel uneasy; Lisbeth had not come back, and she had had money for only one ride. The thought crossed his mind that someone might have taken her home in a car—he knew how liable she was to such accidents; but he could not believe that she would have left him thus marooned. In the end he put on his mackintosh, turned up the collar, and plunged out to look for her.

The scene was desolate. An empty garden in the rain is a fit subject for poets, full of romantic pathos; this one was not empty, but full of flapping wet canvas. It looked derelict. The fairy lamps in the trees tossed like the lights of a lost fishing fleet; the riderless horses of the roundabout fled before the wind as though from a lost battle. Mr. Partridge approached them nevertheless; they were at least brightly visible in a storm-shrouded world; and as he drew near he saw that they had carried away from the field two survivors.

On one horse rode Lisbeth, her eyes half-closed, her head thrown back, her skirts streaming out into the rain; and on the steed directly behind, ever pursuing, yet never (owing to mechanical reasons) gaining an inch on her, rode a young man in tails.

Mr. Partridge gaped, hardly able to believe his eyes. For a moment, as the riders flashed by for the second time, he was caught by poetry; then common sense returned, and in a loud voice he shouted to the thing to stop.

Whether in obedience to his summons or

not, the horses slackened speed. Calliope stilled her voice. Mr. Partridge ran round over the wet grass and caught at the hem of Lisbeth's dress. He meant to give her a good scolding, but when she slid off almost into his arms she looked so extremely white (and no wonder) that he hadn't the heart.

He looked round, worried. It occurred to him that the last bus had probably gone and that they would have to walk home. At this moment, however, the young man (who had been having a word with Calliope's priest) tentatively approached.

"Pardon me," he said, "but if I might have the honor of driving you home—"

Mr. Partridge looked at him, and saw that he was already far gone. His eyes, when they dwelt on Lisbeth, were submissive and adoring. Even when they dwelt on Mr. Partridge they remained respectful.

Lisbeth turned to Mr. Partridge and slipped her hand through his arm—thus showing, very properly, that she was not unchaperoned.

"I'm dropping," she said. "We live in Paddington. And—thank you for making it go on."

"Calliope," said the young man earnestly, "are my passion."

Mr. Partridge felt almost sure this was a lie: the young man's face was faintly green. But love, temporarily at any rate, had conquered nausea; he was able to drive, and in the car Mr. Partridge made Lisbeth take off her thin slippers and put on his spare pair of socks. The young man also insisted on lending her his scarf, and when they reached Marsham Street omitted to ask for it back. But he reckoned without Mr. Partridge, who was on the look out for just such a gambit.

"It's on the seat," said Mr. Partridge, putting his head back through the window. "Don't trouble to get out. And we're much obliged to you."

The young man made a motion to open the door, but Mr. Partridge had his knee under the handle. He kept it there till he heard Lisbeth's key turn in the lock; and then he nipped after her, and hustled her inside, and swiftly closed the door.

Ronny did not come home with the milk. He came home with the morning paper, and he brought with him a present for Lisbeth. It was a long silken doll, which in the limpness of its legs, as well as in its air of innocent folly, bore a striking resemblance to Ronny himself.

"Darling, it's lovely!" exclaimed Lisbeth, setting the creature up on the breakfast table. "Where did you get it?"

"Oh, at a new place," said Ronny vaguely. "I picked up some people at the Cafe Royal and went along with them. I hope you didn't worry, darling, but if only we had a phone of our own I could have rung up."

"I never gave you a thought," said Lisbeth—which was a lie, as Mr. Partridge knew, for he had heard her moving about twice in the night.

"And as a matter of fact," added Ronny, "it's absolutely cured my cold."

This, on the other hand, was true. It was unjust, but there it was.

"And that," finished Ronny virtuously, "is really why I went out."

Neither Lisbeth nor Mr. Partridge made any further comment, but in the minds of both was the same thought: Ronny has tasted blood. He was getting into his pyjamas just as Mr. Partridge was getting into his kilt. The breakfast things were still on the table.

"It's all right," said Lisbeth, following Mr. Partridge's glance. "I've nothing to do this morning."

Mr. Partridge grunted. It didn't strike him as right at all. It struck him as topsy-turvy. He put on his tam-o'-shanter at a fierce angle, and clumped heavily downstairs.

When he got home again the flat (looking remarkably spruce) was empty, but there was a note from Lisbeth propped on the mantel; it said that she had gone out on a job, and asked Mr. Partridge to keep an eye on Ronny, and be sure that he finished two dozen cards, because a message had come through requiring them by nine next morning. With love from Lisbeth.

Mr. Partridge grunted. The love part was all right, but where was Ronny? You couldn't keep an eye on a person who wasn't there—and even if he were, Mr. Partridge had begun to feel that the power of the human eye was over-estimated.

He went into his room and changed his clothes, and extracted from under the bed a book he was reading called "Piebald, the Broncho King." He took it back to the sitting-room and prepared to enjoy himself.

But he could not. Whichever way he sat, he always saw, out of the corner of his eye, the pile of untouched cards. The cuckoo cried nine, and then half-past, but still Ronny did not appear.

A draught stirred the curtains; Lisbeth's note, which he had left on the mantel, fluttered down with a sound like a despairing sigh. Mr. Partridge sighed also. Then he got up, and fetched the ink and the brush, and set the cards out on the table, and sat down to work.

At the sound of a footstep without he did not look up; he intended that Ronny should receive the full rebuke of his vicarious industry. He bowed his head still closer over the table, and labored on.

There was a tapping on the door. Mr. Partridge did not answer. When at last the door opened and a young man who was not Ronny came in, it was some seconds before Mr. Partridge noticed the difference.

"Good-evening," said the young man tentatively.

He wore dress clothes, and his appearance was familiar; he was the young man on the roundabout, who had brought Lisbeth and Mr. Partridge home the previous night. In his hand he carried a small round package, and the appearance of that was familiar too.

"Calves-foot jelly?" said Mr. Partridge at once.

The young man looked startled.

"It is," he admitted. "How did you know?"

"Second lot we've had this week," said Mr. Partridge. "Goes on the top left-hand card."

He nodded towards the cupboard; the young man opened it, and ranged his jar alongside two others. Mr. Partridge resumed work.

"I guess you don't recall me," stated the young man. "My name's Lester Hamilton, and I met you and Miss Campion at the show last night."

Mr. Partridge knew this already, but he was in an unsocial mood. He had the stage set for the discomfiture of Ronny, and the presence of a stranger—particularly a stranger in tails—would ruin all.

"She's engaged to be married," he said baldly.

Immediately—just as he had known it would—an expression of despair passed over Mr. Hamilton's face. But he stood his ground.

"Even so," he said, "I hope there's no objection to my paying a call?"

"Not a mite," agreed Mr. Partridge, "except that she's not here, and I'm busy, and it's getting on for eleven."

Mr. Hamilton flushed.

"I know," he said. "I got the jelly a whole lot earlier—in fact, I got it first thing this morning—and sort of lost my nerve. And then I went to a dinner-party, and couldn't leave off thinking about her—"

He broke off, all his diffidence gone, and fixed Mr. Partridge with a stern eye. "Have you any idea," he demanded fiercely, "how much she weighs?"

"Seven and a half stone," replied Mr. Partridge.

"What's that in pounds?"

"How should I know?" demanded Mr. Partridge, with irritation. "She's not a salmon. And if you're thinking she doesn't get enough to eat—"

"Think! I know it!" interrupted Mr. Hamilton.

Mr. Partridge had had just about enough. He laid down his brush and spoke his mind.

"Now, you listen to me for a bit," he commanded. "I won't say anything about your manners, because, knowing your complaint, I don't hold you responsible. But this I will say: we're not starving—not by any means. We do very nicely. If I don't chuck your jellied eels back in your face, it's just to save your foolish feelings and not make you look a bigger booby than you are. I know what manners are, if some people don't."

There was a short silence. Then the young man slowly approached the table.

"I guess I ought to apologise," he stated. "I—got carried away by my feelings. I'd no business to talk that way, and I apologise for it."

"Granted," said Mr. Partridge—but still with reserve.

"It's just," continued the young man, "that I'd do anything on earth for Miss Campion."

Mr. Partridge hesitated. The obvious sincerity of this foolhardy proposal spoke to his heart; more important, there was something about the young man's bearing that spoke to his head. He said slowly:

"The best thing you—or anyone else—can do for Miss Campion is to get her brother a job."

The young man at once looked alert and businesslike.

"What does he do?"

"At the moment," said Mr. Partridge thoughtfully, "he's painting ladies' stockings. At the moment, he's painting all these stockings, here, ready for delivery to-morrow morning at nine a.m."

"But—" said the young man.

"And if you're going to stay here talking and disturbing me," finished Mr. Partridge, "you might as well lend a hand."

The young man was a good sport. Without a moment's hesitation he at once drew up another chair and reached to the pile of cards.

"Don't touch the lingerie," warned Mr. Partridge, "because they want doing special. And the great thing with stockings is to get a good bold line down the calf. Don't be afraid to lay it on."

They worked for a while in silence. Lester Hamilton laid it on as he was told, and displayed quite a pretty technique in his handling of the instep. He worked even faster than Mr. Partridge; he worked with a kind of fury.

The clock struck twelve.

Mr. Hamilton said abruptly: "If I knew where Miss Campion was now, I could go and meet her."

"For the matter of that, so could I," said Mr. Partridge.

"You were up pretty late last night."

This was true; Mr. Partridge was feeling

tired; but before he had time to deny it, the door opened and Lisbeth came in.

Looking back on the incident afterwards, Mr. Partridge decided that he must have been very tired indeed; for he could never remember exactly how Lisbeth had greeted Mr. Hamilton, nor how Mr. Hamilton had explained either his presence or his occupation.

It was all somehow—and this applied to Mr. Hamilton's subsequent activities as well—taken for granted. He did not stay long; Lisbeth checked over the cards, found the tale complete, and with an entire lack of ceremony began to make up her bed. She praised their workmanship, and at the same time plumped her pillow. There was not even (so far as Mr. Partridge could recollect) any formal exchange of good-nights; the young man merely nodded casually from the doorway, Lisbeth, over her shoulder, nodded back, and then the door closed, very quietly, and there was a sound of quiet footsteps retreating downstairs.

The following Monday was the first day of the autumn sales, and the Oxford Street pavements were so crowded that Mr. Partridge was regrettably forced to abandon his shooting-stick; he would have had to place it dangerously near the edge of the kerb. He was thrust off several times as it was; some of the eager ladies who jostled about him would have been capable, in Mr. Partridge's opinion, of thrusting aside a bus.

A good many faces were familiar, but there was also a large contingent of strangers—women drawn from remote suburbs, from the country even, by the lure of first-day bargains.

There was one lady, however, whose expression was different. That was chiefly why Mr. Partridge noticed her, for her angular and countrified figure was in no way remarkable. But she was looking at Mr. Partridge as though he were a person, and not merely an obstacle in her path. She was looking at him, moreover, with the obvious intention of catching his eye. Mr. Partridge, always ready for social intercourse, allowed his eye to be caught; and a second later had realised his mistake.

The lady was Miss Pickering.

"Good gracious!" cried Miss Pickering. "It's Mr. Partridge!"

Mr. Partridge clutched his standard and stiffened. For the moment he was luckily too much astonished to speak, and by the time Miss Pickering addressed him anew he had had time to take in the situation and recover his wits.

"Mr. Partridge!" cried Miss Pickering again.

"Hoots!" replied Mr. Partridge cannily.

Mildred Pickering scrutinised him once more and appeared to hesitate.

"It surely is," she persisted, "Mr. Partridge? From Dormouth Bay?"

Mr. Partridge shook his bonnet.

"The name, ledly, is McTavish. If ye think ye ken me, ye're makin' a wee bit error."

All about them the stream of shoppers pressed in a steady flow. A parcel-laden matron, catching Miss Pickering in the back with a mop handle nearly sent her into the gutter. Mr. Partridge up with his standard and thrust her back.

"Ye'd better be movin' on," he said severely. "There's a gay press o' folk the morn'."

And then, all at once—and just as his Scottishness was fully established—Mr. Partridge was struck by a sudden thought. She didn't know. He had been so fearful

of betraying Lisbeth, so conscious of his own part in her flight that not till that moment did he realise Miss Pickering's complete ignorance of his complicity. So far as she knew, he had seen Lisbeth but once, on the hotel terrace. Apprehension gave place to curiosity; there were a dozen things he wanted to know, and Miss Pickering was already on the point of moving (as he had bade her) on . . .

"Stop!" cried Mr. Partridge, in his normal voice. He reached out his ever-useful weapon and barred her path. She turned round.

"It's me, all right," said Mr. Partridge sheepishly.

But Miss Pickering was by now thoroughly flustered.

"Then why"—her eye was not unnaturally resentful—"did you say you weren't?"

"Because I'm incognito," explained Mr. Partridge. "Being Scotch is part of my job—only I hadn't the heart to deceive you any longer. I hope I see you well?"

"Oh, very," replied Miss Pickering. Her manner became more cordial. "And you?"

"Braw," said Mr. Partridge. "Were you much longer at the Towers?"

This was one of the things he wanted to know. He and Lisbeth had both hoped, when discussing the subject, that Miss Pickering had stayed on, squandering the Maule money till it was all gone; but Lisbeth at least was not sanguine, and she proved right.

"Only till the end of the week," said Miss Pickering.

"And how," proceeded Mr. Partridge, "is the young lady I met at tea? Your niece, I believe?"

The answer surprised him.

"Married," said Miss Pickering.

The confidence of this statement (which Miss Pickering fully believed) was due to two causes: to her simplicity, and to the fact that she had been in her youth a great devourer of romantic fiction. Her simplicity led her to accept the pseudo-Broad telegram at its face value; for three days after Lisbeth's departure she had stayed on quite happily at the Dormouth Towers, hoping for further news by every post, but not being really disappointed when no news came. Lisbeth was always bad at letter-writing, and the fact that she was with her fiancé stilled all fears.

On the third day she telephoned Captain Brocard's flat, and to her astonishment learnt that he was abroad; though further inquiry (to her relief) elicited the fact that he had been in London for two days, the second of which dates coincided with that of Lisbeth's disappearance.

Miss Pickering felt quite sure that she was by now Mrs. Hugh Brocard, on her way to the East.

"And now I must get on with my shopping," added Miss Pickering. "It's been quite a surprise, hasn't it?"

"You're right there," agreed Mr. Partridge. "I've never been more surprised in my life . . ."

With mutual expressions of regard they parted. Miss Pickering went on to buy a pair of shoes. Mr. Partridge remained (inevitably) where he was. The rest of the day seemed long; he was impatient to get home and tell Lisbeth.

Lisbeth listened to Mr. Partridge's account with more amusement than anything else, and showed no astonishment at learning of her own marriage.

"It's just what Aunt Mildred would think," she pointed out. "Don't you remember the telegram?"

"I remember the bit about 'Leave all to me,'" said Mr. Partridge.

"Then you've forgotten the most important part."

"And what was that?"

"Wish us luck," quoted Lisbeth. "The 'us' really meant Ronny and me, of course; but I expect she thought it meant me and Hugh."

"I expect she did," agreed Mr. Partridge.

They were interrupted, at this moment, by the appearance of the young man Hamilton, who had apparently turned up for the purpose of walking with Lisbeth down Marsham Street and putting her on her bus. Or, at any rate, that was all he did do. Mr. Partridge accompanied them: he was on his way to The London Apprentice, but when the vehicle arrived an obscure instinct prompted him to nip on too, at the same time giving the young man such a glance as rooted him to the curb. Lisbeth turned to wave, and then as she sat down looked inquiringly at her unexpected escort.

"Don't you like him?" she asked.

"He's all right," admitted Mr. Partridge. Lisbeth smiled at him.

"He's got," observed Mr. Partridge suddenly, "a funny way of talking. Like what you hear on the movies—though not so violent."

"That's because he's American, darling. And don't call him a Colonial, because they don't like it."

"Why not?" asked Mr. Partridge, surprised. "There was Colonials next to us in the trenches, and some of 'em weren't bad at all. If you are a Colonial, why not admit it?"

"Because they're not," explained Lisbeth patiently. "Not now."

Mr. Partridge ruminated in silence till they reached the Marble Arch. He was a fair-minded man.

"After all," he observed, "we can't all be British. He mustn't fret."

"I'll tell him," promised Lisbeth.

It was fortunate that Mr. Partridge had reasoned himself into a tolerant mood, for he was destined, during the days that followed, to see a great deal of the peculiar young man who was not a Colonial and who was engaged—another peculiarity—in the film industry.

Almost every day he appeared in Marsham Street, if only for a few minutes. His visits had always a practical object—to take Lisbeth to her next engagement, or to lend a hand with the show-cards. He managed to relieve Mr. Partridge of nearly all escort duty, and specialised in fetching Lisbeth home if she had been working late at night; but in accordance with a rule which he had evidently laid down for himself, he never took her out for mere pleasure.

There were other signs, too, which helped to set Mr. Partridge's mind at rest; for instance, Lisbeth had the fashionable, foolish (but to Mr. Partridge pleasant) habit of addressing anyone she felt at all friendly to as "darling," but she never so addressed Mr. Hamilton. She called him Lester, and he, after a time, took to calling her Lisbeth; though they rarely used each other's names at all. The photograph of Hugh Brocard was given a permanent place on the mantelpiece in the sitting-room, and the sight of that handsome and honorable countenance presiding, as it were, over their household gave a feeling of security. They were all under the captain's eye.

"Fine-looking chap, ain't he?" observed Mr. Partridge, the first time he caught Hamilton's glance resting on this icon. Lisbeth was not in the room.

"So I should judge," said Mr. Hamilton. "You're acquainted with him?"

"Not exactly acquainted," admitted Mr. Partridge reluctantly. "In fact, I've only seen him once. But we had a long talk." He hesitated: it struck him that there were several points on which the young man would be better for a little enlightenment. "It's all," said Mr. Partridge, "a bit of a queer do . . ."

"Yes?"

"The Captain being abroad, he can't look after things. Though he tried, mark you; he flew all the way home in an aeroplane just to put 'em right. And he thought he had. He thinks so still. He thinks young Ronny's safe in Canada, and that Miss Campion's living safe and comfortable with her aunt. If he knew what was really going on he'd—well, I don't know what he wouldn't do."

The young man was evidently impressed; but he was not yet fully enlightened.

"I don't quite get you," he stated. "If all these arrangements were made—"

"Ah!" said Mr. Partridge. "Now we're coming to it. They were made all right, and very liberal too; only Miss Campion didn't seem to take to them. She's got her own ideas about things—and especially about her brother. She had a great idea of keeping him here with her, and making him work for a living, and generally reforming him."

Mr. Hamilton considered the photograph again. It appeared to give him food for thought.

"When is he due home?"

"In two months' time. That's another two months' reforming. We've been at it nearly four already, and as far as I can see we haven't made a pennyworth of difference."

After this conversation they became quite friends and spent many an evening together tinting ladies' stockings—for Mr. Hamilton settled down to the work as to the manner born. They worked together so well that Ronny for the first time in his life was holding down a job with perfect ease.

It was just about this time that Lisbeth encountered the first set-back in the course of her new career.

She had been summoned to arrange the flowers for a large dinner-party and reception at a house in Belgrave Square. It was just such a job as most appealed to her: the masses of white lilies and red carnations were extraordinarily beautiful; and the jars and vases which were to contain them were all firmly based and of sufficient capacity.

The vases for the dinner-table were of Waterford glass. The cloth was a plain white damask. Lisbeth used carnations only and was massing them in formal splendour one great central bowl.

"This is not," said a voice from the doorway, "a Lord Mayor's banquet."

Lisbeth looked round, and saw a girl of about her own age dressed in a long dart house-coat that exquisitely fitted her slim and exquisite figure.

"No?" said Lisbeth politely.

"No," said the girl. "Use the lilies, please."

"Oh!" said Lisbeth, with an air of enlightenment. "It's a lying-in-state?"

For answer the girl simply advanced to the table and began removing the carnations from the Waterford bowl. She handled them very neatly, whisking them out one by one so that not a drop of water fell upon the cloth. Lisbeth immediately stepped into the adjoining cloak-room, where the flowers were waiting in their boxes, and began to arrange a sheaf of lilies in a large white vase with "stairs" written all over it.

"Mix them, please," ordered the girl over her shoulder.

Lisbeth took no notice. The girl, her hands full of carnations, appeared in the doorway.

"You never, I suppose, consider your employer's wishes?" she added tartly.

"Oh, yes," said Lisbeth amiably. "If Mrs. Clough comes and gives me instructions, of course I'll do my best to carry them out. But I haven't seen her."

The girl (who was Mrs. Clough's daughter) frowned.

"She is resting. She's done nothing all day."

Moved perhaps by some filial instinct, Miss Clough broke off; but already the atmosphere had changed. Lisbeth nodded. Beneath their antagonism flashed a spark of sympathy. They were antagonistic because they were alike: they were the new generation, ruthless, efficient, and impatient.

"Have you many relations?" asked Miss Clough suddenly.

"Only one that counts. A brother."

"Is he like you?"

"No," said Lisbeth promptly. "He's a young idiot."

"Do you live together?"

Lisbeth nodded.

Somewhere in the hall a telephone rang. A butler appeared and summoned Miss Clough to answer it.

Lisbeth glanced at the clock, and carried her own white armful out to the foot of the stairs. Miss Clough, returning, caught her in the act; but it was at once plain that Miss Clough's mind was no longer on flowers. She was furious, and her fury had to find words.

"Men short," she said briefly. "Half-past six and a man rings up to say he's definitely got influenza. If you have influenza at half-past six, you've had it at half-past five. I never heard such nonsense."

Lisbeth looked at her speculatively.

"You must know dozens of men?"

"I do. But three-quarters of them will be engaged already—and I don't care to be refused." She became suddenly thoughtful.

"What about your organization? Can they supply a presentable guest at half a crown an hour?"

"Three-and-six," corrected Lisbeth. "Dinings count as overtime. But we don't provide escorts."

Miss Clough turned to the clock, which showed twenty to seven. Then she came round on her heel with a look of vexation.

"Is your brother a tail-suit?"

"Is he," admitted Lisbeth. "A relic of our brighter days."

"Then send him along."

Her calm assumption that Ronny, like the majority of her own friends, could not really have a previous engagement, was new. Of course he had not, but Lisbeth took her head.

"I'm afraid that's impossible. You see, he's infectious."

"Got influenza again?"

"I mean morally," explained Lisbeth.

But Ronald Campion. He's just done six months for being mixed up with a cocaine gang.

Miss Clough at once looked interested.

"I read the case," she said. "He seemed to me to have been more a fool than anything else."

"Oh, he is," agreed Lisbeth warmly. "He's probably the greatest fool on earth. But he obviously can't have him here."

"Why not? No one who's coming will have heard of him. They're not the set who frequent night-clubs—or read the news."

"In any case," added Lisbeth priggishly. "I don't let Ronny go to parties. It's bad for his morale."

There was no doubt that Miss Clough had a great sympathy for the oppressed. Her eyes flashed.

"I can see exactly what's happening," she exclaimed. "You're making him feel a criminal and a pariah, and probably imagine you're reforming him. . . . But that's not the point. You said three-and-six an hour: from eight till eleven's three hours, which comes to—ten-and-six, and I suppose as you're doing this sort of job you want the money. You've no right to stop him earning what he can."

Lisbeth appeared to consider. The argument appeared to have effect.

"Very well," she said reluctantly. "The butler can give it him in a plain envelope."

"And tell him," continued Miss Clough, now throwing herself into the scheme with what was evidently her accustomed energy, "to get here at eight sharp, and I'll be in the drawing-room. Does he know anything about the Crimean War?"

"As much as most young men."

"Well, my father wrote a book on it. Now I suppose I must dress, and you'd better go straight back. The maids can finish the flowers. I'll tell Peters."

"If that's the butler," said Lisbeth firmly.

"I expect he's got a plain envelope for me, too."

She had to hurry, but she reached Marsham Street by seven-fifteen just in time to stop Ronny from eating a now superfluous supper, explained the situation, and hustled him into his dress clothes. While he shaved and she put the buttons in his white waistcoat she also impressed on his mind two useful facts: that both the Balachava helmet and the Cardigan waistcoat originated in the Crimea. Ronny, who in early youth had once recited "The Charge of the Light Brigade," hoped he would be able to work in something about that, too; but Lisbeth had an idea that in the eyes of a military historian that glorious page had become somewhat tarnished, and discouraged him. He went off, however, in very good spirits, and left Lisbeth (in spite of her checkered experiences) in very good spirits, too.

The same evening, as it happened, saw Mr. Partridge in better spirits than either of them. On his return home he found the flat empty, for Ronny was in Belgrave Square and Lisbeth had gone out on one of her jobs. Mr. Partridge changed his kilt for a pair of trousers, and set off again for The London Apprentice. But he did not arrive there, for on the second landing he encountered old Mr. Walker; and from this accident there developed one of the most memorable episodes of Mr. Partridge's life.

"Evening," said old Walker.

He was a fine sight. He wore a boldly-checked tweed overcoat, which increased his bulk by about fifteen per cent., a royal-blue scarf, and a bowler hat. In his buttonhole was a dark red carnation, and on his shoes were spats.

"Evening," replied Mr. Partridge; and looked at his friend admiringly. "Where are you off to?"

"My club," pronounced Mr. Walker.

"Streuth!" said Mr. Partridge. He was a true Englishman; his feeling for clubs came half-way between his feeling for the Royal Family and his feeling for the Established Church. The fact that old Walker was a clubman did not really surprise him—old Walker was in his eyes capable of anything—but all at once the checked overcoat looked several sizes larger, the scarf took on a

brighter blue, the carnation a deeper red. "Little place in Shepherd's Market," added Mr. Walker casually. "The Drummond."

He paused, and cast a searching eye over Mr. Partridge's apparel. As always, the latter looked very clean, scrupulously neat, and—about the feet—positively dapper.

"Like to come along?" asked Mr. Walker.

"You bet!" said Mr. Partridge.

The route from Marsham Street to Shepherd's Market led by Mr. Walker's place of employment—the New Park Lane Hotel—and as they rounded its imposing front Mr. Partridge gained a new light on his friend's spacious and unconventional character.

"How many evenings do you get off?" he asked curiously.

"As many as I want," replied Mr. Walker.

"I just take 'em."

Mr. Partridge stared.

"But—"

"It's my temperament," stated Mr. Walker calmly. "I'm an artist. And because I'm an artist, they daren't sack me."

Mr. Partridge was too much impressed to comment.

"Sidney and Oswald," pursued his companion, "they have to watch their P's and Q's. They favor their mother. I'm different. I do things that are talked about. My Windsor Castle, now—d'you know what the French Ambassador said about that? 'Ce tour de Vinsor, M'soo, c'est un tour de force.' He was overheard by the toast-master—a fellow speaking French himself. And I've done better things than that: my Venus and Cupid took three Firsts at Olympia. It was a sensation."

"It must have been a shorter," murmured Mr. Partridge.

"It was," said Mr. Walker.

He relapsed into silence. As he strode majestically along he was evidently reviewing with the mind's eye, perhaps tasting with the mind's tongue, a long succession of masterpieces. Mr. Partridge, trotting alongside, did not speak either; he knew better than to disturb the meditations of an artist. But his heart swelled with pride as he reverently steered his companion through the traffic: he felt that his first entry into Clubland could not have been made under better auspices.

The premises occupied by The Drummond were modestly situated over a tobacconist's; the clubroom itself was small, and so thickly lined with cases of stuffed fish as to give the impression of an aquarium; but the company gathered there amply supplied any dignity or poise lacking to its surroundings.

It was essentially the same sort of company as gathered at The London Apprentice, but on a higher level: the two butlers came not from Porchester Terrace, but from Belgrave Square; of the two chauffeurs one drove a Duke, the other a Marchioness. Old Walker himself was of course hors concours—he made more money than any of them, and called no man sir—but if he had no equals he at least had associates, and Mr. Partridge, plunged into the cream of the assembly, found himself talking to an elderly Yorkshireman who (according to Mr. Walker) was the best judge of soft fruit in London. Covent Garden, it appeared, trembled at his approach.

Rather to Mr. Partridge's surprise, this celebrity conversed chiefly about greyhound racing, drawing unfavorable comparisons between the long dogs and the whippets of his native heath; but even so he was very informative. He also stood Mr. Partridge a double Scotch. So did Mr. Walker. So did His Grace's chauffeur. It was glorious.

There was only one thing that troubled

him: a sense of his own unworthiness. When he remembered the Bonnie Scotland, when he saw himself standing outside it, the lowest creature of the restaurant trade, his breath came fast. Even in The Apprentice his calling had been against him: here, in The Drummond, it would surely be enough to have him thrown out. . . .

"But they don't know," thought Mr. Partridge, "and old Walker won't tell 'em. Not for his own sake, he won't. . . ."

He looked across at his sponsor, and felt a pang of apprehension. The bottle of cherry-brandy (kept specially in stock for Mr. Walker's use) was almost empty. Mr. Walker's eye was bright but vague. It was rather like the eyes of the stuffed fish, and even they, to Mr. Partridge's uneasy imagination, seemed to be regarding him with suspicion. Suppose someone asked him his trade? Did a question rise, even then, to the Yorkshireman's lips?

There was only one thing to do, and Mr. Partridge did it. He got in first.

"When I had my bookshop in the Haymarket—" began Mr. Partridge casually. After that the evening was more glorious than ever.

Ronny returned home in good order at eleven-fifteen, so that Lisbeth did not have to sit up for him, as she was fully prepared to do. She was extremely curious.

"How did you get on, darling?"

"No cocktails," said Ronny, "but grand food. I sat between Helena and an old Frenchwoman."

"Who," asked Lisbeth, "is Helena?"

"Miss Clough, of course. I think she's rather intelligent. We had quite a long talk about you, darling. Helena said you were one of the most attractive people she'd ever seen."

"She's intelligent," said Lisbeth placidly. Ronny stooped and unlaced his pumps, and pattered across to his kitchen-bedroom. On the threshold he paused. The air was full of fragrance, and the sink was full of carnations.

"I say!" called Ronny. "Where did these come from? They're just like the ones at the Cloughs."

"Aren't they?" agreed Lisbeth. "I got them for you to take along to-morrow when you pay your bread-and-butter call."

Ronny hesitated.

"Isn't that rather Old-World, darling?"

"Good manners," said his sister sententiously, "are never out of fashion."

"But they might think I'd come back for my plain envelope. . . ."

Lisbeth stared at him.

"Do you mean to tell me you didn't get it?"

"Well," said Ronny uneasily, "the butler chap offered it me all right—when I was getting my hat; but I felt such a fool—I mean, I'd got on so well with those Balacavas and Cardigans, I didn't like to spoil the effect. So I just, so to speak, waved it away. You're not wild, are you?"

"No," said Lisbeth, sitting down on the edge of his bed. "I'm not wild. And you can certainly pay your call."

And now there began for Ronny a new era, so that it seemed even to Mr. Partridge that the long-awaited reformation was at last under way. In the first place he had been reintroduced, as it were, into respectable society; and in the second, Lester Hamilton found him a job.

It wasn't much of a job. His duties consisted chiefly in answering the telephone. He also sorted letters (but without opening them) and distributed them to their appropriate recipients, and untied knots in the string of parcels.

He had to be at the office at 9.30 a.m., and he stayed there till six. The united efforts of Lisbeth and Mr. Partridge got him off each morning, and he arrived home, a tired business man, at six-fifteen. For once he was sticking to a job with extraordinary doggedness, and with apparent content; and Lisbeth (always a realist where Ronny was concerned) felt considerable surprise: until one morning, finding herself free at the lunch hour, she met Ronny outside his place of toil and proposed to eat with him.

"Grand," said Ronny. "Here's a bus."

"But where are we going?"

"To the Green Parrot."

"But that's only just down the street!"

"I know," said Ronny. "But I don't want to keep Helena waiting."

Miss Clough, already seated at a table for two, presented her usual immaculate and attractive appearance. She greeted Lisbeth with every sign of pleasure, and at once moved to a table for three.

"There's Hamburg steak," she told Ronny, "and chicken rissoles. I think the steak's more sustaining."

Ronny at once ordered it. So did Miss Clough. Lisbeth had a Japanese salad. Ronny looked at it, when it came, with a slight wistfulness, but also with detachment. He evidently had no idea of eating anything but Hamburg steak.

"Brainwork," observed Miss Clough, "is just as exhausting as manual labor."

"What work?" asked Lisbeth incautiously.

"Brainwork," repeated Miss Clough. She turned to Ronny. "Did you have a hard morning?"

"Fair," said Ronny, with an air of understatement. "Very heavy mail. And there's a trade show next Friday."

He sighed, and took a mouthful of steak. Miss Clough watched him maternally; and Lisbeth, looking from one to the other, decided that they really believed it all.

They really believed that Ronny was an overworked and indispensable prop of the film industry, who without a large lunch might faint at his desk during the afternoon. Then she glanced at Miss Clough again, and wondered. Miss Clough looked very intelligent. Her small, exquisitely-cut face was not the face of a pretty fool. Lisbeth caught her eye, and half expected a wink; but the gaze of Miss Clough was perfectly straight, perfectly friendly, and perfectly non-committal.

The meal proceeded very agreeably. It seemed to be tacitly understood that Ronny was not to do much talking; he was to be entertained, and relaxed; but Miss Clough inquired after Lisbeth's activities, showing an amiable interest, and referred casually to her own.

She apparently spent most of her time taking courses—a course in art, a course in domestic economy, a course in German literature. Ronny knew all about them. From one of his remarks it transpired that the German literature was an innovation: Miss Clough's original choice had been French, and Lisbeth wondered whether the change had been made in order that Ronny might hold his own with Gordon the office-boy who studied German in his spare time. Miss Clough was obviously very thorough.

At a quarter to two they separated so that Ronny should be able to walk back to his office breathing fresh air. Helena Clough paid for her own lunch (since Ronny did not demur, the point had evidently been long ago settled) and tactfully turned right, whereas the Campione turned to the left. At least, Lisbeth thought it was tact, but even she could not be quite sure: Miss Clough was bound for a two o'clock lecture at University College, and she was

not the sort of person to let one course interfere with another.

"What I like about her especially," remarked Ronny, "is that she never gets sentimental."

"No?" said Lisbeth.

"No. She's just a jolly good pal. And what makes it more unusual is that I suppose some people would consider her very good-looking."

"I think she's beautiful," said Lisbeth sincerely.

"She's got a good figure," admitted Ronny, "and nice eyes. And I like the way she does her hair. Neat. But of course she's not the sort of girl a fellow falls in love with."

"No?" said Lisbeth again.

"She's a bit hard. I mean, one can't imagine her ever needing protection. In a way it would be awful if she did, because she'd feel it so. She isn't like other girls. What did you say?"

"I didn't say anything, darling. . . ."

"I thought you said something about classics. Helena doesn't study classics. She studies German literature, and art, and—"

"And domestic economy," finished Lisbeth.

The domestic economy of the flat was now in the hands of an elderly lady named Mrs. Stagg, whom Ronny naturally referred to as the Doe, and who did not mind this appellation. She did not mind anything Ronny either said or did, for he was the image (she affirmed) of her favorite nephew who had come to a bad end. But Ronny wasn't coming to a bad end. He was working steadily, and lunching with Helena, and he had even bought a bowler hat.

The new headgear made an extraordinary change in his appearance, and also, it seemed, in his character; he might laugh and joke throughout breakfast, he might resist, with passive ingenuity, all Lisbeth's efforts to get him out of the house, but once the bowler was upon his head his whole personality altered; he became serious, businesslike, and slightly pompous. He walked down Marsham Street with the air of a man about to set the wheels of industry efficiently turning.

"Thinks a lot of himself, doesn't he?" observed Mr. Partridge. "Reminds me of the first time I wore pants."

"He's doing very well," said Lisbeth.

"All right for the present," admitted Mr. Partridge. "He's got a job and he hasn't been sacked. But there's no future in it that I can see."

"Ah," said Lisbeth. "But you haven't had lunch at the Green Parrot."

Since Mr. Partridge could make neither head nor tail of this remark, he said nothing. He was often rather silent in these days, for in a way the reformation of Ronny produced an odd flatness. It took away the rascal d'etre of the Marsham Street household. They were all three in steady work, and their triple wages put them beyond the reach of care. It seemed almost too good to last. . . .

"And it's won't last," said Mr. Partridge prophetically.

"What won't, darling?"

"Well, the peace and plenty. I've got a feeling we're all waiting for something."

"Of course we are," said Lisbeth with a smile. "We're waiting for Hugh."

"When's he due back?"

"In just a month," said Lisbeth; and her smile faded.

A week passed, then two weeks; Ronny continued to behave like a cross between a cherub and a captain of industry. But Mr. Partridge watched him warily, espe-

ending all the tremors of a gardener before a flower-show. And as the return of the Captain drew daily nearer, so did Mr. Partridge's anxiety increase. He had noted that fading of Lisbeth's smile, and put it down to emotions similar to his own; she was worried, and he didn't blame her. They had nursed Ronny along, avoiding all major catastrophes, for nearly six months; a full hour's grace in the last fortnight would be hard to bear.

In the meantime, everything (on the surface) was much as usual. The Bonnie Scotland, if it did not exactly thrive, at any rate continued to make ends meet, and Mr. Partridge had become one of the sights of Oxford Street.

Lisbeth continued to run about town like a Spirit of Service, and Lester Hamilton continued to run about after her. They saw each other daily, but only in tubes or buses; the London Transport Board was their constant chaperon. Once, by an odd chance, Mr. Partridge actually found himself seated behind them on top of a No. 27; and this odd chance, owing to the odd happenings that followed, stuck in Mr. Partridge's memory as one of the outstanding events of that last month.

He had picked up the bus at Oxford Circus, after an excursion to a darts match with the M.P.'s chauffeur; the hour was late, about ten-thirty, and as he sat down, and recognized Lisbeth's back immediately before him, he was suddenly reminded of the ride up from Dornmouth Bay. On this occasion, however, Lisbeth's head was not tucked down against her companion's shoulder.

"Nice straight back . . ." thought Mr. Partridge appreciatively; and turned to ask for a penny ticket.

He asked for it quite loudly, so that Lisbeth should hear, and turn round, and be surprised to see him; but she didn't. Her head never moved, nor did the head of Lester Hamilton. They both continued to sit staring straight before them—which, since they had the front seat, was only natural; there was always plenty to see from the top seat in front of a 27.

Mr. Partridge considered poking his own head forward and surprising them that way; but he was too tired himself to think of a suitable witticism. He sat back and relaxed. His day in Oxford Street had been animated by a dog fight and the excitement of the darts match had further enlivened him.

At the next stop an enormous lady in a squash coat took the vacant half of his seat; she took more than half; she took two-thirds; but the furry warmth was so grateful that Mr. Partridge did not protest. He just went under. He closed his eyes. Very soon he slept. When he woke up again it was with a vague sense of having gone too far, and though Lisbeth was still seated in front of him, he made an attempt to look out of the window. It was an attempt only, for the glass was misted over, and his arms were pinned—one against the side of the bus the other against the lady. Mr. Partridge wriggled.

"M I squashing you?" asked the lady lightly.

"Not at all," said Mr. Partridge.

After that he naturally could not wriggle any more. Anyway, Lisbeth knew where to go off, and would see him as she passed on. He sank back into the fur.

"I generally do," added the lady with an air of impartiality.

This time Mr. Partridge did not answer; he was once more asleep.

His slumber was deep and peaceful, and very warm. His dreams were of friendly bears. Old Walker came into them, too—old Walker offering a bear cherry-brandy. Then the bear went off, saying it was a teetotaler, and presently Mr. Partridge's sleep was the cold, uneasy sort that ends in waking with a jerk.

Mr. Partridge so woke. It took him a moment to remember where he was, to recognise Lisbeth's head still before him, to realise that the lady was gone from his side—that the bus-top, save for Lisbeth, Hamilton and himself, was in fact empty.

"Hi!" cried Mr. Partridge; and as the pair in front turned round he rubbed furiously on the glass and stared out. He saw water, and trees, and a line of parapet.

"Where the dickens are we?" demanded Mr. Partridge. "Blessed if it doesn't seem like Richmond Bridge!"

"It is!" said Lisbeth. She looked surprised right enough; she looked bewildered; but Mr. Partridge had an odd feeling that it wasn't the sight of himself, nor yet the sight of Richmond Bridge, that had set her saying. She looked as though she too had just come out of a dream.

"Then what are we doing on it?" demanded Mr. Partridge. "Have you been asleep too?"

It was odd altogether; as Lisbeth turned her head, Mr. Partridge for an instant quite thought that he had been mistaken, and that her companion was not Hamilton but Ronny; to no one save her brother had he ever before seen her direct that speaking look. The silent conversation of the young Campions had always been a source of surprise to him; now, it seemed, Lester Hamilton had picked up the same language. Mr. Partridge felt a pang of jealousy.

"I thought," he observed, addressing the young man, "you were supposed to be fetching her home?"

"I was—" began Mr. Hamilton.

"And I s'pose," continued Mr. Partridge, "you'd forgot the address, and thought you'd try Richmond?"

Before this terrific irony the young man naturally quailed. Lisbeth spoke for him.

"He was, darling. But I felt I wanted a nice long bus ride. I don't often have a treat."

Mr. Partridge glanced at her suspiciously. A treat. If she wanted a treat, why didn't she go to the pictures? But before he could ask this pertinent question Lester Hamilton interposed with another.

"Hadin't we," asked Lester Hamilton, "better get off? Lisbeth's tired."

"I should just think she is!" exploded Mr. Partridge. "I should just think—"

He was cut short. A hand had fallen on his shoulder. It was the hand of the conductor, and the next few moments were extremely unpleasant.

Mr. Partridge paid up his extra fare, but was unable to clear his character. Lisbeth and Hamilton had also overshot their stage, though only by a penny, and the whole party left the vehicle under a heavy cloud. They had to wait twenty minutes for the last bus back.

It was altogether a most peculiar and uncomfortable episode—and what worried Mr. Partridge worst of all was a feeling that he hadn't got to the bottom of it.

There was a peculiar incident which took place about this time, but of which Mr. Partridge remained ignorant. Ronny took tea, one Sunday afternoon, in Belgrave Square.

He sat on a chair of rosewood and petit-point, drinking China tea out of a

Spode cup, and eating thin bread-and-butter off a Spode plate. At the end of the couch Helena presided over a tray set for two. Both her parents were out, but even their joint presence could hardly have added to the decorum of the party. A long serious conversation (on the influence of gangster films) had just come to an end; on the white marble mantelpiece a black marble clock struck half-past five.

The peculiarity of this episode lay in the fact that Ronny was enjoying himself.

He did not know why: asked what sort of things he enjoyed, he would have replied, "Night-clubs;" this self-analysis (so impressive to Mr. Partridge) had not gone far enough; he had never consciously realised that beneath his taste for champagne at two a.m. lay a much more fundamental desire for the peace and security connoted by afternoon tea at half-past four. He knew only that the calm spaciousness of the Clough drawing-room was highly agreeable to him. It also reminded him of a good many things he thought he had forgotten.

"Did you ever," he asked abruptly, "go blackberrying?"

"Often," said Helena. "When I was about nine. In Dorset." She sat, as usual, very still; but her eyes were intent, as though the conversation had suddenly taken an important turn. "Where did you?"

"In Sussex. When we lived—Lisbeth and I—with the aunts. We lived in the country for years and years."

"Did you like it?"

Ronny took another piece of bread-and-butter, and considered while he ate.

"It was pretty ghastly, of course. Deadly dull. But there was a sort of—of restfulness about the place. Regular meals, and all that."

Helena silently passed him a plate of home-made macaroons.

"Mind you," continued Ronny, "we had a rattling good time in London. A marvellous time. But somehow we never seemed to settle down."

"Your sister," suggested Helena, "will be settling down pretty soon?"

Ronny nodded. He had long told Miss Clough about Lisbeth and Hugh Brocard—though omitting all mention of Canada.

"I hope she will," he said seriously. "Of course Lisbeth's a year older than I am, but in a way I always feel she's much younger. She doesn't really understand me. She's most wonderfully loyal, and I wouldn't say a word against her, but—well, there is such a thing as bossiness."

Helena's lids dropped—unnecessarily. Ronny, gazing across the tea-table, saw only the exquisite contour of her face and the exquisite curve of her mouth.

"I talk an awful lot about myself," he said. "You never do. What do you want most out of life?"

Helena did not immediately answer. If she had spoken truthfully she would have said, "My own way. An ordered household in which I am the mistress and the master, too. A happy household, which I possess." Under her lowered lids she looked back at Ronny and smiled.

"I don't know," she said lightly. "Apart from the regular meals. And my next regular meal's at seven, because we're going to the theatre, and I've a dozen things to do before I dress . . ."

Ronny at once rose. He had passed a very pleasant hour, he liked Helena very much indeed, but he was not aware of having either said or done anything of the least importance. Nor was there anything in Helena's manner to suggest that her mind was now definitely and inevitably made up. "Lunch to-morrow?" said Ronny.

"Lunch to-morrow," agreed Miss Clough. She accompanied him into the hall and opened the front door. Rain was falling, and a cruising taxi, seeing a figure emerge from so stately a portal, hopefully slackened speed. For a moment Ronny paused; he turned back towards Helena, and the look in his eyes—the intention to borrow half a crown—was plain to read. Then he simply grinned at her, and ran down into the wet. That was quite important, too.

One week, two weeks, three weeks. Then Sunday, Monday, Tuesday. On the Wednesday evening at five o'clock came a cable addressed to Miss Clough. Mr. Partridge, who had got off early on account of a thunderstorm, was alone in the flat when it arrived, and spent a good deal of time holding the envelope up to the light, but without success; he had to wait till Lisbeth came in to learn that Hugh Brocard was due back on Sunday afternoon.

"Well, well, well!" said Mr. Partridge, highly pleased. "Better late than never!" "He isn't late," pointed out Lisbeth, staring at the message. "In fact, he's a day early. In his last letter he said he wouldn't be back till Monday."

"It just shows what a hurry he's in," agreed Mr. Partridge. "Hastening, as you might say, to the wedding. I s'pose you'll be married in a church?"

Lisbeth nodded. "I suppose so."

"He'll be in uniform. I shouldn't wonder? Kilts and all?"

Lisbeth nodded again. "I'd wear mine, too," pursued Mr. Partridge. "cept that it might seem like putting myself forward. I don't want to take the shine out of him. That's the bride's job." He looked at her inquiringly; she had done, so far as he knew, nothing whatever about her wedding-dress, and Mr. Partridge had an idea that wedding-dresses took time. Then he reflected again, and remembered that they also cost money.

"Cheer up," said Mr. Partridge. Lisbeth's chin lifted.

"What on earth do you mean by that?" "White satin isn't everything," explained Mr. Partridge. "And you'd look a treat even in your nightgown."

It was not, as he immediately realised, an altogether delicate observation.

"I didn't mean," began Mr. Partridge hastily, "in bed—"

and the next instant was quite glad to see Ronny come into the room.

Ronny, on the other hand, did not seem particularly pleased to see Mr. Partridge. He fidgeted about, looked once or twice at Lisbeth as though he were going to say something, and then rather obviously changed his mind. Mr. Partridge could take a hint as well as most men, so after ten minutes of this he withdrew to his own room and pointedly shut the door.

"I'm very worried," began Ronny at once, "about Helena."

"Yes?" said Lisbeth. Her voice was not quite so sympathetic as usual, but Ronny was too preoccupied to notice.

"She's not," he stated, "herself. She seems upset about something."

"Since when, darling?"

"Oh, just this last week or so. And I had lunch with her to-day, and they're going down to Windsor for the steeplechases on Friday, and she rather wanted me to go along too. Of course I can't—we both know that—it was just an idea she had—but her having it all shows how—how sort of lonely she is." Ronny broke off, and frowned. "She never says a word, of course, because

she's so plucky; but I don't believe she's happy at home."

"Very few girls are, my dear."

"Helena isn't like other girls. I mean, she wouldn't fuss about nothing. I'm wondering whether I ought to try to make her talk, or whether I ought to—to respect her reserve. What do you think?"

"Make her talk," said Lisbeth at once.

"If possible, make her cry."

Ronny stared.

"You mean it would relieve her nerves?"

"That's right, darling. It also clears the head."

"But how?"

"Oh, tell her a sad story," said Lisbeth impatiently.

Ronny fidgeted around the room, and came back to the mantelpiece.

"You don't like her, do you?" he said.

Lisbeth hesitated. Her feelings towards Miss Clough were perfectly defined, and in a sense highly favorable; but the feelings she was at the moment concerned with were not her own, but Ronny's.

"Helena's very beautiful," she said. "I thought that long before you did."

"I don't know. I suppose it's because I'm so completely detached about her, but I've never thought she had more than nice hair and eyes and a good figure. And, of course she dresses well. But it's her character that's so—so rare, and that's what you've never appreciated."

"Darling, I hardly know her!"

"And you've never tried to. I never thought you were jealous, or catty—but I suppose most women are jealous of a person like Helena."

Lisbeth succeeded in keeping her temper.

"I suppose we are," she agreed meekly.

"After all, she has pretty nearly everything."

"That's just it. And that's why she's so extraordinarily lonely. Women are jealous, and she can't keep a man friend because they all fall in love with her. She simply doesn't see to it."

"She'd better give up and go into a convent," suggested Lisbeth.

Ronny turned and looked at her. His mouth was set—she never remembered having seen it so before—in a firm line.

"All right," he said. "I shan't ask your advice again. But if only I had some cash—"

The sentence remained unfinished; for at that moment the door of Mr. Partridge's room burst open and Mr. Partridge (who had been out of things quite long enough) rejoined the party.

"Here!" cried Mr. Partridge. "I've remembered something important. Where's your engagement ring? Still with your auntie?"

Lisbeth looked startled.

"Yes," she said. "Yes, it must be. I'd forgotten about it."

Ronny laughed.

"Forgotten!" he repeated deliberately. "It's worth hundreds of pounds, and you forget all about it! Good heavens—"

"Now then!" Mr. Partridge eyed him repressively. "She's got plenty else to think of—you, for one thing. But it ought to be got back."

"Yes," said Lisbeth again; and sat down on the end of her divan-bed. She looked suddenly very tired.

"If you like," volunteered Mr. Partridge. "I'll do it. I'll wire and explain things, and tell her to bring it up. She'd like to meet that Captain, anyway."

Lisbeth nodded; so Mr. Partridge put on his hat and went out.

On the way to the post office, it struck

him that if he were to do any explaining at all his telegram would probably cost him about five pounds. He decided therefore to confine himself to the simple request, and sign it "Lisbeth." "Please bring my ring to 7 Marsham Street Paddington by Sunday very urgent. Lisbeth."

When he regained Marsham Street some hour and a half later there was apparently nobody at home; and he settled down with his paper.

A sound from the kitchen made him start: there was someone at home after all.

But it was not Lisbeth, it was Ronny—a Ronny who by the look of his creased ash-beapattered jacket had employed the interval since Mr. Partridge last saw him by lying on his bed smoking cigarettes.

"You smoke more than's good for you," remarked Mr. Partridge severely.

"I've been thinking," said Ronny with dignity. "I find smoking helps."

He advanced towards the table and asked unexpectedly:

"Do you know any sad stories?"

"Doesn't," said Mr. Partridge.

"What's the saddest?"

Mr. Partridge considered.

"There was a chap I knew was tipped Jerry M. for the National half an hour before the start. A hundred to one. As he was crossing the road to hand in his slip he was knocked out by a bus and didn't come to till the race was over. Jerry M. won. How's that?"

Ronny shook his head.

"I call it heartrending," said Mr. Partridge disappointedly.

"Oh, absolutely," agreed Ronny. "But it's the wrong kind. I was thinking of something a bit more sentimental."

Mr. Partridge considered again.

"There was another fellow I knew broke his heart over a girl and gave up a nice little fish-shop to drown himself at Herne Bay. A bit touched in the head, he was. She'd been walking out with a milkman, d'you see, at the same time, and it destroyed his faith in human nature. Women seem to have a knack of it."

There was a movement behind him. Lisbeth had come quietly in, and had evidently heard Mr. Partridge's second essay in the pathetic.

"Suppose," she suggested, "the milkman would have drowned himself if she hadn't walked out with him?"

Ronny got up and with an abstracted air retired to his own room. Lisbeth took off her hat. She looked more tired than ever.

"Where've you been?" inquired Mr. Partridge.

"On a job. Two hours' child-lending."

"Well, it'll soon be over now," encouraged Mr. Partridge.

"It's much harder for women than you think," said Lisbeth suddenly. "Suppose you meet a man, and he's nice, and you like him—are you to go right away and never see him again, just because he might fall in love with you and get hurt?"

"I thought women had instincts for that kind of thing," said Mr. Partridge.

Lisbeth stood quite still, staring at herself in the glass.

"I must get my hair done," she said. "I must look my best for Hugh."

On which unexceptionable statement the conversation ended.

Lisbeth's visit to the coiffeur was paid next day. Hugh Brocard was not due for another forty-eight hours, but her hair was so fine that it took that length of time to settle down. She came back with the twist on top arranged in a nest of small curls, looking soldierly, charming and rather unlike herself.

The flat was unlike itself, too; not a chair

not a cushion had been changed, but the atmosphere was different. There was an end-of-all-things feeling, which both Lisbeth and Mr. Partridge resolutely ignored. Neither looked beyond the next two days—Mr. Partridge at least very foolishly, since he should have been finding himself another lodging; but he could not bear to. Once or twice Lisbeth looked at him speculatively, opened her mouth to speak, and closed it again.

Ronny's cardpainting was now a thing of the past, but some of his litter—brushes, wash-pots and ink bottles—was still in evidence. Lisbeth packed it all together in a cardboard box, and when Mr. Partridge caught her at it remarked that the place was really getting too untidy. Mr. Partridge merely nodded, and went into his room; when he came out again the litter had been replaced.

"It's like leaving a boat," said Lisbeth with a grin. "One always gets ready too early."

It was the first overt reference to the approaching break-up, and again Mr. Partridge nodded. There were sausages for supper, and for something to do he went and took them out of their paper and began carefully pricking them with a fork. There were six sausages, instead of the usual three—a mournful plenty as of funeral baked meats. Lisbeth began to lay the table. They both wanted something to do.

"Where's Ronny?" asked Mr. Partridge. "Not back yet. He said they were very busy." Lisbeth paused, with an upward look. "We've done that job, you know. We really have."

"He seems to be working pretty steady," admitted Mr. Partridge.

"He is. And he's changed; you must have seen it."

Mr. Partridge left the sausages and came back into the sitting-room.

"Are you going to show him?" he asked. "I mean to the Captain?"

"I think," said Lisbeth reflectively, "that I shall let him transpire. But it doesn't matter. Because the great thing Hugh—and everyone else—had against Ronny was that he wouldn't work. And now he is working. So it's all right."

There was a tap on the door, and Lester Hamilton came quietly in.

"Where's your brother?" he asked. "Not back yet," said Lisbeth.

"Not back from where?"

There was a moment's silence. Hamilton looked from one to the other of them in a peculiar way.

"He left this morning all right," supplied Mr. Partridge. "I suppose you mean he left turn up?"

"He did not. But—"

Lisbeth jumped up.

"I know," she said grimly. "He's gone with Helena to Windsor. There was a whole party, and Ronny was talking about it—really, it's too bad!"

Mr. Hamilton shifted uneasily.

"It's worse," he said. "At least, it looks worse. You see, one of our men arrived in London yesterday, and he came in as soon as he got to town to see the boss. He had a portfolio with his passport and some papers in it, also eighty pounds in cash which he'd just won in the ship's sweepstake. And while he went in to see the manager he left the portfolio on your brother's desk. There was no one else in the outer office. He collected it again when he came out, and didn't open it again till this morning. The money was gone."

There was a second silence, and a longer one.

"It's a pity," said Mr. Hamilton, "your brother chose to-day to play hooky."

The cuckoo cried six.

"Our man," continued Mr. Hamilton doggedly, "says that between leaving the boat and coming to our office he never let it out of his grip. He went from the office to his hotel, the Luxemburg, had a meal in his room with the portfolio lying on a chair beside him, and went to bed with it locked in his suitcase. This morning he came round and just naturally raised Cain. Luckily, he saw me."

Lisbeth moistened her lips.

"What did you do?"

"I stalled. I said Campton was away on the firm's business. I—I pretended to put a call through to him at Denham, and said he was there all right, but couldn't be got hold of. Van Hoyt—our man—is coming back in the morning. He says he thinks your police are wonderful."

"Ronny didn't take it, you know," said Lisbeth calmly.

Both Mr. Partridge and Hamilton looked at her with a flicker of hope. Her tone was so assured, so casual even, that they both for a moment expected her to produce some conclusive and unforeseeable piece of evidence in Ronny's favor. But she did not. She was evidently speaking from a full heart rather than from a clear head.

"What makes you say that?" asked Mr. Hamilton politely.

"Knowing Ronny. It isn't in him to take money. When they told me about the cocaine business I believed it at once, because it was just the sort of idiotic thing he would do. So I'm not foolishly prejudiced about him. But he hasn't taken that money." She swung round upon the hitherto silent Mr. Partridge. "You know him almost as well as I do, and you don't believe it either. Do you?"

Her eyes, bright and intent, searched his face. Mr. Partridge had a feeling that he was being hypnotised. But there was a core of resistance in him as strong as Lisbeth's will; he kept silence. Lisbeth turned her gaze on Hamilton.

"He didn't do it," she repeated.

This time she won.

"Right," said Mr. Hamilton. "He didn't do it. I'm believing you. But I should also like to have it on record that your brother is the biggest gosh-darned nuisance in an Empire on which the sun never sets."

"Hear, hear," said Mr. Partridge.

Lisbeth looked from one to the other of them with an air of mild surprise.

"Of course Ronny's a nuisance," she agreed. "He always was. But he isn't a thief. I think I'd better see this Mr. Van Hoyt."

"If you do," said Hamilton, with a return to gloom, "it will probably be in the presence of his lawyer. He's got a whale of a lawyer over here, apparently, and he's just aching to see him in action."

"All the better. A solicitor will tell him about the libel laws. Do you know the man's name?"

"Treweske," said Mr. Hamilton, "of Lincoln's Inn."

As though pulled by the same string, the heads of Lisbeth and Mr. Partridge turned towards the mantel; whence the portrait of Captain Brocard, who would be home in two days, gazed firmly and serenely back.

"I don't think we'll see Mr. Treweske," said Lisbeth slowly. "We'll have to think of something else."

Hamilton looked at the clock.

"I've an appointment," he said, "with Van

Hoyt. I guess"—he smiled wryly—"Mr. Van Hoyt is keeping an eye on me."

"Where are you going?" asked Lisbeth.

"Dinner at the Savoy, and then a show. I'll look in here again afterwards. If you can find your brother—"

"What's the number of his room?" interrupted Lisbeth. "I mean Mr. Van Hoyt's?"

"Fifty-two." Lester Hamilton looked at her uneasily, and Mr. Partridge knew what was passing through his mind: the conviction that any advice, any warning, would be completely useless. "If you can find your brother," he repeated, "and get some sort of an explanation out of him—"

"I will," said Lisbeth. "And—thank you very much."

Lester Hamilton nodded and went out, leaving silence behind. Not a word—as Mr. Partridge suddenly realised—had been said about the impending arrival of Captain Brocard, and in spite of everything else this struck him as being important. He hurried after him, but he must have stood gaping longer than he thought, for he reached the street door only in time to see a taxi drive off.

"What is it?" asked Lisbeth behind him.

"He's gone," said Mr. Partridge. "In a cab. I wanted to tell him about the captain. But I suppose it doesn't matter."

"No," agreed Lisbeth. "It doesn't matter."

She stood a moment watching the back of the taxi disappear down Marsham Street then turned and went slowly up the stairs. Mr. Partridge followed in silence. He could not think of anything to say to her except perhaps, "Cheer up"; and he had a sound feeling that such an exhortation would only irritate. His feet on the uncarpeted treads made a hollow clumping noise, very depressing, which he had never before noticed; when he tried to step more softly it sounded as though there were sickness in the house . . .

Lisbeth had already reached the sitting-room upstairs. She had done more: she had got her frock half-way over her head. Mr. Partridge modestly backed out and addressed her from the landing.

"You mind your hair," he said. "What's the idea now?"

"Van Hoyt's hotel," replied Lisbeth, in a muffled voice. "The Luxemburg. It's in Pall Mall."

"And what'll you do when you get there?"

"I don't know. Snoop. Trust to luck."

Mr. Partridge considered this programme dubiously.

"Am I coming, too?"

There was a slight pause. Miss Campton appeared to be considering also.

"I'm changing," she observed superfluously. "I think I'd better look rather elegant . . ."

"I could wear my kilt," offered Mr. Partridge.

"No, I shouldn't do that," said Lisbeth quickly.

"Well, I'm coming all the same," stated Mr. Partridge.

In the imposing lobby of the Luxemburg Hotel Mr. Partridge would have paused; but Lisbeth did not. She walked straight across to the desk, looking extremely smart and assured, and in the two seconds before the reception clerk attended to her ran her eye over the row of keys. 53 was there, 52 was missing.

"My cousin," said Lisbeth sweetly. "Room 53."

The clerk summoned a page boy, and with one hand on the telephone hesitated. The Luxemburg prided itself above all on its tact and savoir-faire. It never asked for the names of celebrities, or of persons whose pictures appeared in the fashionable weeklies; it was supposed to recognise them. And Lisbeth, in her best clothes, and wearing her most social face, looked like a composite photograph of every debutante since 1936. The clerk was still hesitating while Lisbeth, followed by Mr. Partridge and walking with a modish slouch quite unlike her usual gait, crossed in the wake of the page boy to the waiting lift.

"Young lady to see you," said the clerk into the mouthpiece. No. 53 was a gentleman; the clerk had at least enough savoir-faire to say nothing about cousins.

"Lady Who?" demanded 53.

"Lady Er-Rumph," said the clerk; and neatly cut himself off.

Lady Er-Rumph and Mr. Partridge had meanwhile emerged on the second floor; the page indicated the appropriate door and shot himself down again.

"What do we do now?" asked Mr. Partridge dubiously. "Wriggle through the key-hole?"

Even Lisbeth seemed momentarily at a loss. She looked up and down the corridor, and approached the door numbered 52 . . .

"Set!" hissed Mr. Partridge.

A room-waiter in a white jacket, moving on noiseless feet, was advancing towards them. He suddenly halted, and turned.

"Safe," breathed Mr. Partridge. "He's going away again."

But Lisbeth, staring at that tall, receding back, did not hear. She stared, took a step forward, and spoke.

"Waiter!" called Lisbeth sharply.

Automatically the man turned. His face was dark and rather ugly, and it was impossible to tell from it whether he was thirty or thirty-five or forty years old.

The waiter was Charles Lambert. Or at any rate, that had been his name when he stayed at the Dormouth Towers Hotel.

"Yes, madam?" said Charles Lambert politely.

"Good-evening," said Lisbeth.

There was a slight pause. The expressionless and deferential visage showed not a flicker of recognition. "Ashamed to own himself," thought Mr. Partridge, with sympathy; he remembered his own sensations on first wearing kilts. So he advanced heartily, and held out his hand.

"Pleased to see you again," said Mr. Partridge. "It's a small world, and we've come down in it too."

The greeting, he thought, was tactful and neatly turned; but from neither Lisbeth nor Mr. Lambert did he get a smile of approval. They were looking at each other with rather odd expressions. Mr. Lambert also took a swift glance at Lisbeth's left hand. Then he grinned.

"Touche," he said. "What can I do for you?"

"Is this your floor?" asked Lisbeth.

"It is."

"And that?"—she nodded towards the door marked 52—"Is Mr. Van Hoyt's suite?"

"An American gentleman," corroborated Mr. Lambert. "Very pleasant."

"Can we get in?" asked Lisbeth. "I just want to talk to you for a few minutes."

Mr. Lambert produced a key from the pocket of his white jacket and opened the door. They all passed through a small

lobby into a large sitting-room, the second door of which, standing ajar, revealed a bed-chamber. Lisbeth sat down and took out a cigarette.

"Mr. Van Hoyt," she began directly, "has with him a leather portfolio—perhaps you noticed it?"

"Vaguely," admitted Mr. Lambert.

"Well, he had," proceeded Lisbeth. "And in it, amongst other things, was a packet of eighty pounds, which has since disappeared. And for some silly reason he thinks my brother stole it. Ronny didn't, of course, but we don't want a fuss." She paused. "I don't suppose you want a fuss either."

"The management," agreed Mr. Lambert smoothly, "dislikes—fusses—very much indeed. But no loss has been reported."

"That's because he doesn't think it happened here. He's saying that all the time he was in the hotel he never let his portfolio out of his sight. On the other hand, I think it's quite possible that he just stepped into the other room, for instance, while you were serving his dinner in this. But of course that's irrelevant."

"Quite irrelevant," agreed Mr. Lambert.

Mr. Partridge, however, thought differently. He had an idea.

"Hold on a minute," he said. "If he left the thing in here—"

"Quite irrelevant," repeated Lisbeth firmly. "What happened, of course, is that Mr. Van Hoyt absentmindedly took the money out of the case, and mislaid it somewhere in the suite. Or perhaps hid it."

"And then forgot all about it?" interrupted Mr. Partridge sceptically. "It doesn't sound likely to me."

"It's very likely," contradicted Lisbeth. "Aunt Mildred was always hiding things and forgetting where she'd put them." She gave Mr. Partridge a quite unfriendly look, and turned back to Charles Lambert. "Don't you think it's likely?"

Charles Lambert nodded.

"So what I want you to do is to make a thorough search for the money, and when you've found it tell the manager. That's all."

"Where," inquired Mr. Lambert thoughtfully, "do you think is the best place to look?"

Lisbeth considered.

"I believe," she said, "it all happened when he was half-asleep. He reached out, you see, and opened his bag, and put the money under his pillow. And then when they made the bed this morning it slipped out and fell between the mattress and the wall."

"Then let's look now!" cried Mr. Partridge, jumping up. Lisbeth gave him another glance and he sat down again.

"I think we'll just leave it to Mr. Lambert," she said firmly. "There may be a reward, and after taking so much trouble, I think he ought to get it."

She rose with a pleasant smile, and held out her hand.

"What did I say!" demanded Lisbeth triumphantly, as they emerged once more into Pall Mall.

"Too much for me to remember," replied Mr. Partridge. He felt he had been left in the dark, that he had not received her full confidence; his tone had a touch of sulkeness.

"Trust to luck," quoted Lisbeth. "And I did, and it came off. I had an absolute intuition—"

"Intuition my eye!" retorted Mr. Par-

tridge. "You knew that Lambert chap at the Towers?"

"But I didn't know he'd be at the Luxemburg! I just suspected there'd be someone like him. And I didn't know that he—I don't really know now—"

"She broke off. Mr. Partridge snorted impatiently.

To Lester Hamilton Lisbeth confided even less. There was not indeed time to say much, for that agitated young man turned up in Marsham Street at nine o'clock, having taxied from the theatre during the first interval, with only three minutes to spare for conversation.

The American's story was a curious one: shortly before eight o'clock the manager of the Luxemburg, who knew where Mr. Van Hoyt was dining, had telephoned the extraordinary information that a room-waiter named Lambert had discovered eighty pounds in notes lying on the floor, between bed and wall, in Mr. Van Hoyt's apartment. Mr. Van Hoyt was naturally pleased, but he was also puzzled. So was Lester Hamilton.

"It's so simple!" cried Lisbeth. She had reflected Mr. Partridge, a quite remarkable command of her features. She was looking just as bewildered (though from an opposite point of view) as the young man beside her. "It's perfectly obvious what happened. Mr. Van Hoyt took the money out—"

"He says not," remarked Lester Hamilton, with detachment.

"Because he's forgotten. That's the whole point. As soon as he realises it—"

"He won't," said Mr. Hamilton. "He thinks there's something queer. He's going to look at the numbers of those notes very, very carefully."

Mr. Partridge kept his eyes on Lisbeth's face. Her expression did not change. She evidently had complete faith in the efficiency of her confederate.

"I think he's being very silly," she said. "Of course the numbers will be the same. And then I hope he'll stop worrying."

"Well, I guess he will," admitted Mr. Hamilton thoughtfully. "After all, there's nothing he can prove . . ."

"Nothing at all," agreed Lisbeth, with satisfaction.

Mr. Hamilton appeared to digest this remark in silence.

"He ought," added Lisbeth, "to give the waiter ten per cent. Eighty pounds—just left lying about—is a great temptation."

To Mr. Partridge, knowing what he did and guessing what he guessed, this suggestion savoured of positive immorality. It savored of hush-money. He nearly protested.

"I'll admit," said Lester Hamilton, "that the idea of a reward hadn't struck me." Then, after a pause:

"I would like to know," he said, almost wistfully, "just how you fixed it . . ."

But Lisbeth was looking at her watch. "Exactly in time!" she exclaimed. "You mustn't keep Mr. Van Hoyt waiting."

When Lester Hamilton had disappeared, Lisbeth and Mr. Partridge found themselves standing alone, in a sudden silence.

It was a moment, undoubtedly, for triumph. A difficult job had been well (if shadily) pulled off; a dreadful crisis had been completely (if narrowly) avoided. The absence of Ronny was by comparison so small a matter to worry about: in a way, looking forward to the Captain's arrival, it was almost an advantage.

Saturday came, and Ronny still did not turn up; but Captain Brocard did.

He arrived just about half-past four. The day had been a depressing one: neither Lisbeth nor Mr. Partridge (expectant of Lester Hamilton, hopeful of Ronny) had stirred out, and neither of the young men had appeared to reward them. Ronny had of course been missing only a day and a night, but so much had happened in the interval that Mr. Partridge felt as though he had been gone a week. So evidently, from her pale looks, did Lisbeth. She put on a new dress and took a lot of trouble with her hair—rehearsing, diagnosed Mr. Partridge, for the Captain—but her spirits were low. Now and then, indeed—and no doubt when the Captain was uppermost in her mind—they became unusually high; but it was plain that most of her mind was given to her brother. Mr. Partridge's dislike of that young man recovered all its pristine strength.

Immediately after tea he went down to the Walkers and concluded a most satisfactory bargain for the use of a camp-bed in their sitting-room. He thought it would please Lisbeth to know that everything was fixed up, and did not linger, as he would normally have done, for further conversation. He went back at once, and it was fortunate that he did so; for there on the upper flight, looking uncertainly about, stood a tall, magnificent, and a familiar figure...

"Heaven bless my soul!" cried Mr. Partridge.

The Captain turned. He was very brown, which made him more than usually handsome. He carried an enormous bunch of red roses. He looked in every respect the beau-ideal of the Returning Lover. Mr. Partridge's heart leapt.

"Could you tell me," called Captain Brocard, "if there is a Miss Campion living here?"

From his tone of voice it was at once apparent that he believed himself to be addressing a stranger. Mr. Partridge, already bounding upstairs, suffered a slight check.

"On the top floor," he said. "Next landing. She's in."

"Good heavens!" said Hugh Brocard. Then he looked again at Mr. Partridge, who was on a level with him, and his expression changed.

"I've seen you before," he stated. "Aren't you?"

"Mr. Partridge," said Mr. Partridge. "We met about six months ago."

"Remember. You did some business for me about that young fool. And—you say Miss Campion's living here?"

There was no time for an answer, for at that moment the door opened. Lisbeth, who had heard their double footfall on the stair. She flung open the door expecting to see besides Mr. Partridge either Ronny or Lester Hamilton, and for a moment stood breathless and astonished. "Hugh!" she cried.

He did not, as once before on a similar occasion, disappear into his arms; but she rushed out her hands, and took both of his, and so drew him into the room. Mr. Partridge followed. It was perhaps not a very wise thing to do, but he had a feeling that she might need his support.

Hugh Brocard stared round the harlequin-colored room; and Mr. Partridge, following his gaze, and looking as it were through Captain Brocard's eyes, saw that it had somehow got rather shabby.

"Great heaven!" said Hugh Brocard. "What's happened?"

"I live here," said Lisbeth, in a small voice.

"But—where's your aunt?"

"In the country. She—she lost all her money." (This was quite true; Miss Pickering had lost her money, in 1912.)

"Then where are the Maules?"

"They've gone back to Australia," said Lisbeth.

"But why—my darling—didn't you tell me in your letters?"

"I didn't," said Lisbeth (still truthfully), "want to worry you..."

Captain Brocard was never afraid of a hickneyed phrase.

"My brave little woman!" he said; and took her in his arms.

At this point Mr. Partridge had no longer any option; he had to retire; but he retired no farther than the kitchen. So far everything had gone well—remarkably, astoundingly well; but he was pretty sure that his assistance would soon be needed, and as he sat on the edge of the bath he evolved half a dozen helpful schemes. For lies, to any extent, he was fully prepared; but a sound instinct warned him that all explanation had better be kept to a minimum.

In the end he decided simply to get the Captain alone, point out the extreme unsuitability of Miss Campion's present environment, and add that the halliffs were expected that evening. He would do this as soon as possible, even if it meant breaking in upon the lovers' reunion, for he was confident that Lisbeth, even uncoached, would at once follow so promising a lead. He got up, and re-entered the sitting-room.

Things were still going well. Captain Brocard was telling Lisbeth about India, and Lisbeth, her hands busy with his roses, was listening with an expression of rapt intelligence. Mr. Partridge caught her eye, and was given a reassuring look. "All right," said Lisbeth's eyes, "all right—so far..."

It was just at that moment that Ronny came back.

He simply walked in. He wore his usual air of happy confidence. At the sight of Hugh Brocard he paused indeed, but only for a moment. Then his face lit up.

"You're the very man I wanted to see!" cried Ronny joyfully.

Hugh Brocard at once turned to Lisbeth; and at once he saw that, although surprised, she was not astonished. It was perfectly clear that she had not believed him to be in Canada...

Tall as a tower, motionless as the portrait of a gentleman, Hugh Brocard stood there in the centre of the room.

"What," he asked, through stiff lips, "are you doing here?"

"Oh, I've been doing all sorts of things," said Ronny hastily. "I didn't go to Canada, you know—I hope you don't mind—but the point is I want you to come round now and—and—meet my father-in-law."

"What!" cried Lisbeth and Mr. Partridge simultaneously.

"Yes," said Ronny. "Helena and I got married yesterday, and I'm going round now to see her people. They don't know yet, because we thought it would save fuss to get married first and tell them afterwards. But the old man may be a bit sticky, and I thought if Hugh came, too, and, so to speak, vouched for me—"

"Darling, you're a fool," said Lisbeth quickly; but she turned towards her fiancé all the same. Hugh Brocard did not meet her glance; he kept his eyes fixed on Ronny.

"Do you mean," he asked, "that you've married into a—decent family?"

"Oh, rather!" agreed Ronny. "They've got pots of money, and old man Clough wrote a book on the Crimean War. That's why—" "Clough? Not A. R. Clough, the historian?"

"That's the bird. And that's why—"

"You say you've married his daughter?"

"Helena," explained Ronny. "She's marvellous. She's absolutely wonderful to look at and she's got the brains of a—of a Prime Minister. I know you want to see Lisbeth, of course, but if you could just spare half an hour—"

Hugh Brocard looked at his betrothed. His question did not need to be put into words.

"Helena does," said Lisbeth quickly. "Helena knows everything."

"But not her parents?"

"No. I don't see why they ever should. It would only worry them, and—and what does all that matter now?" She took a quick step towards him. "Hugh—you wouldn't tell them?"

There was a long silence. Then Captain Brocard grimly shook his head.

"Not now," he said. "It's too late."

Ronny considered him dubiously.

"Perhaps you'd better not come round after all," he said. "I thought you'd be rather bucked. Because I mean I really am settled for life. I know I've been rather a nuisance—"

"Darling," said Lisbeth, "get out."

Ronny went.

The departure of Ronny changed, but scarcely lightened, the atmosphere. Mr. Partridge, after one glance at the Captain's face, passed directly to his own room—but leaving the door ajar. He could not quite shut it, as the ventilation was so bad.

"It's true, you know," he heard Lisbeth say at last. "He is settled for life. And that's what we wanted, isn't it?"

There was no answer.

"If you'd met Helena," continued Lisbeth, "you'd realise how extraordinarily suitable it was. She's a natural boss. She'll make Ronny very happy, and keep him in order, but he'll make her happy too. He's just what she wants—"

"None of that," said Hugh Brocard heavily, "matters."

There was a long silence, broken only by a sound from Captain Brocard that was something between a groan and a sigh. When Lisbeth spoke again her voice was very low.

"My dear," she said. "I think perhaps we've made a mistake. Let's just break off our engagement and forget all about it."

"No!" cried Captain Brocard.

On the edge of his bed Mr. Partridge actually shuddered with alarm.

"I'm thinking of what's best for both of us," said Lisbeth gently. "And that's true, my dear; you can believe that."

Mr. Partridge writhed. Best for both of them! When she hadn't a penny to her name, and no one to look after her! She was going to sacrifice herself!

"Tell me one thing," said Hugh Brocard. "Do you still love me?"

Mr. Partridge, of course, could not see the Captain's face. Lisbeth could. She looked straight into his eyes; they were puzzled, resentful, above all they were bitterly hurt.

"Yes, Hugh," she said steadily. "That's why"—she tried to make her tone lighter—"I so particularly don't want to make you unhappy. That's why I'm breaking our engagement."

Brocard lifted his head, "And if I don't let you?" he asked doggedly.

"It's for you to decide, darling. If I have treated you badly, I—I never will again. Only don't decide now. Wait till you've been home a day or two—till you've been up to Scotland—"

Mr. Partridge rose to his feet and precipitated himself into the sitting-room.

"You go down to the Walkers," he said to Lisbeth, "while I have a word with the Captain."

The door closed, and the two men were alone.

"What you're doing in all this," said Brocard grimly, "I don't know. I left you with perfectly definite instructions—"

"I know you did. But things turned out different. They do—often. But when they've turned out well it's best to let bygones be bygones and sleeping dogs lie." Mr. Partridge paused, and took the bull by the horns. "You're still engaged to her, aren't you?"

The Captain frowned. "I don't know. She says she wants to break it off."

At the approach of danger Mr. Partridge's spirit returned. He at once launched his attack. "And why?" he demanded vigorously.

"Because she's got the best heart, and the properest feelings, in all the world! Because she feels she's let you down—because she feels you feel she's let you down—she'll give you back your word! And if you don't mind breaking her heart, I s'pose you'll take it. But if you're half the gentleman I've thought you—"

"But she's deceived me!" cried Captain Brocard.

"Better now than after," said Mr. Partridge sensibly. "If I had your luck I'd be throwing my cap in the air."

"If I couldn't be proud of my wife," said Hugh Brocard slowly, "I think I'd shoot myself."

He was now standing motionless, staring straight in front of him; straight, as it happened, at his own portrait propped on the mantelpiece. Mr. Partridge saw another chance.

"You look at that!" he adjured. "All day it's been there, for six months—and every night under her pillow! I've seen it with my own eyes! Wet with tears too, most like—which is why it's a bit grubby! You look at that, young man, and ask yourself what's your duty!"

By pure luck he had struck exactly the right note. Duty. . . . Never in all his life had Hugh Brocard failed to respond to that call.

"She loves you," said Mr. Partridge, "and you've promised to marry her."

"And I will," said Hugh Brocard.

Without another word Mr. Partridge rushed from the room, and bounded downstairs, and thrust his head through the Walkers' door.

"It's all right!" cried Mr. Partridge joyfully. "He's going to marry you!"

Lisbeth did not speak, but merely nodded. Mr. Partridge hoped that this was because her heart was too full of gratitude, and joy; but he was conscious nevertheless of a sense of anti-climax.

"Well?" he demanded impatiently.

Lisbeth smiled at him.

"Thank you, darling," she said softly. "Thank you very much indeed. It was just what I wanted. . . ."

"Well, nip along," said Mr. Partridge. "He's still upstairs."

Lisbeth moved towards the door. Her step was so slow that Mr. Partridge re-

ceived sudden illumination. She was nervous, poor thing!

"Tell you what," said Mr. Partridge vigorously. "We'll give a party. To celebrate. There's you and me and him and Mr. Walker here and Sid—that's plenty. You three go along up, and I'll nip down to Cubitt's and get a couple of bottles of sherry. We'll have a regular beano."

Obediently, Lisbeth nodded, and turned towards the Walkers. Obediently the Walkers moved forward and joined her. But obedience was not enough. Looking at the three of them, Mr. Partridge decided that he had better go along too and at least perform the introductions; it was important that the right note (of hilarious joy) should be firmly struck at the beginning. None of them seemed to notice his change of plan: they simply followed as he led the way upstairs.

The Captain was still standing before his portrait. He looked slightly surprised.

"We're giving a party," announced Mr. Partridge. "Just to celebrate. This is Mr. Walker, and Mr. Sid Walker, from down below."

"Pleased to meet you," said Mr. Walker.

"Pleased to meet you," echoed Sid.

The Captain nodded. They all shook hands.

"If you're wanting a wedding-cake," added Mr. Partridge jovially. "I've brought you the very man. Now you all make yourselves at home, while I pop down and fetch the drinks."

He beamed encouragingly upon them and went out. For a moment he paused outside the closed door: the sound of Lisbeth's voice, talking very fast, reassured him. He went down to T. Cubitt's, and on second thought procured not two bottles of the grocer's best sherry, but four. T. Cubitt, apprised of the circumstances, not only promised to come up himself, as soon as business permitted, but threw in a large bag of potato chips, which Mr. Partridge clipped under one arm. He then went out again through the side door, and ran straight into Lester Hamilton.

"Good!" exclaimed Mr. Partridge. "I'm glad to see you. Take a couple of these and come up. We're having a party."

The young man hesitated.

"I just want to see Miss Campion—"

"So you will. She's upstairs. And the Captain. We're celebrating his safe return. You take these—"

Mr. Partridge broke off; the young man was suddenly looking very queer indeed. His face was white as a sheet, he was leaning, his shoulders bowed forward, against the staircase wall.

"What's the matter?" asked Mr. Partridge.

"I just don't feel so good. I guess I won't come up after all. . . ."

Mr. Partridge fixed him with a stern eye. "All right," he said. "But I expect it's your last chance of seeing Miss Campion: She won't have much time before the wedding."

Lester Hamilton seized a bottle of sherry in each hand and began to run upstairs.

The party was not going well. It was hardly going at all. It was practically at a standstill.

"This," said Mr. Partridge, "is young Hamilton. Friend of ours." He looked at the Captain anxiously.

To his relief, however, the Captain's brow perceptibly lightened; he greeted Mr. Hamilton quite warmly, and the business of opening the bottles and finding sufficient glasses produced a slight animation.

Mr. Partridge's first toast—"The Happy Pair"—animated the proceedings still further: young Hamilton began to talk

very rapidly to anyone who would listen, both Walkers, with great solemnity, offered the Captain their congratulations. Lisbeth, standing close to her fiancé, smiled and nodded and began a dozen sentences that all ended in laughter, and Mr. Partridge bustled round refilling glasses.

Presently he crossed to the window all where he had deposited the bag of potato chips.

It was fortunate that he did so, for, glancing out, he saw on the pavement below Miss Pickering apparently asking her way of the grocer's boy.

"My Gum!" said Mr. Partridge. He edged past the Walkers, beamed once again all round, and once again made for the stairs.

He found Miss Pickering half-way up the bottom flight. She carried a large bundle of country flowers, which at the sight of Mr. Partridge she almost dropped.

"Good gracious!" cried Miss Pickering. "You here!"

"Yes," said Mr. Partridge hastily. "It's me all right. And I want you to listen very carefully, because—"

"But isn't this where my niece is staying?"

"Yes," agreed Mr. Partridge. "That's why I want you to listen, because they're all upstairs—"

"Who are?"

"Miss Campion and the Captain and the Walkers and another young chap. We're giving a party. And there's a whole lot you ought to know."

"There is, indeed!" cried Miss Pickering vigorously. "Do you mean to tell me my niece and Captain Brocard aren't married?"

"Not yet," said Mr. Partridge. "But they soon will be." He looked at her and wondered how much she could take in. No one going too deep. . . . "All you've got to remember," he said firmly, "is this: you've lost all your money—"

"But I haven't! At least—"

"Don't argue!" ordered Mr. Partridge. It seemed to him that he had spent all day reasoning with people on the stairs. "You've lost all your money, that's why you're out living in town with Miss Campion. She has been living here, ever since she left Dormouth Bay, with her young brother, who's now got a job and married into the bargain—you'd better not speak of him, for there's still a little unpleasantness. But now the Captain's back home, and all's forgiven, and they're going to get married next week. Have you got that?"

"No," said Miss Pickering.

Mr. Partridge groaned.

"Then you'd better not try. Just come up and have a glass of sherry and give me your blessing. Though if you could remember about losing your money—"

"I will not," stated Miss Pickering. "Is a party to any deception. If Captain Brocard asks me—"

"He won't. He's got too much else to think of. You just come up and see for yourself."

With an air half-resolute, half-apprehensive, Miss Pickering allowed herself to be shepherded upstairs by Mr. Partridge.

He pushed open the door and revealed the heterogeneous company in the harlequin room.

Lester Hamilton was still talking. The cherry brandy in the bottle was perceptibly lower. Lisbeth was showing Captain Brocard Ronny's long silken doll. Then she saw her aunt, and her face changed.

"Darling! How lovely! And—and how Hugh's back!"

Miss Pickering, the color high in her cheeks, marched across the room and held out her hand.

"I'm very glad to see Captain Brocard," she said. "Very glad indeed."

Hugh Brocard stepped forward. His eyes were friendly, and they held also a faint look of reproach. Miss Pickering met them steadily, while her color rose still higher.

"Yes," she said. "But now that you're home—"

"Aunt Mildred!" Lisbeth slipped between them. "Where's my ring?"

Miss Pickering glanced round. Privacy was impossible; the open door to the kitchen was blocked by Sid Walker, that to Mr. Partridge's cupboard by Lester Hamilton. All men . . .

"I'm afraid, dear," she murmured, "you'll have to wait. It's inside my . . . I mean, it's inside."

Without a gleam of amusement, Lisbeth nodded. Miss Pickering turned back to Hugh Brocard.

"There's only one thing I want to say," she stated firmly. "I brought Lisbeth up, and—and she's a good child."

He was nothing if not gallant.

"I know it," he said. "And I'm a proud and happy man."

Lester Hamilton started another story.

Mr. Partridge seized Miss Pickering and introduced her all round, and Miss Pickering, by behaving exactly as though she were at a vicarage tea-party, went down very well.

Lisbeth and her fiancé meanwhile stood side by side at the window, and Mr. Partridge was pleased to see them talking together in a quiet and cheerful manner. He was careful not to interrupt them, even when T. Cubitt at last put in his appearance. "Mustn't disturb the love-birds!" called Mr. Partridge cheerfully. The remark, as it happened, fell upon a dead silence; all eyes turned to the window.

Over the countenance of Miss Pickering spread a look of startled distress. She had turned like the rest of them and in so doing had caught sight of Lester Hamilton's face.

"He's feeling a bit queasy," said Mr. Partridge in her ear.

"No," she said. "No, I don't think that's it. . . . Have you known him long?"

"Matter of three months," said Mr. Partridge. "He's been very useful, taking Miss Dampson about, and so on. Nice young chap—although American."

Miss Pickering nodded. Her flow of small talk seemed to have dried up; and its cessation showed how valuable it had been, for that moment the party-spirit noticeably lagged. Mr. Partridge did his utmost, but it was quite a relief when Mr. Walker trustfully took him aside and drew his attention to the hour.

"Six o'clock," murmured Mr. Walker. "They're open."

Like a beautiful vision the saloon-bar of the London Apprentice rose before Mr. Partridge's eyes. Seizing an empty sherry bottle he banged loudly on the table and called for silence.

"They're open!" announced Mr. Partridge. "I ask the pleasure of all you gentlemen's company just round the corner."

At once, with remarkable co-ordination, Mr. Cubitt and the Walkers moved towards the door. Captain Brocard hesitated; he looked at Lisbeth. His principal desire at that moment was for a very strong whisky-and-soda.

"Yes, darling, you go," she said. "I want to stir up this place."

"I'll come back and take you out to

dinner," promised Hugh Brocard, picking up his hat.

Lester Hamilton said nothing. He, too, moved forward, as though to join the party; but in the doorway, and when the others were already on the stairs, he halted and turned round.

"There's a lot to do," he suggested. "You—you don't want to be late for dinner. I guess I'll stay and lend a hand."

Both Lisbeth and Miss Pickering assured him that this was unnecessary, but the young man was stubborn. In silence he collected the glasses and took them to the sink while Lisbeth put on a kettle and shook soap-flakes into a bowl. Miss Pickering followed them about as closely as she could, but the kitchen was extremely small, and her natural task was the tidying of the sitting-room.

"Ready!" said Lisbeth. "Pass me that glass, will you?"

Lester Hamilton passed it. Their hands touched; and the next moment Lisbeth was in his arms.

Neither spoke. Hamilton held her close, his mouth pressed against her hair; down Lisbeth's face, buried in his coat, the tears ran silently. Neither moved. They were still standing so when Miss Pickering appeared in the open door.

"Lisbeth!" said Miss Pickering.

Lisbeth turned. Abruptly, as though her knees had given way, Miss Pickering sat down on the edge of Ronny's bed. The whole house was quite still.

"On my honor," said Lester Hamilton, "it's the first time. And the last. I'm going back to New York next week."

"Lisbeth!" said Miss Pickering again.

Lisbeth put up a hand and wiped her eyes.

"It's all right, Aunt Mildred," she said. "It's—it's all right."

Miss Pickering glanced from one to the other of them. Her hands, clasped very tightly in her lap, looked as though they were praying by themselves.

"But this is dreadful!" she said faintly.

"No, darling," Lisbeth's voice was faint also, but steady. "It's just an accident. It doesn't affect anything."

"You're in love with each other," stated Miss Pickering.

"We're not. We're very good friends, and—"

"My dear," said Miss Pickering more gently. "I know it must be a great temptation. Captain Brocard's position and prospects would tempt anyone. But no girl should marry, however advantageously, while her heart is another's."

Lisbeth stared.

Miss Pickering looked at her with concern. "You want a sedative, my dear. I don't wonder, for this must have been a great strain. And it's—her face suddenly crumpled—a great strain on me too."

Instantly Lisbeth was on her knees beside the bed.

"Darling! I'm a worry and a pest to you. I'm a pest to everyone. But I'm going to reform. Isn't it funny?"—she smiled again—"I've spent all this time reforming Ronny, and it's I who need it so much more . . ."

"No," said Hamilton. "You're perfect. That's all. You're so lovely I guess everyone wants you, but there's only one fellow who can be lucky. If you say its to be Brocard, then that's just so. You've honored me with a very lovely friendship, and I'm proud and grateful. I'll have had something in my life—something—"

"Stop!" cried Miss Pickering. "This is no time for foolish argument. It's a question of right and wrong. You love this young

man, and yet you propose to marry Captain Brocard—"

"And I shall be right," said Lisbeth.

"You will be wrong," retorted Miss Pickering firmly. "You will be most wickedly wrong."

"But I've promised!"

"Then you must break your promise."

Lisbeth winced.

"It's not quite so simple, darling . . ."

"On the contrary, it's very simple, indeed." She turned to Lester Hamilton. "I haven't asked your intentions, young man, but I presume you can support my niece like a lady?"

"I can," said Lester Hamilton fervently.

"And—and you'll look after her, and be good to her?"

"I will," said Lester Hamilton more fervently still.

"Have you any relations or connections in London whom I can visit to-morrow?"

"I'll make out a list. I'll do anything you like—"

"Then I think," said Miss Pickering, "if everything is satisfactory, you'd better get married as soon as possible."

She got up; the two young people looked at her with something like awe. She had undoubtedly settled everything, but how had she done it? Was it possible that the tradition in which she had been brought up—the tradition of Victoria the Good—had still some hypnotic power? Did the age-old machinery of match-making still work? "But she had it all wrong," thought Lisbeth. "I didn't want to marry Hugh! The only thing she got right was about us."

"That's enough," said Miss Pickering firmly. But she was not (as she might have been) answering her niece's thoughts; she was speaking to her niece's new fiancé, who had just rather unexpectedly kissed her. "That's enough," repeated Miss Pickering, looking pleased nevertheless. "I hope we shall learn to be very fond of each other, but at the moment there are several things to do. About Captain Brocard, for instance—"

"I must tell him," said Lisbeth on a sigh.

"No, my dear, not you. I shall. You can't wish to see him just now—"

"I don't. But I don't see why I should shirk it."

"Then I do," said Miss Pickering. "In such a case a girl's relations should always act for her, so I am the proper person. I must go to him at once, before he comes back and sees you. Where have they gone?"

"To 'The London Apprentice,'" said Lisbeth. "The pub at the end of the road." Miss Pickering blanched. She blanched, but she did not waver.

Lisbeth and Hamilton stood waiting in rather awed silence.

"You'd better go out," said Miss Pickering, considering them, "and get some food inside you. Something plain. And bring Lisbeth back early, Mr. Hamilton, because I'm staying here the night, and I shall sit up for her."

"Isn't she a marvel?" asked Lisbeth as the door closed.

"Yes," said Hamilton. "Do you remember the roundabout?"

Do you remember . . . ?

No less conventional, no less firmly rooted in the traditions of the human heart than the penny novelette, was the ensuing conversation between Lisbeth and Lester Hamilton.

Miss Pickering herself was meanwhile performing one of the most heroic actions of a

not uncourageous life. She was pushing open the saloon bar door of The London Apprentice.

Her first unexpected emotion was one of astonishment. The place was so much more respectable than she had anticipated. It was clean and bright, yet with an air of great solidity.

Considerably emboldened, Miss Pickering advanced.

There at the end of the bar, in the most favored place, stood Mr. Partridge surrounded by his friends. They all seemed to be enjoying themselves much more than they had done in Marsham Street. Mr. Partridge's face was particularly bright; he had produced, in Captain Brocard, one of the most distinguished visitors The Apprentice had ever known.

Hugh Brocard's fine presence and military bearing, the fact that he had just come back from India, and also his connoisseurship of whisky, made him the centre of attraction. He made himself agreeable in return, talking easily, accepting drinks, always standing a round himself a little before it was due: when Miss Pickering came in he was just about to stand his third.

"Captain Brocard!" said Miss Pickering.

There was a momentary pause: then Mr. Walker (on whom she had made a great impression) stepped ponderously aside to let her into the circle. But Miss Pickering stood where she was.

"Captain Brocard!" she said again. "I should like to speak to you. Just for one moment."

Hugh Brocard came out through the gap and looked uncertainly round the bar.

"Here?" he said. "Or outside?"

"Not outside, please," said Miss Pickering. "I've something to give you. Something valuable. . . ."

He looked round again, and then, obedient to the barmaid's experienced nod, led her swiftly into the private bar.

The Private was just as respectable as the Saloon, though darker and colder, and it was occupied only by two elderly ladies sipping small ports. Miss Pickering sighed with relief, and sat down as far from them as possible on a narrow horsehair-covered bench that ran round the wall. Then she opened her bag and took out from it a minute package sewn up in pink flannel.

"There!" she said. "Open it."

Captain Brocard shook his head. Even through the flannel his fingers had told him what it contained; and he looked at it speechlessly. Then he took out a penknife and ripped apart the stitches. One big emerald, held close in the curve of his hand, glittered like a green flake of fire. . . .

"Lisbeth," proceeded Miss Pickering steadily, "has asked me to give it back to you. And to say that she is very sorry, but she asks to be released from her engagement."

Hugh Brocard stood up. He almost stood to attention. His fine jaw quivered.

"Why?"

"Because no girl should ever marry one man," explained Miss Pickering gently, "when her heart is another's."

The features of Captain Brocard set into a mask.

"Who is it?" he demanded.

Miss Pickering told him. She drew a little—not on her imagination, but on her knowledge of Lisbeth's character; she expiated on the struggle that had taken place between love and loyalty, and also upon Lisbeth's growing sense of her own unworthiness. The implication that though unworthy of the Captain she was quite worthy of Mr. Hamilton, struck neither Miss Pickering nor Brocard as at all odd. . . .

"But she told me," he stated, "that she loved me. . . ."

"Then I am afraid," said Miss Pickering apologetically, "that she told a fib. Though I'm sure she does love you too, as—as a brother. She respects and admires you. But the heart, dear Captain Brocard—"

"The heart be damned!" he cried.

It was the first ungentlemanly act of his life: he had sworn in front of a woman—of three women, in fact, for the two port-sippers, who had hitherto had to strain their ears, simultaneously jumped.

"I think," said Miss Pickering gently, "you'd better go straight away. . . ."

Instinct reassured itself.

"I can't," said the Captain wretchedly, "leave you here."

"Yes, you can. I just want a moment to compose myself, and then I'm going quietly to an Anti-Vivisection meeting." Miss Pickering smiled brightly.

For a moment Hugh Brocard forgot his own misery and looked at her. She was very white; the events of the evening had told on her and her social gallantry, her brave attempt to ease the situation, shamed him. Then his misery returned. It would be best to do as she said—to go, to get away, to get out. . . .

With an odd, constrained gesture—as though he were trying to salute her—the Captain went.

Hardly had the street door stopped swinging when the inner door opened, and Mr. Partridge, afraid that he might be missing something, impetuously entered.

"Where's the Captain?" he asked at once.

"Gone," said Miss Pickering—reluctantly opening her eyes.

"Gone where? To fetch Lisbeth?"

"Just gone," said Miss Pickering.

The next instant Mr. Partridge had leapt towards the door. With surprising agility Miss Pickering jumped up and caught him by the jacket. Mr. Partridge made an instinctive movement to thrust her off; but she held fast, and he could not struggle with a lady. The two port-sippers exchanged congratulatory looks. They felt they were seeing life. . . .

"Now you have done it," gasped Mr. Partridge. "He'll jump in the first taxi he sees. Whatever made you let him go?"

Miss Pickering also was rather short of breath; but she retained her dignity.

"I came here," she explained, "specially to tell him to go. To tell him that my niece wishes to be released from her engagement."

Mr. Partridge gaped.

"You've never been and given the ring back?"

"Certainly I have. I know it must be a surprise to you—"

"Surprise!" exclaimed Mr. Partridge. "Surprise be blowed! I knew about that all along! It's the one thing I've been striving to prevent! And I had, too, until you turned up! The surprise is that you haven't more sense!"

"I may not have sense," retorted Miss Pickering, "but I have principles."

"Principles!" ejaculated Mr. Partridge.

"She can't marry a principle!"

Miss Pickering smiled.

"Certainly not. But she is going to marry that nice Mr. Hamilton. . . ."

There was a muffled thud as Mr. Partridge's knees gave way, and he dropped abruptly on to the horsehair-covered seat.

The rest of Miss Pickering's evening may be briefly described. She dined lightly off a cheese sandwich and a glass of milk, and passed an interesting (though harrowing) hour with the Anti-Vivisection League. At the same time Lester Hamilton was spend-

ing three pounds fifteen on a meal which neither he nor Lisbeth tasted. Hugh Brocard went straight to his club and merely sat there—smoking himself, as it were, in his native element. There was a bison's skull on each wall, nobody spoke to him because nobody spoke to anyone, and at the end of thirty minutes he was able to face another whisky and soda.

The worst off of them all was Mr. Partridge. For some time he was too stunned even to move back into the Saloon Bar. He just sat where he was, amid (so to speak) the ruins. Miss Pickering's explanations had been convincing enough; he was no longer bewildered—and that, indeed, was the trouble.

He pulled himself together and stamped back into the Saloon Bar. If he could unburden himself to anyone, it was to old Walker.

Mr. Walker, however, was gone. So were Sid Walker and T. Cubitt. The abrupt departure and long absence of the host had not unnaturally broken up the party, but Mr. Partridge was in a mood to take their disappearance as a personal insult. He ordered a half of half and half and bore it away to a remote table. Though there were several of his other acquaintances present, he did not wish to speak to them. He wished to brood.

Even in this he was unsuccessful. He had been brooding barely ten minutes when his privacy was intruded upon by a voice bidding him good-evening.

"Good-evening," said the voice. "You look as though you knew at last that life ain't worth living—"

Mr. Partridge glanced up. It was a long gaunt chap speaking—a familiar frequenter of the place. A silly fellow, very depressing in his talk. . . .

"I dare say it isn't—to a booby," he retorted gruffly.

The stranger grinned at him.

"You don't seem," he suggested, "to be enjoying it much yourself. . . ."

"Ah," said Mr. Partridge, "but then I don't blame life for it. I blame myself—which is just the difference between a life's all right."

"If you believe that—"

"I do," affirmed Mr. Partridge slowly. And suddenly it was true; quite suddenly, his black mood lightened. He felt better. His rudeness to the stranger had relieved his feelings; his contradictoriness had forced him into optimism, and optimism was his natural mood. Thinking of Lisbeth he realised that however wrong he might have been in detail, his general philosophy was still gloriously right. By marrying an American, when she might have married the Captain, Lisbeth had simply illustrated his life-long conviction that one never could tell.

He stood up. He looked at the stranger with positive benevolence.

"Do you know what's amlas with you?" he asked. "You've got a poor circulation. You ought to get yourself some red socks. They're warming to the blood."

His own circulation now in perfect and his own feet properly furnished, Mr. Partridge nodded affably and passed through the swing-doors.

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, have no reference to any living persons.)

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